

# THE *Sign*



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Taking the Earth's Pulse  
( See Page 36 )



Silver Jubilee Mission Supplement  
Jerry Cotter—Daniel Lord—Jesse Stuart

October 1947  
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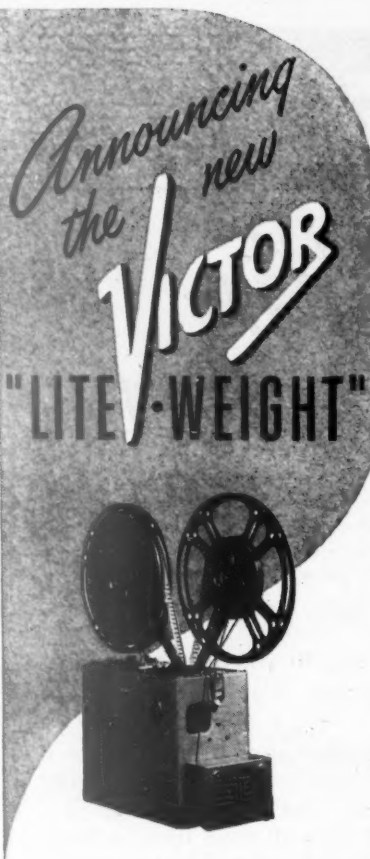
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### Disapproval

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your whitewash of the *New York Daily News* marks another departure from the path of liberalism to which THE SIGN was once so courageously committed. Your indulgent approval of a rag that has played up sex and sin into a daily circulation of 2,400,000 indicates a serious lack of objectivity.

No publication on the newsstands of America caters more diligently, or more successfully, than the *Daily News* to the lowest elements in human nature. Its emphasis on illicit love affairs, crimes of violence and passion, and smear campaigns against political opponents strips it of any claim to journalistic standing. How can THE SIGN be so generous to such a negative element in the community?

During the past seven years no newspaper in the country contributed less to the national effort than the *Daily News*. None worked harder to undermine the confidence of the American people in their wartime leaders. Today the paper follows the cowardly policy of smearing everything associated with the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. How can THE SIGN write this off as mere isolationism?

Like all newspapers, the *Daily News* often reiterates its faith in the principle of freedom of the press. Is it mere coincidence then that movie critics, comic strip cartoonists, and sports writers all sing the same isolationist tune, or are such sentiments possibly unwritten clauses in their contracts?

Although a reporter for over twenty years with the *New York Times*, William R. Conklin evinces little of the vigorous adherence to fact that makes the *Times* the splendid journalistic specimen it is today. His statement that labor's attitude toward the *News* was reflected by John L. Lewis' tribute to the late Joseph M. Patterson is a bit incongruous in the face of the *Daily News*' strong support of the Taft-Hartley Act and its steady demand for more repressive labor legislation. His identification of the *News* with the cause of the common people is somewhat soured by the paper's constant plumping for an increase in the subway fare.

By comparison to this whitewash, your offhand, rather contemptuous treatment of the *New York Herald Tribune* becomes even more alarming. An honest, factual newspaper performing a valuable service in keeping the public informed, it was neatly damned by your very faint praise.

Whither is THE SIGN drifting?

THOMAS A. DENT

New York

### Pet Peeves

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I realize that your "Letters" page is not meant to be an outlet column for people with peeves. But Father Alban Carroll's article, "It's Fun to Get Drunk!" touched so closely upon one of my pet peeves that I simply had to write to tell you how much I was cheering for him when he pointed out the unconscious cruelty of those hostesses who try to force unwanted drinks upon their guests.

I have only two peeves that I actually fondle and cherish. One is an irritation with some of those pseudo "nice" people who act as if I ought to apologize for having been blessed with five children within twelve years of married life. The other is an annoyance with that type of juvenilism which makes so many people talk as if a party cannot be gay or pleasant unless everybody is "feeling high."

We Americans pride ourselves on being good sports; and to be called a "wet blanket" can be a devastating blow at our self-esteem. So it helps matters plenty when straightforward articles like "It's Fun to Get Drunk" point out that the legend behind the "romance of alcohol" ought to be debunked and that mature people shouldn't be so ready to glamorize a "Pink Lady" or a "Tom Collins."

SARAH KANE

Philadelphia Pa.

### Color Scheme—"Insidious"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

... Of all the propaganda stories I have ever read, this ("Color Scheme," by Robert Cormier, September) is the most insidious. If it had appeared in the *Daily Worker*, I could understand. But how you who call yourselves Catholics could ever stoop to beguiling innocent Catholics into adopting the party line on race questions is beyond me. ...

JANICE DEVLIN BLACK

Washington, D. C.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

... What are you advocating now, that blacks and whites should marry? Of course "Black Glory" (*sic*) got hurt. And every Negro who presumes to touch a white girl will get hurt, THE SIGN notwithstanding. ...

JAMES E. STUART

New York, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

... Imagine my surprise on opening the magazine to see that tremendous spread given to a story that you should have been ashamed to print, let alone boost. ...

JAMES FRANKLE

Baltimore, Md.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

... You can cancel my subscription at once. I'm sick and tired of seeing you people promote what you call racial tolerance. If you had your way, we'd become a nation of halfbreeds. ...

KURT SCHUMACHER

Philadelphia Pa.

(Continued on page 60)



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Feb. 24th, St. Matthias, Apostle	Sept. 8th, Nativity of the B.V.M.	Dec. 26th, St. Stephen, Martyr
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THE † SIGN

## Personal Mention

► Clarence J. Enzler is a special writer in the Department of Agriculture. He obtained his Ph. D. in sociology under Dr. John A. Ryan and before taking his present position taught economics and sociology in several Catholic colleges.

► Walter John Marx was born in Nome, Alaska, was graduated from the University of Washington in Seattle, won a fellowship to study in Europe, took his doctorate at Columbia, and printed his thesis on an old secondhand press he bought because he could not afford to have it printed. A teaching and an Army Air Corps career preceded his present job with the State Department.

► The Observer is the author of a regular weekly column on international affairs which appears in many Catholic papers. A former European diplomat whose country now lies behind the Iron Curtain, it is significant that his identity cannot be made known lest his family suffer reprisals at home. He is an authority on European affairs not only because of his diplomatic career, but because of his many contacts and sources of information here and in Europe.

► The short stories are by: Grover Ables, who was born in Georgia in the town where the Negro tenor, Roland Hayes, was born. After graduating from the Alabama State Teachers College in Jacksonville, he taught high school mathematics and wrote as a hobby. Now he is making writing and farming his work. Harold Givens lives in Omaha, Nebraska. He took his M. A. at St. Louis University. Like Mr. Ables, this is his first appearance in THE SIGN. Martha McCarthy is a young lady who was graduated from Emerson College in Boston and hoped to make the theater her profession. A victim of arthritis since 1940, she is gradually recovering in Tucson, Arizona. Both she and Jesse Stuart have appeared in THE SIGN before. The latter, author of *Taps for Private Tussie* and many other books, has had short stories in all the outstanding magazines.

► John C. Cort is Associate Editor of the *Labor Leader*, the publication of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. He is also an associate editor of *Commonweal*. A graduate of Harvard, Mr. Cort has written articles for *America*, the *Holy Name Journal*, *Catholic Digest*, etc.

October, 1947

# THE SIGN

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Cover Photo: Pickow-Three Lions

Vol. 27 - No. 3

THE SIGN, a monthly publication, is owned, edited, and published at UNION CITY, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. (Legal Title—Passionist Missions, Inc.) Subscription price \$3.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 25c. Canada, \$3.00 per year; Foreign, \$3.50 per year. • All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE SIGN. All cash remittances should be registered. • Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance without reference to time of publication. • Subscriptions and Advertising inquiries should be addressed to the Circulation Manager. Advertising rates on application. Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, Change of Address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the OLD and the NEW address should always be given. Phone—Union 2-6400. • Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Par. 4—Sec. 358, Act of May 26, 1935. • All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any contribution. THE SIGN is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index.

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# Editorial

## A Silver Jubilee

THIS year marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of the Passionist Missions in China. Lack of personnel and resources had forced the Spanish Augustinians to curtail their foreign mission work, and the Holy See requested the American Passionists of the Province of St. Paul of the Cross to take over a part of their territory in Hunan.

The response to the call of Christ's Vicar was immediate and enthusiastic. Within a few months a band of American Passionists was on its way to China.

The territory assigned the Passionists was not an easy one. It is far in the interior of the country. When the missionaries arrived at the seaports of China they found that they had completed only the first and easiest part of the journey to their mission posts. They still had hundreds of miles to travel by boat and sampan, up rivers churned by treacherous rapids, on muleback or on foot, over hills and mountains infested with bandits.

In the early days, before the Chinese became convinced of the peaceful purpose of the missionaries, they treated the "foreign devils" with hostility. The language, difficult enough in itself, was made more of a barrier by the fact that some of the inhabitants of the territory spoke a dialect unintelligible to those of other parts. Western ideas, Western culture, and the Christian religion, identified in the Chinese mind with the West, were despised as foreign and inferior.

WHEN that first group of American Passionists finally arrived in Hunan twenty-five years ago and surveyed the territory assigned to them—as large as an American state and numbering about five million souls—when they saw the apparently insurmountable difficulties and ever-present dangers, one could hardly blame them if they had their moments of discouragement. Perhaps they had; but discouragement never became despair.

In spite of difficulties without number, constant progress has been made. It has not been spectacular progress; it has not been an overnight growth. The Church in Hunan has been built up slowly and solidly, and it will last, for it has the cross embedded deep in its foundations.

Many groups of Passionist missionaries have followed that first band that arrived in 1922. The Passionist priests have been joined in their work by the Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Joseph. Together they have labored in the face of constant adver-

sity. Every advance seemed to be wiped out by some catastrophe. War, pestilence, famine, sickness, Communist raids, imprisonment, fire, destruction by bombs, death—even violent death at the hands of bandits—all seemed to conspire to destroy the good work.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the Passionist Missions in China is an occasion of rejoicing to the publishers and readers of this magazine. *THE SIGN* is not and never has been a mission magazine, but it is a magazine with a mission. The mission in China was assigned to the Passionists a few months after the founding of *THE SIGN*. The Superiors wisely decided that if a few pages were devoted each month to telling the story of the labors of the missionaries, American Catholics would rally to their support.

And that is what has happened. The main source of income for our missions in China has been the readers of *THE SIGN*. It is particularly gratifying to its publishers and editors that they are thus accomplishing a twofold task: giving American Catholics an informative, stimulating, and interesting magazine, and receiving from them the means of continuing and expanding the work of the foreign missions.

To give our readers a somewhat detailed picture of the work being accomplished in China, we have added extra pages to the present issue in order to include a special mission supplement. (See Page 63.) This matter is not a dry, statistical report but a readable human document portraying the life, work, and hopes of the missionaries. We hope all will read it.

No mere words can adequately thank our friends—bishops, priests, and lay people—who through the past twenty-five years have given us so generously the means to inaugurate and to continue our missions in China. We beg of them to continue that generous aid that the work may expand and that more immortal souls may be brought to eternal salvation. The only recompense we can promise is the assurance of the daily prayers of all Passionists, and especially of our missionaries in China, that God, who rewards a cup of water given in His name, will repay them a thousandfold.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*





# Current

## FACT AND COMMENT

### EDITORIALS

#### In Pictures

#### And

#### In Print



Acme photos

When former GI's started cashing terminal leave bonds, a plea was made for them to hold on to the bonds. What was overlooked was that some couldn't—they need money to live.



A powerful commentary on the effects of inflation. Little girl wraps up several millions of Chinese dollars—just enough for a few days' groceries. And it can happen here!

We don't see service stars in the windows any more. We don't see the blue ones, and we don't see the gold ones. We've taken them down and we've put them away—the gold ones tucked deep in our memories. We don't talk much now about the ones who gave their lives in the war. For the sort of talk that goes on now would be a

#### Peace Has a Price Tag

sacrilege if ever linked to their memory. When they died there was still talk about an Atlantic Charter, talk about the fine, new world we would build after the conflict was over, one world in which the four freedoms would reign and all men would know the blessed harmony of peace.

We may as well face it: there is no peace; there is no hope of peace the way things are going now; the battle is simply not yet over, and those who gave their lives indulged in only a futile gesture; and we who carry gold stars in an empty, still-hurting corner of our hearts have the bitter knowledge that we have lost something irreplaceable, and have lost it in vain. Every thinking person in your town, every man and woman a notch above a moron on your street knows that blasting the memory of Roosevelt (as even some Catholic writers do), knows that bragging about our economic and military might (as some politicians do), knows that, in terms of dollars, sending a boy on a man's errand to Europe (as some Congressmen would do) is going to solve nothing. The only way the money that was spent, the sweat that was spent, the lives that were spent to attain peace are ever going to attain their end is by finally, firmly, and unequivocally formulating and adhering to a realistic foreign policy.

The Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan are both fine as far as they go. The former recognizes the fact that the world is divided into two camps and that the only way to attain peace is to prevent totalitarianism from engulfing lands that are still free. But the Truman Doctrine suffers the unavoidable weakness of ignoring one fact: it is physically impossible for America to contain Russia at every point along her imperial borders. The Marshall Plan is essential. We must implement it. But it too contains grievous flaws. And that is the burden of an important article in this issue of *THE SIGN*. The main flaw is that it tacitly surrenders half of Europe's peoples to the Soviet, offers no hope to enslaved peoples who are the victims of Yalta and Teheran and Potsdam.

But even for that half of Europe where the Marshall Plan can be adopted, the project is in jeopardy by our being penny wise and dollar foolish. We have been officially agast that the sixteen nations in conference in Paris calculated their need as being in the neighborhood of thirty billion dollars. With an eye on Congressional good pleasure, hasty efforts were made to have the figure scaled down. What foolishness this is if more is really needed to make the plan work! We spent some three hundred and fifteen billion dollars in fighting the war. We would have gone on at the same rate had the war lasted longer. Now we quibble over a rela-



Little Tamara and her father are refugees from Yugoslavia. They smile as they enter a land without terrors. Rural areas of America have plenty of space for people like them.



Nikola Petkov received a "completely fair trial," said Bulgarian delegate Mevorah (above). Petkov's opposition party was dissolved by Communists. Democracy à la Stalin!

tively small sum to consolidate a part of the victory we thought we had won.

This much is certain: that part of Europe not yet under Soviet sway is in desperate straits. We can help. We can put free Europe back on its feet, take it off the dole, remove the threat of its having to surrender to the Soviet leviathan. To do it we must pay the price, not in half measures, but in sums that will do the job. Not with careless abandon to be sure, but with calculated magnanimity. It is high time that Congress was a little more aware that we the people, who are the government of this land after all, are not afraid of more sacrifice if it will bring peace to men at last. Let Congress be called back in special session to appropriate emergency aid for Europe until such time as the Marshall Plan can be carefully launched. Let our foreign policy be a realistic approach to grasping true peace at last. The people will do their part. And if it be necessary to hang stars once again in our windows to remind us of what some citizens were willing to pay, then we will hang the stars again. They gave their all. We can give the relatively little more it takes to purchase peace.

The President has his Council of Economic Advisers. On October 1 it is scheduled to turn in its report on the economic status and future of the country. All advance notices

#### **In the Midst of Plenty**

about the contents of this report are gloomy indeed. There is grave warning of storms to come, of no mere recession, but of a genuine, old-fashioned depression within the next couple of years. Nor should this be surprising, despite the largest employment record in history, despite unprecedented markets, despite the amount of currency in circulation. For the simple fact of the matter is that the cost of living is steadily creeping up (154 per cent over 1926; food alone 40 per cent since V-J Day), and wages are just not creeping as fast as prices and profits. It is a paradox that the highest per capita income this country has ever known should have been attained last year—\$1,200 according to the Department of Commerce report released a few weeks ago. It is a paradox that never before was the wage level so high. And yet in the same year of 1946, 27 out of every 100 families had to draw on savings or go into debt to live.

These statistics come from a report made by the University of Michigan for the Federal Reserve Board. The report went on to relate that only 65 per cent of the nation's families were able to save anything at all—not merely in bank accounts, but in life insurance policies, in contributions toward retirement funds, and in payments on mortgages. Of the sum total saved by these 65 families out of every 100, more than half is accounted for by those whose income is over \$5000 a year. And these constitute one-tenth of the people.

A spot check of the New York market showed butter being sold at 87 cents a pound, grade A eggs at 91 cents a dozen, bacon at 89 cents a pound, calves' liver at \$1.25 a pound, and sirloin steak at \$1.10. This was in the first week of September, and still prices were climbing.

It is easy enough for men who are comfortably floating along with the inflationary tide to fret that all would be well if only labor would not keep rocking the boat by new demands for wage increases. It is not difficult at all for editorial writers on large newspapers to moralize in print that labor is already the largest cost in industrial expense and that they do not think any other factor is quite so much to blame for the inflationary spiral as the vicious policy of labor demanding cost-of-living increases. Maybe they do not think so. Maybe they sincerely do not think so.

But that is something right out of *Alice in Wonderland*.

"'Really now you ask me,' said Alice, very much confused, 'I don't think—' 'Then you shouldn't talk,' said the Hatter.'"

In the whole matter of this profit-making heyday for the few, what is needed is a little more thought. Thought about what the consequences of another depression will be.

### On and on, Up and Up We Go

Thought about what can be done. For we are all in this together, monopolist, industrialist, union leader, worker, housewife, all. For if another prolonged depression does strike the United States, we will all go down together. The only way to fend off a socialistic or even a Communistic remedy is, as has been pointed out so often in these columns, for labor and management to get together in councils on local, regional, and national levels to work out industrial problems as partners. The inflation must be rolled back before prices tumble of their own overweight. If prices are to be brought down to earth again, the way to start is not to reduce weekly pay checks. It's to reduce bloated quarterly profits.

But this just won't happen so long as what used to be called in the thirties the "economic royalist" attitude perdures. An example of what we mean occurred in the basic industry of our economy—steel. Steel prices were raised. These in turn caused an upsweep in the prices of countless items. When Dr. Edwin Nourse, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, pleaded with E. M. Voorhees, chief of the finance committee of United States Steel, who was acting as spokesman for the entire steel industry, not to raise steel prices after the coal and steel wage increases, Mr. Voorhees frankly admitted that the steel industry could quite easily absorb these increases and still make a beautiful profit. He also stated quite as frankly that steel was going to make all the profit it could, not to plow back into industry, but to keep on ice as a bulwark against future depression.

The same shortsighted greed for profits is not confined to basic steel. Even small enterprises are infected with the disease. Take the case of the garage mechanics' strike against certain dealers in Detroit. The strike made headlines—mass picketing and public disturbance, none of which can be condoned. But what were the issues? A 20 per cent raise, blared the headlines. And that is right; but now what are the underlying facts? Out of every dollar entered under "labor costs" for repair jobs, the automobile dealers have been taking fifty cents as their profit. The mechanics have demanded sixty cents instead of fifty for themselves. They'll probably get it. But you may be sure the dealers will not be reduced to forty cents profit. They'll still get their fifty. The rest will be passed on to Detroit car owners getting repair work done—"rise in price due to increased labor costs, you know."

And yet the babble goes on, claiming that the desire and the demand of working men to have a living wage in their pay envelopes every week is the root cause of inflation. The next time you hear it, remember that 27 out of every 100 families in this prosperous land of ours in order to keep afloat last year had to borrow.

There may be those who resent the statement of these facts, who will dismiss it with the tag, "pro labor." It is not pro labor. It is pro truth. It is pro justice. And unless these facts are hearkened to, depression is bound to come. The unequal race of wages and prices cannot go on endlessly. When depression does come, then will come more regulation, government regulation. Price control. Planned economy. Government ownership. For the world is too sick to withstand another American depression.

Yet cash registers ring, profits swell, workingmen grow restive, on and on, up and up we go. So-called 'free competition fiddles while America burns.



A farmer explains to his son how unsilked corn ears have not been pollenated. Corn yield across the country has tumbled. Another reason for upping European production.



The President's personal representative, Myron C. Taylor, with Pope Pius last month. All thinking men want the U. S. allied with the strongest moral force on earth to get peace.



Homeless tots in Tokyo greet bundles from Uncle Sam the way our youngsters welcome request packages from Santa Claus. We should try to keep such smiles on their faces.





The exchange of scholars among nations is a healthy brand of internationalism. Dr. Blalock, whose heart operation has saved many "blue babies," left for England with wife.



Architects discuss with U. N. Secretary General Lie the plans for the U. N. site. The League of Nations had beautiful buildings too. Those ruining the U. N. should remember.



U. S. Ambassador Dunn presents symbolic lump of coal to Italian Foreign Minister Sforza. The policy of aiding Italy is most important if only because of Communist hold there.

Good logic never walks hand in hand with bigotry. So in a country like ours where an astonishingly large number of people still look upon parochial schools as part of a Popish plot, it is not surprising that we run into some monstrous distortions of logic when we listen to a discussion involving the Catholic school system. To

### When Liberalism Has No Logic

be logical about the matter, every liberty-loving American should look upon the Catholic school system as a glowing monument proclaiming our national love of freedom. That parents of a minority group like Catholics should be so jealous of their right to send their children to schools of their own choosing, and should do so despite great expense to themselves, ought to call forth three resounding cheers from people who claim to love the American way of life. But it doesn't. In a day when the first step taken by every totalitarian government is to control the education of its citizens completely, we would normally expect that true lovers of democracy would applaud every measure aimed at encouraging a group of citizens to assert their freedom. But bigotry does some funny things to logic.

In the early part of September, for example, a pamphlet published by the American Civil Liberties Union complained that freedom had received a setback during the past year, and averred that people like its members were entertaining a "justified scepticism concerning the immediate future of our democratic liberties as instruments of progress." Among the "major adverse tendencies" listed by the Union was the Supreme Court's decision of Feb. 10, 1947, which approved the use of public funds to transport pupils to Catholic parochial schools. These professed defenders of liberty apparently see no incongruity in maintaining that the cause of liberty suffered a setback when a minority group were given aid which would enable them to exercise their liberty with less inconvenience to themselves.

A week or two earlier, another shameful performance at the thirtieth annual convention of the American Federation of Teachers provided a sad reminder of how some liberals go suddenly overcautious and talk ridiculously when the parochial school question comes up. It would be hard to find a more confused piece of pompous hokum than these remarks of Columbia's Dr. Childs, former chairman of the New York State Liberal Party: "Although our country," he said, "is deeply committed to a common system of public schools open to all on equal terms, we have nevertheless, permitted certain private groups to organize schools for the education of their children, particularly where matters of religious belief and conscience have prompted some to desire such schools." Then he added, "I do not understand that, in making this arrangement, our country has ever abandoned its aspiration to have all its children enrolled in a common public school system. Certainly the granting of this special educational right to the church was never intended to abrogate the basic historical principle of the separation of church and state."

So private schools owe their existence to a benign permission of a tolerant state! And it is the state which grants the church a "special educational right!" Perhaps Dr. Childs could be forgiven for not knowing that the natural law confers upon parents the primary right and obligation to educate their own children, but a man who appeals to history shouldn't have forgotten so unspeculative a truth as the fact that our Supreme Court unanimously recognized the priority of the parent's right over the state's right in matters of education. Another little historical fact pertinent to his ill-stated theory of American education is that private schools antedated the public school system in the United States by two or three generations. So they weren't just "permitted" to grow up as adjuncts of an established system.



# Too Many People

By C. J. ENZLER

THERE appears to be a campaign afoot to frighten the world until its teeth will chatter like castanets. In six words the campaign amounts to this: Too many people; too little food.

Not that this idea is a shiny new development like the atom bomb or the Car of Tomorrow. It dates back well-nigh a century and a half to a young clergyman of the Church of England, Thomas Malthus by name. In the year 1798, at the age of thirty-two, Malthus gave intellectual England the worst case of jitters since Cromwell, by publishing his pamphlet entitled "An Essay on Principles of Population."

Malthus opined that human offspring tend to increase in a ratio of 2-4-8-16-32-64, under favorable conditions doubling about every twenty-five years; whereas food, he said, can only increase in the ratio of 2-3-4-5-6-7. Obviously, this spelled trouble, capital T. It meant that unless war and other catastrophes thinned out the population—or unless people married late and practiced rigid self-restraint, which Malthus urged—human numbers must eventually outstrip sustenance. Having an ingenious and logical mind, Malthus made such a compelling case that the hornets' nest he stirred up has buzzed like Bob Burns' bazooka from William Pitt's day to ours. Malthus, who abhorred contraception, unwittingly gave to Margaret Sanger and modern birth control advocates an argumentative drum that they have beat the daylight out of *ad nauseam* ever since.

Let me illustrate. Last fall a Mr. Guy Irving Burch, director of the Population Reference Bureau, Washington, D. C., predicted that "the American level of living and the traditional American institutions of freedom have a short life ahead of them." Moreover, "people now living may witness the fall of the American Republic," for the reason that "the United States is already exploiting its natural resources at a dangerous rate as regards to the future of its present population of 140,000,000 (or even the future of a permanent population of 100,000,000)."

This not too subtle argument for the "planned" family of one or two, or as it frequently turns out, no children, has Malthusian roots. Of course, it is the

sort of fright talk that we have come to expect from Mr. Burch, knowing where he stands. If it stopped there, it would hardly merit reply. But last spring Mr. Milton S. Eisenhower, brother of "Ike" and president of Kansas State College, wrote in a national magazine; "Somewhere in the world there are two acres of land that are keeping you alive. . . . Your two acres are not producing more food and fiber for you each year; they're producing less . . . in the corn belt, your two acres and mine are getting smaller. . . . As things stand now every man's two acres are producing less and less while more and more men arrive in the world to eat from them."

Mr. Eisenhower is a highly intelligent individual, who, as a past official of the Department of Agriculture, knows a thing or two about the nation's land resources. But somehow, he makes some gosh-awful blunders in his article. And when fair-minded men come out with such balderdash, collected heaven knows where, it is high time to take a solid look at the facts and to expose the fragile legs upon which the structure of fear which they seek to create actually rests.

It might be well to begin by illustrating the magnificent ease with which it is possible to leap to the conclusion that Mother Earth already has too big a brood. One argument goes:

The world has only four billion acres of productive land;

The world has over two billion people; This is less than two acres per person. But it takes two and a half acres per person to provide a nutritious diet. Ergo, the world has too many people. Ipsy-pipsy! as simple as that.

This gem of logic, however, is pockmarked with several serious flaws. The world has *now* an estimated four billion acres of *immediately arable cropland and plowable pasture*. But there are ad-

ditional billions of acres of grassland that are ideal for meat and dairy production. Instead of less than two acres of productive land per person there are probably close to four acres.

Moreover, there are huge areas on the globe, not now producing, which may eventually yield bountifully. The other day I visited an official of the Soil Conservation Service in Washington. He had a large map on his wall. He pointed toward a big portion of Africa. "We don't know much about that area," he said. "We think the land ought to be pretty productive. But the jungle and the tsetse fly have kept it uninhabited."

As for the argument that two and a half acres per capita are required to provide a decent diet, one might as well contend that two and a half bars of soap are required to take a bath. Everything depends on the yield. There is hardly a square rod of cultivated earth, whether in Togoland or your own back yard, that can not be made to produce in greater abundance.

Just in passing, we had better consider the paradox that few more baffling problems could be visited upon our present-day world than that agriculture should suddenly find itself able to supply everyone with an adequate diet. Production would immediately so far outstrip purchasing power that farmers everywhere would be quickly bankrupted, barring subsidization by their governments. Even at our current height of prosperity in the United States, if agriculture produced the equivalent of a nutritious diet for all our one hundred and forty millions, we should soon be confronted with surpluses dwarfing those of the thirties, like Mt. Everest dwarfs an African anthill. It's crazy, but true.

Finally, with respect to the world's containing too many eaters, I should like to get on record the remark of Sir John Orr, first Director General of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, that the trouble with crowded countries like India and China is not too many people but a backward economy.

It is fruitless, however, to discuss a question of this magnitude on a world basis. So I should like to restrict it to the relation between population and

**Soil control, not birth control, is the answer to those worried about too little land**

agricultural productivity in the United States.

Now, it occurs to me that too many Catholics, for much too long a time, have attempted to answer such Neo-Malthusians as Mr. Burch by following the well-known legal advice to "deny everything." On the contrary, we should admit everything—everything that is true. We should admit, first, that this nation has been running through its land resources at an appalling rate. We should have no patience with foolhardy optimists who go through life, head in air, blithely assuming that the lockers of science contain miracles enough to bail us out of any difficulty. And my own particular delight is to prick the bubble of blind presumption of those whose philosophy is "God will provide" regardless of human prodigality.

The Almighty has made man responsible for his actions. As for science, it is not quite the miracle worker we sometimes imagine. Science, for instance, would be hard put to create a few billion tons of topsoil, and it is topsoil upon which your and my food supply depends.

To illustrate, if we plant corn on a certain type of land in Indiana where the topsoil is a foot thick, we may get seventy bushels per acre. Plant it on the same kind of land where topsoil is only two inches thick, and we may get thirty bushels. But where topsoil is practically gone, and we are growing our corn in subsoil, we'll be lucky to harvest a bushel per acre. So we must have topsoil, or we don't eat. Now the principal ways in which topsoil is lost are by erosion and depletion. Erosion occurs when we plow the land and allow rain and wind to wash and carry soil away. Depletion is exhaustion of the soil's organic matter by failure to put back in what our crops take out.

So far we have squandered topsoil as though it were, in truth, "dirt cheap." And it is this fact that gives force to the Neo-Malthusian contention.

A century and a half ago, the top soil covering the agricultural United States averaged about nine inches in depth. Nature had worked millions of years preparing it, had blanketed it with protecting grass and trees. But look at it now! Average depth, six inches. Some places, none left at all. All this in a hundred and fifty years, a mere tick of the clock in comparison with the age of the continent.

**A** CENTURY and a half ago, we had five hundred and fifty million virgin acres of good productive cropland. Here's what has happened to it:

A hundred million acres are no longer fit for cultivation.

Another hundred million acres are in critical condition.

A third hundred million acres are in serious condition.

Another hundred and fifty million acres are subject to erosion in some degree.

Of our stupendous soil bank account of five hundred and fifty million acres, only about one hundred million acres now in crops are not in danger. Our land is sick!

In addition, we have seriously injured 300 million acres of grazing, forest, and other land in farms, so that their productivity is lessened.

For a hundred and fifty years we slept, while our soil blew out to sea and rode the creeks and rivers to the Gulf and the two oceans. We did not wake until the bill for continued neglect was presented in the form of the dust storms and the Dust Bowl. Only then, as a nation, did we begin to guard our precious heritage.

So let us not be quick to shrug off the dire predictions of those who warn against continuing soil waste. Look at the map of the world for an object lesson in the rise and fall of nations: Egypt—Babylon—Greece—Rome—China. The Romans denuded the forests, and the northern shores of the Mediterranean could then no longer feed, clothe, and shelter those who dwelt there. In Yugoslavia today, the shore lands stand barren because rain constantly washes away the unprotected soil. Over the site where Corinth once flourished, dirt and other accumulations are piled forty feet high—dirt washed down from the hillsides where most of the vegetation that would have held the soil had been removed.

Is it so inconceivable that our United States, like Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome, will also stand or fall largely upon the basis of the care or neglect of our land?

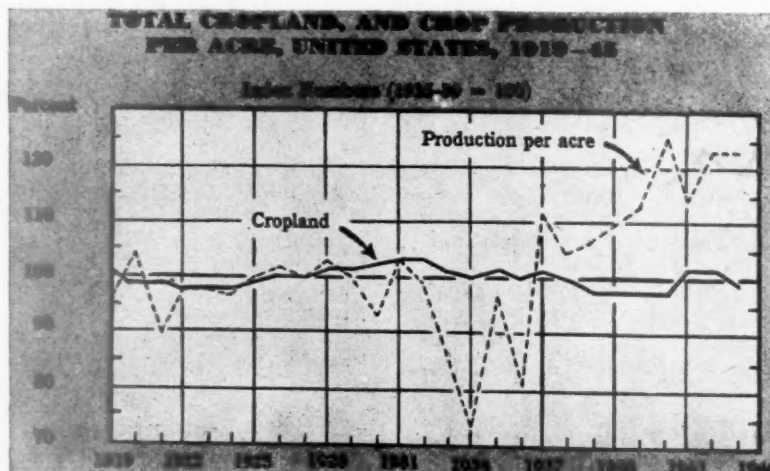
Our population is growing; our acres are shrinking. This we must honestly face. But this does most emphatically *not* mean that we must be deluded by the booby-trap logic that sees in our sick soil an argument for placing a ceiling on population. The only argument here is *the argument for taking care of our land*. If a man gambles his wages away so that he can not support a family, which should he say: "I will not have children" or "I will stop gambling"?

Of course, the planned parenthood clique would call this analogy unsound. They would contend, as Mr. Burch does, that we do not have *enough* good land left to support even our present population. And it is right here that we can bring out our hammers and nail their hides to the wall. We can do it on the testimony of no less than the Secretary of Agriculture. Here is what Mr. Clinton P. Anderson said on June 3, 1947:

"We have left in the United States about four hundred and sixty million acres of good cropland. This includes all the good land now under the plow that is suitable for continued cultivation. It includes *also* about a hundred million acres that need clearing, drainage, irrigation, or other improvements. It does not include range, forest, and pasture land.

"In other words," Mr. Anderson continued, "*not counting our range and pasture*, we have about three and a third acres of good cropland per person. If, as seems likely, sometime in this twentieth century our population levels off at one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy millions, we shall then have about two and three-quarters acres of cropland per person in the United States.

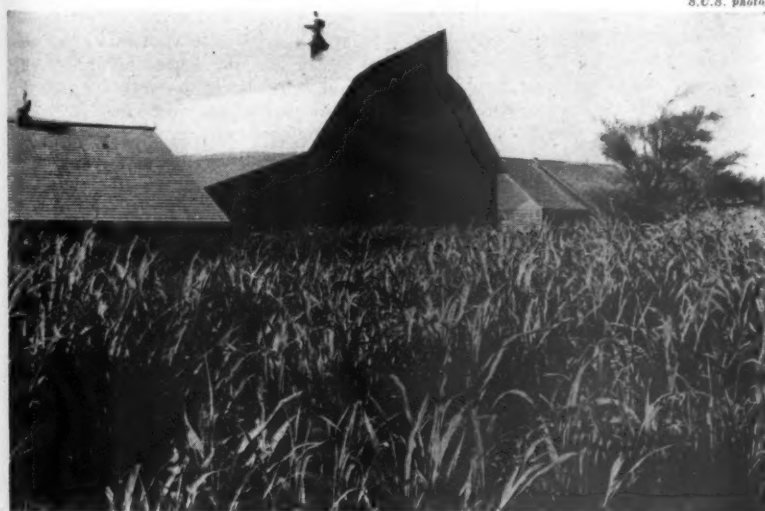
"With our increasing yields per acre, plus the four hundred and seventy-five million acres of range and pasture, this



*While the amount of land used for cultivated crops remains approximately the same, the productivity of this land can be increased by better land management*



**During the 1935 drought and dust storms, soil drifts up to six feet deep surrounded these barns in the Dust Bowl. In 1937 emergency cover crop planting of cane and sudan grass produced the transformation seen below. This paved the way for reclaiming the land for further productive farming**



S.C.S. photos

is enough land to provide our people with the best diet any nation has ever enjoyed—on one condition—that we keep it safe from erosion and depletion.”

How Mr. Burch can square the testimony of the Secretary with his prediction that the American level of living has but a short existence ahead is incomprehensible. And how Mr. Eisenhower can balance Mr. Anderson's reference to *increasing* yields with his remark that our acres are producing less and less is equally mysterious.

On the contrary we have been, and are, in the midst of an agricultural revolution. This is evident from the war and postwar record. With fewer farms than before the war, with a 10 per cent decline in the number of farm workers,

with too little new machinery, with not even enough parts to make adequate repairs on old, dilapidated machinery, with a scarcity of supplies, materials, and equipment, farmers nevertheless stepped up production more than one-third during the war.

In the last forty years productivity of agricultural workers has doubled. This is due to many factors. Constant research in new crop varieties, such as hybrid corn, is an example. During the war, half a century of research paid off. On the same land and with the same effort that used to produce only four ears of corn, farmers, using hybrid seed, grew five and six ears.

Farm machinery is a factor. Fifteen years ago there were less than a mil-

lion tractors on farms. By 1950, it is estimated, there will be two and a half million.

Better farming practices have increased yields. We have applied the principle of selective service to the land, using every acre for the purpose best suited to it. We have made more liberal applications of fertilizer, lime, and superphosphate. At present only a small proportion of all farm land is covered by complete soil and water conservation treatment. On these acres yields have increased an average of at least 20 per cent.

Add it all up and the total is a tremendous increase in the ability of American agriculture to produce food and fiber. One estimate of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics had it that by the early 1950's we could, if necessary, have fed about two and a half times as many persons as we actually did feed in 1943. This, of course, would have been under an all-out effort; it would have entailed changes in eating habits and concentration on food production at the expense of certain other farm commodities. But it does reveal the enormous capacity our modern agricultural plant possesses.

Now I should not blame you if you were to tell me that this article is in apparent contradiction of itself. On the one hand, we stress the great necessity of conserving our land, while on the other we emphasize that same land's bountiful productivity. The contradiction is only apparent, not real. Our productive capacity is still rising, yes. But we are still losing by erosion the productive equivalent of half a million acres a year. It is like a man carrying up a ladder a weight that grows half a pound heavier with every rung he climbs. He may ascend a long time, but eventually he will be able to lift the weight no farther. Then, if the load still becomes every few seconds a half pound heavier, disaster must result.

So, too, we must put an end to the constantly increasing weight of erosion and depletion which our land is forced to carry. Under our national conservation programs a good beginning has been made. But it is only that, a beginning, and the remainder of the job is from five to ten times the size of that already accomplished.

Only one thing is necessary to assure continued food production in the United States adequate to any conceivable demand. That one thing is not a ceiling on population, not a ban on babies, not a bar to immigration. It is reasonable care of the land endowment that God gave America.

Let no Neo-Malthusian say our nation has too many mouths to feed. We have only to feed and guard our soil, and our soil will continue to feed and guard us.



# Goose Grease AND Red Peppa

By GROVER ABLES

Illustrated by HARVEY KIDDER

THE new building where the monks lived bulked large and white on the hill above. William at the foot of the hill shrank small and dark.

It was the Feast of St. Bartholomew, Apostle, but William didn't know it was any feast at all. He did know that he was hungry, that the toe he had stubbed on a rock hurt, and that gnats were making black clouds around his hot, brown face.

But these minor annoyances were swallowed up in fear—fear of climbing the hill and facing one of the white-robed men he could see moving about up there on mysterious errands.

When they had first come down to Georgia last spring, rumor said they were Ku Klux, for didn't they wear long white robes? His mammy said they weren't, but even the thought that they might be was enough to scare a body.

But when your mammy tells you to do something, you've got to mind her. William forced each bare, black foot to take its place in front of the other on the red clay road leading up to the building. At every short step his heart pounded harder, his knees trembled a little more inside his clean overalls, and his hands hunted somewhere to put themselves, without finding it.

Too soon he stood at a gate, by the side of which was a post with a bell on top. Two signs were on the post; one said ORA ET LABORA, and the other said PLEASE RING BELL. He didn't know what the first one meant, but he could read the second—and when signs said something, that's what you must do. So he reached up and gave the cord a feeble jerk.

When William saw the man in white approach him, he was too full of an unconscious wonder that a summons of his has been heeded to be too much scared, especially as this man was smiling in what looked like a friendly way. He looked funny, with all his hair gone except a ring around his head like a hoop, but when he spoke he was polite.

"Good morning," he said.

"Mah name William," the visitor began, as his mammy had told him to. *Tell them your name like somebody with raising. Don't just stand dumb.*

"That's a very fine name, to be sure," the man said. "I am Father Celestus, the guestmaster."

"Is you de bossman?" William's voice took on a little shriller note, for this was important to find out. *Don't waste time with nobody but the bossman—the hired help can't tell you nothing.*

"No," replied the man. "I only meet visitors like yourself and see after their wants."

William felt easier at that. "Ah guess you is sorter lak a butler."

"Something like that," agreed the man, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ah use' t' have a uncle dat butlered," hazarded William. "He wear a white coat an' a black tie an' black breeches." He glanced at the man's clothing, but without looking long enough to be ill-mannered.

"They have different styles in different places," the butler said. "What does your uncle do now?"

"He daid," explained William briefly. It would be hard for his mammy to get along now without the money order every month, especially when she had to take doctor's medicine. Of course he was nine, and helped his mammy and Jumbo and Marcilee and Petro a good bit. But not as much as Uncle Henry.

William wanted to tell the butler about how hard it was to find money to buy meal and syrup and cough medicine, and ask him why God didn't do something about it, especially after his mammy prayed so hard. But he didn't quite know how to begin, and besides

he must do what his mammy sent him to do and get back home.

"Ah wants t' see de bossman," he stated, with some dignity.

The butler considered, as his Uncle Henry would have done. "He is very busy and does not like to be disturbed unless it is absolutely necessary. If you would tell me what you want, maybe I could do just as well."

"Ah don't 'spec' you could," insisted William. "Mah mammy say fo' me t' see de bossman."

The butler hesitated only a moment longer. "I think it can be arranged," he said. "But it will be some time before he is free. In the meantime, maybe you'd like to eat something."

His stomach gave an eager jump of assent, but William protested weakly, for manners, "Ah ain't t' say hongry. Ah wouldn't want you all t' cook up nothin' jest fo' me."

"I'm sure we can find something without too much trouble," the butler assured him.

The dark bread, the white cheese, the scrambled eggs, the rich sweet milk, the yellow butter, and the fig preserves all mixed themselves in William's contented stomach, and he began having trouble holding his head up and keeping his eyes focused on the rhythmic movements of his companion as he cleared away the polished dishes. William jerked himself erect with an effort.

"Ah could wash de dishes," he offered.

"Just keep your seat," said the butler, as polite as if he had been raised in Georgia. "The brother will be glad to wash them. It gives him a chance to practice the motto you saw on the bell post. ORA ET LABORA—"Pray and Work." Did you notice the sign?"

William again started up, blinking his eyes to show he had been listening. "Yassuh, Ah seen it," he said. "It say PLEASE RING BELL."

The butler smiled. "Maybe you'd like to take a short nap after your dinner?"

William shook his head regretfully. "Ah's a little sleepy," he admitted. "But ah better talk t' de bossman now if he ain't too busy."

William followed him down a long hall, along a smaller corridor, and up to a door. The butler tapped gently, turned the knob, and left William standing alone before another man in white who looked down at him so keen he knew this was the bossman.

"How do you do, William?" he said. "Father Celestus said you wanted me."

"Mammy sent me," said William, a little trembly now that his task was at hand, but speaking up plain. "She feel sorter bad an' couldn't come herself."

"I'm sorry she's sick," the bossman said kindly. "Is she very badly off?"

"She cough a lot," William confided,

**One sign said: Ora et labora. The other said: Please ring the bell**



beginning to feel more at ease now. "She can't wash so good no mo'."

"Where is your father?" he asked.

"He been daid so long I don't hardly remember him," said William, matter-of-factly. "But pretty soon Ah aims t' git me a job an' look a'ter Mammy an' Jumbo an' Marcilee an' Petro mahself."

"You're pretty young to have a regular job," the bossman said.

"Yassuh," assented William. "Ah knows Ah is. But Ah gits old powerful fast. Seem lak I gits old dis year faster'n Ah ever has."

William paused to swallow and hurried on to finish his errand. "Mammy say didn't you all come down here from Louisville?"

"Yes, we did."

"Dat's what Uncle Henry say," went on William. "He use' t' butler in Louisville. Does you remember him?"

"I don't believe I do offhand," the bossman smiled.

"You don't!" William exclaimed with some surprise. "Don't you remember givin' him a place t' sleep and somet'in'

t' eat when he first git t' Louisville, befo' he git a job butlerin'?"

"Well," said the bossman hesitantly, "I might recall him later—"

"Anyhow," William hurried along, "he use' t' send Mammy money a'ter Pappy die. But last week we gits de last letter he writ an' de last money he gwine send. He die de next day." William swallowed again. "He pretty old," he added, by way of apology.

"My dear boy—" the bossman began gently, but William wanted to finish what he had to say so bad that he interrupted without knowing it.

"He told us lots o' times how good you all was t' him," he continued swiftly. "But Mammy's sick an' didn't feel lak comin', an' dat's why Ah's here."

The bossman looked down at him pretty sad. "I'm glad you came to see us, William," he said. "You're welcome any time, and there'll always be something for you to eat if you're hungry. But I can't give you any money—we're poor ourselves, you know."

William lifted his narrow shoulders

another inch. "Mah Uncle Henry say you all ain't got nothin' o' yo' own," he said, a little stiffly. "Ah ain't here beggin'. Mammy say fo' me t' show you dis letter, an' give you what's in it." He extended the bossman a crumpled envelope and started for the door. With his hand on the knob, he remembered his manners and turned. "Ah thanks you fo' de dinner," he said formally. "An' now Ah's got t' git home."

But the bossman's hand trembled a little as he looked at the rough scrawl of the letter, and his face turned as pale as his robe. "Wait, William!" he called, almost pleading.

William waited as the bossman read the letter his mammy had got from Uncle Henry last week—the last letter they would get from him:

Dear Sister:

I am ritin this to tell you I am well and hope you are the same. Except my side has been painin me

*"It look lak God sorter slow when we asks Him fo' somet'in'. Dat's His business"*



some but nothin to worry about. The munks that live here was good to me when I first come here and didnt have a job and some of them has moved rite close to where you live. I guess youve seen them. Ive been meanin to pay them back for what they done for me but look like it tuk about all I could make. But they will have a hard time gettin started off down there, and I wish you would do me the favor of hand-in them this extra fifty dollars I am sendin this time in passin and tell them much obliged. Well, as this is all I can think-of to write I will close hopin your cof is better.

Your brother,  
Henry.

The bossman took the folded bills from the envelope and looked at them, and then put them down carefully on his desk. Then he reached for a big handkerchief from under his robe and blew his nose several times, which showed he was well raised, as you shouldn't use your sleeve. Then he dropped to the floor on his knees, and William thought he was going to pray like the preacher did at meeting, but he didn't say anything out loud. William guessed he was thanking God for the money, which was what you should do when you get any.

He wondered why the bossman hit his chest three times with his hand, and thought maybe he was trying to loosen up his cold, as he seemed to have to use his handkerchief a lot. William knew the bossman was sorry he hadn't understood about why William had come, and William was sorry the bossman had a bad cold.

When the bossman got up from thanking God, William said, "Mammy fixes stuff t' rub on us when we gits a bad cold. Does you want t' know how t' fix it?"

"I'd—I'd certainly appreciate it, William," the bossman said, in a sort of choked voice.

"You takes goose grease," said William, "an' you puts it on de stove an' hot it up, an' you takes red pepper dats been a-dryin' on de rafters an' crumble a heap o' dat in de goose grease, an' you let's it cook a purty good while, an' you pours off de grease, an' dats what you rubs on." He thought for a minute. "It's good fo' a bad cold, but it sho' do burn. Ah wonders why it is dat jest goose grease by itself don't he'p a bad cold none, an' you gots t' have red pepper in it?" He shook his head at the problem.

The bossman laughed a little shakily. "Men have asked themselves that question in different ways since the beginning of history," he said, more to himself than to William. "Maybe the best answer is that, unpleasant as red pepper

is, we all know we need it sometimes and feel a certain joy at its smart." The bossman nodded his head. "Yes, we all need red pepper."

"Yassuh," William agreed politely, used to hearing grown folks talk foolish. "Ah gots t' go home now."

"Would you ask your mother to pray for me, William?" the bossman asked him. "And will you pray for me too? I need it very badly."

"Sho'," William agreed. "But Ah wouldn't want you all t' 'spec' too much outen it—not right soon, nohow. It look lak God sorter slow when we asks Him fo' somet'in'. Dat's His business," he added loyally, "but Ah jest thought Ah'd tell you."

The bossman bent down till his head was level with William's, and his voice



"Is you de bossman?" William asked.

was very solemn as he said, "William, it is very hard for us to understand about prayer, but I want you to believe me when I say that God is never slow answering our prayers—we are only slow sometimes in seeing that they have been answered. And even the best of us forget sometimes that prayer is often answered through the work of men."

"I needed to talk to you today—very badly—but I couldn't have done it if you hadn't come. I didn't even know I needed to talk to you, but God knew it and sent you. You helped God answer a prayer of mine which I had even been too ignorant to pray. Do you understand?"

"Yassuh," William spoke doubtfully.

"The thing to remember is that if you pray every day for the things you need, and then work as hard as you can yourself, God will either give you what you ask for or something much better."

"Too bad you cain't jest pray an' not have t' work," William said a little ruefully.

"You will find that work is prayer," the bossman went on. "After all, what is this money your Uncle Henry sent but prayers of thanks for the little hos-

pitality we gave him? And money represents work done, so that this money is your Uncle Henry's work changed into a prayer of thanksgiving. And by the way, William," the bossman's voice became conversational, "I've just remembered your Uncle Henry. He didn't owe us any money."

"Suh!" said William. "He say he did."

"Well, he—he didn't owe us as much as he thought he did, and he paid us back—more than he realized. I assure you he didn't owe us a penny when he died, and you can give this back to your mother." He held out the money to William.

"Well Ah'll be dawg!" exclaimed William. "Ain't dat somet'n'!" He looked at the notes with glistening eye, thinking how glad his mammy would be. "Dis'll buy a heap o' stuff t' eat!"

This money—now is mammy's. It used to be Uncle Henry's. Then it was the bossman's. How was it that now it was in his hands? Did God have anything to do with it? William's mind struggled with its unaccustomed effort to fathom the ways of God with man.

Suddenly a gleam of understanding penetrated his thoughts, and he looked up at the bossman with a certain eye.

"Ah knows what you meant by sayin' 'pray an' work.' As soon as you all give Uncle Henry somet'n' t' eat, God set aside dis money fo' Mammy, didn't He?"

"I believe He did, William," the bossman said.

"But if she hadn't done some prayin', and Uncle Henry hadn't done some workin', she might not got it."

So clear was the whole thing in William's mind that he could see almost well enough to explain just how things were going to be better at home, and his mammy get well, and he get work to help her.

"'Pray an' work,'" William repeated, digesting this new philosophy. "Dat's a good thing t' remember. Look lak dat'd be good t' go on a sign at de gate."

"It would indeed," the bossman said. "I'll look into it." And he smiled, but not derisively.

"You'll come back again soon, won't you, William, and let me hear from your mother?" The bossman followed William to the door.

"Ah sho' will," William grinned widely. As he stood in the doorway, he hesitated, trying to put a thought into words.

"Ah jest happen t' think about dat red pepper," he spoke slowly. "It ain't no worry about goose grease havin' t' have red pepper in it. De good part is dat dey's got t' mix goose grease wid de pepper."

Next morning in chapter, the startled monks heard their abbot begin his homily, "My children, I should like to speak to you for a little while about goose grease and red pepper. . . ."

# The Marshall Plan Is Not Enough

By THE OBSERVER

EUROPE is the central battleground in the present struggle between Christianity and the Soviet revolution. The question who eventually wins this gigantic contest for the souls and bodies of Europeans, will determine the survival of our civilization.

All Western attempts to stem the Soviet tide were heretofore inadequate. Including the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, they all seem intended to rescue what is still left of independent Europe, her western part, rather than to try carrying the ball into enemy grounds and reclaim all of Europe for Christianity. All these measures are merely defensive, and no battle in history, political or military, was ever won without resorting to attack.

The problem of saving Europe as a free and self-governing continent within Western civilization is not only the matter of preserving its spiritual and material riches for humanity, but above all else the question of elementary security for the rest of the world. History has proved many times that Europe, the cradle of Christianity and of our civilization, is the key to the control of the globe. It has shown that any large power that would succeed in controlling the whole of Europe can seek to rule the world.

But what seems often to be forgotten by many is that Europe is one geographical, historical, cultural, and religious entity, which divided and partitioned must die. The common bond that unites all Europeans is their heritage of Western civilization. This civilization rests on two pillars: one, Christianity with its center in Rome, and the other, ancient Greek-Roman culture. This is the common denominator for what can be termed the European community. This community has very definite characteristics and very definite boundaries.

It extends from the Atlantic Ocean to the frontiers of Russia. Countries bordering Russia, as Finland, Lithuania, Poland, etc., are the easternmost outposts of Europe and her civilization. The last reaches of the Gothic cathedrals and baroque churches are here, and this is where freedom and democracy in the traditions and consciousness of the people end. This is Europe's boundary with Eurasia.

East of that dividing line despotism

always flourished, and the very word freedom was forbidden, as it is today. This is the Tartar-Byzantine and now Soviet world, completely alien to Europeans. No deep search into history is necessary to realize this; the architecture of towns and villages tells it. Indeed, there is much more similarity between such eastern European cities as Helsinki, Wilno, or Lwow and the remote capitals of Paris or Rome, than there is between them and the nearest Russian town right across the border.

The indivisibility of Europe as one body was recognized by all empires and rulers throughout the ages. Ancient Rome, the Holy Roman Empire, and above all else the Catholic Church saw in Europe one indivisible family. Even such enemies of European civilization as Hitler and Stalin proved to be fully aware of it. Hitler knew that he could not control half of Europe successfully, and in order to win his battle he had to take Europe both from the east and west. Stalin also knows very clearly that his present control of Central and Eastern Europe is merely a stepping stone toward the eventual domination of the whole continent. His weapons are direct conquest and Communist fifth columns.

Strangely enough only the democratic Western powers show little understanding of these realities. Western disregard for them and indifference toward the problems of Europe's Eastern outposts, have cost them two world wars already. Yet they seem not to have learned, for in the middle of World War II came the worst mistakes in Western diplomacy toward Europe ever recorded in history. In a climax of defiance of European geography, culture, and history, the Big Three at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam concluded that Europe is like a tenderloin that can be cut in slices at will. They performed a cruel surgical operation on the continent, establishing a dividing line between East and West in

the center of Europe, across her living body. For the first time in history, Eurasia was invited to swallow and destroy half of Europe's ancient lands and enslave their populations. The larger and central area of the continent surrendered to Russia is now being turned into a formidable Soviet stronghold directed against the West.

The tragic picture of Europe today would seem convincing enough to show what disastrous consequences the Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin pacts brought for humanity. These agreements seem, nevertheless, still to remain largely the foundations of official Western diplomacy. It looks as if at the bottom of their hearts, many American and British statesmen would be perfectly satisfied, if at the price of sacrificing Central and Eastern Europe to Russia, they could only insure the western part of the continent and "contain" the Soviet Union within the Yalta-permitted zone. What is still worse, some of them honestly seem to think that this is feasible.

Only when the aggressive Soviet tries to make inroads into the western zone or to threaten it directly do the democracies begin to get alarmed and the existence of Europe as a whole come back to their minds. This is a political Maginot Line mentality which is equally important in solving international problems as was the 1940 French military defense system in saving France from the Nazi Blitzkrieg.

It constitutes the weakness behind both the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan. Due to their purely defensive character, neither of these plans can be considered as an adequate solution.

The Truman Doctrine, once hailed as a program for the whole of Europe and an American promise of support to all nations fighting for liberty, was in the end reduced to American protection of a few strategic centers on Europe's peripheries, such as Greece and Turkey.

The same can be said about the Marshall Plan. Although presented as a program of economic unification of Europe, it ended by being what, under the circumstances, was all it could be: American help for Western Europe to save it from Soviet conquest. The plan seems to have either disregarded the existence of a political war in Europe or to have expected that economic unity

**An analysis of aid  
to Europe every American  
should read**



could be established in spite of it. This is, of course, impossible.

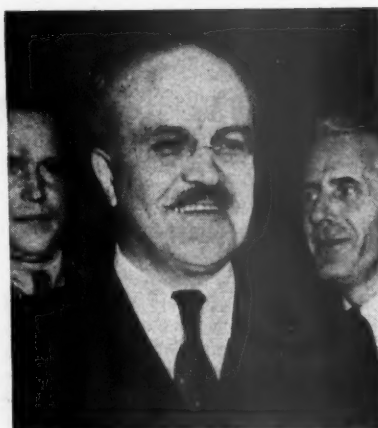
Without a political challenge to Soviet domination over half of Europe, no plan, economic or otherwise, can accomplish anything real. The source of Europe's tragedy is her spiritual and political division. Economic chaos and misery are just the consequences and not the origin of the trouble. They are mere symptoms of a disease that is eating up Europe's mutilated body. To make the symptoms disappear, the disease must first be cured and an attempt made to break the chains that strangle Europe's life.

The Communist refusal to play ball with the Marshall Plan and the launching by Russia of the Molotov Plan as an answer to it accomplished one thing. They accentuated once again the division of Europe into two hostile camps: one, the Western, permitted to enjoy the benefits of the Marshall Plan, and the other, the Eastern, forced to slave under the Molotov Plan of economic exploitation for Russia. In fact not much new was added, since these are just fresh labels for the old partition of the continent.

In the economic field, the Marshall Plan, as advantageous to Western Europe as it is, will in reality be an American crutch to compensate Europe's western territories for the surrender of her eastern areas to Russia, and the help contained in the plan will be a substitute for the loss of Europe's richest lands to the Soviets. Having failed to pierce the Iron Curtain, the Marshall Plan became one more half-measure intended only to hold the line.

Some people may say that, although this is true, nothing can be done about it, and that to remove the partition of Europe and free all her people, war with Russia is necessary. This assertion is hardly legitimate, as long as no effort was made to obtain this goal with political methods. War is always the result of a faulty and weak policy; it can often be prevented by a sound and courageous one.

But the Western world seems still to be paralyzed, seems still to believe that holding the line is all that it can do. A decision to defend the present possessions is considered an act of heroism by itself. On the other hand, there is Russia, the only country today that is on the offensive, that makes an open bid to unite the whole of Europe, but under Communist banners. Once all of Europe is won for Soviet "democracy," European Communists say, it will become a Federation of Soviet Republics, without national squabbles, customs boundaries, etc.—just a happy Stalinist family. Short of war, is there any adequate democratic antidote to this wooing of Europeans



*Molotov's Plan—it's working*

disillusioned by Soviet propaganda?

No one seems to have thought as yet that perhaps the best way to save Western Europe is to turn to the offensive and try to reclaim Central and Eastern Europe for democracy. Abandoning Poland or Hungary to Soviet control will certainly not weaken the Communist influence in France or Italy. Quite the contrary. But a political showdown with Russia over countries, which as a fruit of Yalta she now considers as her own, could shake the foundations of the whole Soviet hold in Europe.

The Marshall Plan is splendid as far as it goes. But it could be much more effective if its original goal to unite Europe economically were re-emphasized by an announcement that the United States does not consider the Soviet bloc's refusal to participate in the plan as a decision coming from the people concerned, but merely as another Communist trick to exploit these nations. Furthermore, since the plan wants to help the populations of Europe and not the tyrants who oppress them, the share of American help destined for Central and Eastern Europe will be earmarked for those countries and kept under trusteeship until they are free again.

**T**HERE are various methods of offensive. What is necessary is a decision to start one. In answer to Soviet efforts to unite Europe under Communism, the United States could launch a powerful campaign for a free and united Europe within Western civilization. The pattern for such a constructive and positive policy with regard to Europe was established long ago in the early part of the past war. At a time when the fear of offending Russia was not the dominating factor in democratic foreign policy, liberation of the whole of Europe was the avowed goal. The Atlantic Charter was the moral code and expression of this program. Long forgotten, this program could be revived again.

In those days, plans of regional and more advanced European federations were being discussed by leading democratic statesmen, with an ultimate objective of a United States of Europe. These plans enjoyed the warm support of American public opinion. In Great Britain, Mr. Winston Churchill himself—one of the signatories of Teheran and Yalta and the one who later used so much pressure on the Poles to surrender to Russia on the eve of Teheran—in 1943 proclaimed his project of a Council of Europe which included all the continent. Hopes were cherished that statesmen during World War II would emulate those of World War I by taking one step further and substituting President Wilson's call for "self-determination of nations" by the goal of "federations of nations."

The idea of federation was not new to Europeans. The best and most advanced democracy in Europe, Switzerland, is a federation. Poland, Lithuania, and Ruthenia lived in happiness for many centuries in a system of federation called then the Commonwealth. The old Austro-Hungarian Empire was in a way also a federation. And immediately after liberation in 1918, Poland tried to recreate the historic federation ties with Lithuania and the Ukraine (old Ruthenia). Unfavorable conditions, and especially the Soviet invasion of 1920, which frustrated all chances of a free Ukraine and threatened Poland's own life, shattered all those plans temporarily.

The goal of federation resumed new vigor in Central and Eastern Europe during World War II. Taught by the tragic experience of Nazi and Soviet conquests, people of that area became increasingly aware of the necessity to unite. They worked toward a regional federation with their neighboring countries, both in the underground at home and in exile. Negotiations in this field were co-ordinated with other, more general, discussions on the future reconstruction of Europe.

In 1943 the Central European Institute was formed in Warsaw when it was under Nazi occupation. Working underground, beneath the very noses of the Gestapo, statesmen, scholars, and experts in various fields were preparing the ground for a future Federation of Central and Eastern Europe. Constant relations in this field were maintained with Croats, Serbs, Slovaks, and Hungarians, and negotiations were conducted with Lithuanians and White Ruthenians. The Institute has to its credit quite important achievements in research and public work. Many essays have been written on the constitutional, economic, and historical aspects of the problem. The "Central Europe" Press Agency and



a monthly *The Central European Bulletin* were published underground and circulated widely. The practical co-operation between the various national undergrounds of that area added only new bonds of common danger and the sacrifice of blood in a common cause. Everybody worked for a better future.

Instead of realization of all these hopes and dreams, World War II ended as a victory "to make the world safe for Communism." After Teheran and Yalta, all European plans were shattered, and gloomy night descended upon the people. The whole preparatory work for a regional federation in Central and Eastern Europe was annihilated once the Russian "liberation" came. The Soviet authorities proceeded to exterminate all the "bourgeois" undergrounds and independent thinking people. Western diplomacy kept silent out of fear of offending Russia.



**Marshall's Plan—will it work?**

Although all practical work had to be abandoned, the basic attitude of the populations toward federation did not change. There is evidence available that they continue to regard it as the best program for the future, once they are free again. The experience of the present Soviet yoke is only one more argument for the unity of all free people in self-defense.

Because of insurmountable obstacles at home, the bulk of action leading to federation had to be moved abroad. In England, where many Europeans and their governments exiled by Hitler made their residence during the war, firm roots of such a work had already been established. Subsequently other members of different Central and Eastern European nations, driven out of their homelands, came together and began to lay foundations for a multinational federal movement. It was a genuine social movement developed independently, although in no contradiction to the official policy of governments. This movement took

shape in the formation of the Central European Federal Club in London, the first organization of its kind in exile.

Subsequently, similar clubs have been formed in Rome, Jerusalem, Beirut, Brussels, and Paris. New clubs are planned in Geneva, Stockholm, Lisbon, Buenos Aires, etc. Their work is steadily developing and received considerable support from the local political and intellectual circles. Exiled Albanians, Austrians, Croats, Czechs, Estonians, Hungarians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Poles, Rumanians, Serbs, Slovaks, Slovenes, Ukrainians, and White Ruthenians have combined to work together toward a future federation of the so-called Intermarium—the territory between the Baltic and Black Sea and between Germany and Russia—as an encouragement and nucleus for further federation.

In October 1945 the London Central European Federal Club issued a Joint Statement of Aims, to which all the other clubs now subscribe. It runs in part as follows:

"The experience of the period between the two wars and of the last few years has taught us that the idea of federation for this region, already present in men's minds before the war, will prove to be the best solution for the future. . . ."

The basic points on which the program is founded stress in part the following:

"1) Central Europe—that is, the area between Germany and Russia—forms a natural geographical and economic entity inhabited by a number of medium-sized and smaller nations possessing mutual interests and similar culture, and therefore ought to be organized on the basis of a federation. In this way only, Central Europe will cease to be a field of rivalry between the big powers and an area of unrest, endangering peace.

"2) Within the framework of a Central European Federation every nation shall have the full right to preserve its national individuality, to cultivate and develop its own culture, and to bring up its younger generation in this spirit.

"3) The Federation must be built upon the fundamental, constitutional principle of respect for the full rights of free men. The Central Federal Authority shall take care that these rights are safeguarded and that internal peace, based on Christian charity, universal justice, and agreed constitutional order, is maintained.

"4) The essence of the Federation is that the relations of its members be peaceful, settled upon principles of justice, order, and mutual consideration. Frontier disputes, a source of acute difficulties between entirely unrelated states, would find within the Federation satisfactory solutions.

"5) The federated states of Central Europe shall have a common foreign policy.

"6) A common defense force of the Federation would contribute to the security of the world and safeguard the whole region against any aggression.

"7) In the economic field the Federation would combine several countries, too weak to stand alone as economic units, into one great organism; this would facilitate a rapid economic development unattainable by small countries acting in isolation. To the outer world, the Federation would present a common customs area. . . .

"Our main objective is to work in every possible way for a Central Europe organized on those lines and to familiarize the peoples of the free world with our ideas so that they may give them their support and help in their fulfillment. . . ."

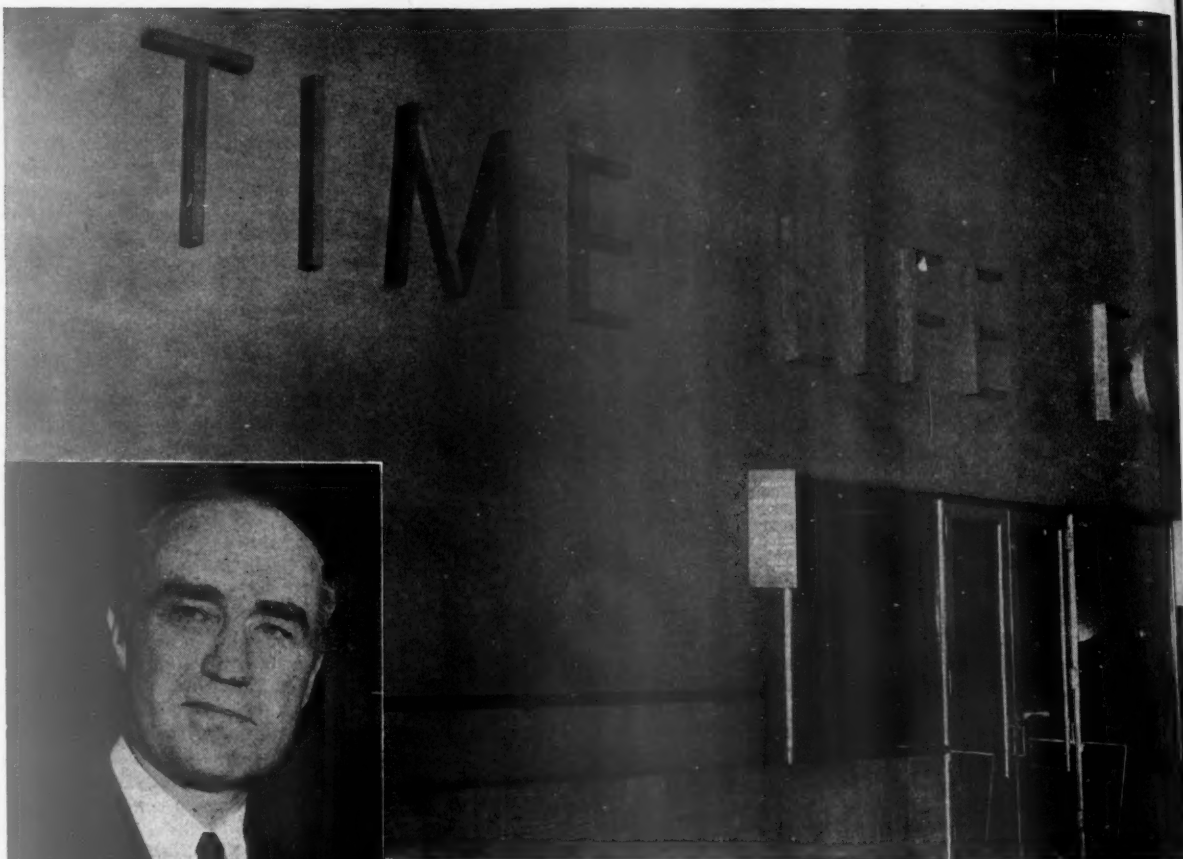
**L**EADING exiled statesmen of various countries, now under Communist yoke, are active in the Federal Clubs in the various cities of Europe and the Near East. The program of the Central European Federation received the support also of groups of Americans, whose national origin links them with the countries of the Intermarium between the Black and Baltic Seas. They organized the World Bill of Rights Association, Inc., in New York and the Federation of Americans of Central and Eastern European Descent.

The London and Rome Federal Clubs sent memoranda to the Foreign Ministers of the three Western powers before the Moscow Conference, requesting revision of the status quo in Central and Eastern Europe and a solution of the German problem within the framework of a general European settlement, in which a Federated Central and Eastern Europe would eventually find its rightful place.

The plans of the Central European Federal Clubs run parallel to a similar initiative assumed in the West by the Low Countries. There an economic union of Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxemburg was created, called the Benelux. What captive people can blueprint only in exile, free Western European governments are able to put into practice. Here is the difference.

Europeans have, indeed, gone quite a long way toward the goal of uniting Europe into federations. Even left-wing Socialists, at their latest Convention in Paris, declared themselves in favor of a Federation under Socialist governments of all European countries west of Russia. While the official policy of the great powers acts still in the framework of saving 50 per cent of Europe and thus

(Continued on page 62)



Above: Interior lobby and reception room of "Time-Life" building in Rockefeller Center. Left: Mr. Henry Luce, founder and editor of "Time"

## For Twenty Cents

By JOHN C. CORT

**I**N A recent issue of *Life* there appears an angry letter from Philip Wylie, author of *Generation of Vipers* and other books, who identified himself as a veteran reader of both *Life* and *Time*.

Mr. Wylie charged that both magazines were guilty of "a growing tendency . . . to propagandize the notions of dogmatic theology." By which he meant Christian theology. He did not actually threaten to cancel his subscriptions but one felt that it might come to that if things did not improve. "Have the staffs of *Life* and *Time* been converted?" was the question that he asked.

It was a good question. It is a question that should interest American Catholics, who are not used to getting the friendly treatment they have lately been enjoying at the hands of *Time*, Inc. It

is a question that this article will try to answer in the course of its consideration of *Time*—"The Weekly Newsmagazine."

For the last six months of 1946 the U. S. circulation of *Time* ran about 1,500,000. Foreign sales were roughly 250,000 more. The nearest competitor, *Newsweek*, was running around 700,000 for the same period. Although *Time* wasn't in the same class with its overgrown younger sister, *Life* (5,400,000 approx.), it was still right up there in the mass-circulation field. And the early reports on 1947 indicate that its figure is still spreading.

It is not too difficult to understand the success of *Life*, with its pictures and its sex appeal. *Time* is by no means devoid of pictures, but the reading matter is still the No. 1 attraction, and since

there is no fiction in it, or at least nothing that is labeled fiction, the magazine's success on the newsstands must be recognized as nothing less than a journalistic triumph.

Credit for the triumph must go mainly to Henry R. Luce, who is listed on the masthead not only as "editor-in-chief" but also as "editor." Luce is a tall, sharp-eyed, energetic man who was born in China in 1898, the son of Presbyterian missionaries. At Hotchkiss, a prep school in Connecticut, he started an historic partnership in journalism with his classmate, Briton Hadden.

After serving as editors on the school paper, they both went on to the *Yale Daily News*. The Class of 1920 elected Luce "most brilliant" and the handsome Hadden "most likely to succeed." Some

# The News You Get--XII

have maintained, without taking any credit away from Luce, that it should have been the other way around.

After graduation there was a short spell together on the *Baltimore News*, then a return to New York and the beginnings of *Time*, Inc. They had first had the idea of a weekly news digest back in the New Haven days. William Lyon Phelps encouraged them. So did Walter Lippman. At that time the field had been badly and partially plowed only by *The Literary Digest*. *Time* was to be different. The facts might come mostly from the *New York Times*, and did. But to those facts would be added something new—good writing, imaginative writing, humor, life.

By November, 1922, Luce and Hadden had raised \$86,000 from their classmates and from wealthy friends of their families, including Thomas Lamont. The first issue came out on March 3, 1923, and went to 9000 subscribers. The thing was an immediate success. Two years later circulation was 75,000.

In the early days the practice was for Hadden and Luce to alternate between editing one year and handling the business end the next. But it was Hadden's mind and personality that impressed themselves upon the editorial content of the magazine. A few years after the founding there evolved the famous "Time style," mainly a creation of Hadden's.

Some say he talked like that, others that his fondness for Homer led him to indulge in the orgy of phrases like "pig-faced," "jug-shaped," "camel-nosed." What led him to the passion for inverted grammar it is hard to say. At any rate, as Wolcott Gibbs put it in his *New Yorker* classic, "Backward ran sentences until reeled the mind."

Possibly as a result of Gibbs's kidding, perhaps as the simple fruit of maturity, the current style has become almost indistinguishable from good English. There remain only a few annoying inventions like "GOPster" for Republican, which, as somebody has said, should really be pronounced "geeohpvester."

Then there were the trick picture captions, an invention of the late Jack Thomas, one of the early editors. These were designed to make the reader dig into the story without actually telling him what it was about. But mostly it was the plain, unvarnished brilliance of both Hadden and Luce as popular journalists that put the magazine across.

Hadden once assigned a man to a story

involving the Crimean War with the warning, "And this time I want to know what the crime was." Both men had a passion for facts, for background, color, and significance—all the things that make news most readable. It has been said of Luce that he is very penetrating to a short distance, that he is uncanny in picking out the obvious. But those who know him best, even those who are most critical, admit that his strongest point is a basic humility about truth and his own knowledge of it. On one occasion some inaccurate lines he wrote got into the magazine because nobody thought to check them. "This is the first time I ever knew I was supposed to be the Pope," he said, "but if I am, I will break the neck of the first Cardinal who assumes my infallibility." The story is not quite fair to the doctrine of infallibility, but it illustrates a quality that is probably as rare as it is valuable in a big-time publisher.

**H**ADDEN died in 1929 of a streptococcus infection. But Luce has not lacked for bright assistants either before or since. Most of them have been nice-looking Ivy Leaguers, as young or younger than Luce himself. Three of the early ones were cousins of Hadden's: the Busch brothers and John Martin, the one-armed, hard-drinking managing editor.

In 1933 Martin was succeeded by John Shaw Billings, a St. Paul's-Harvard man who loved railroads and disliked Indians, but was otherwise about as objective as it is possible for a man to be. In 1936 Billings moved over to *Life* and today he is editorial director of all *Time*, Inc., publications. During the years he was at *Time* that magazine came as close as it ever has to the ideal set forth by Hadden in the original prospectus: "*Time* will be free from cheap sensationalism—windy bias."

There have been lapses, but few would accuse *Time* of being either cheap, sensational, or windy. The bias is not windy, nor is it obvious or dogmatic or rigid or unbroken. That is what makes it so wonderfully persuasive, so

dangerously persuasive. Although the masthead says: *Time*—"The Weekly Newsmagazine," it is obvious to anyone on picking up the magazine for the first time that there is more here than simply news. One wit maintains that it should be called "The Weekly Viewsmagazine."

In its own publicity *Time* has boasted that it "reports and interprets the news." Now by its very nature interpretation means, as often as not, the opinion of the interpreter. Early in its career *Time* had instituted the system of checkers or researchers (usually from Ivy League women's colleges) to check the facts of the masculine writers. But it wasn't often that they could check their interpretations. These could be checked only by a superior editor or by Luce himself.

Sometimes one Luce publication checked the opinions of another. In its issue of Nov. 18, 1946, *Time* interpreted the Republican victory in the recent elections as follows: "The public's attitude was unmistakable; it had had enough of labor recklessness and abuse of its rights, and enough of inflation-puffing strikes." The same month, however, *Fortune* announced the results of a poll which showed that 36.8 per cent of "the people" were pro-labor in industrial disputes and 34.5 were pro-management, while the remainder took no sides.

A great deal has been said, by both friends and enemies, about the freedom of expression which Luce has granted to his editors. There is a good deal to this. During the war, for example, *Time* was pro-Gandhi and *Life* was anti-Gandhi. On *Time* itself there is a fairly large range of opinions which manage to get into print in one department or another. This is all true, but—. As one former editor put it, "Luce allows freedom of expression, all right. But unless you belong to the club, you just don't get the chance to express yourself on anything that Luce considers important."

What Luce seems to consider important as of today are those departments of *Time* that deal with religion, foreign affairs, politics, economics, and labor. In other words, just about everything that is important. What he regards as belonging to "the club" is the ability to agree with himself, not slavishly, in detail—he is too smart and too honest to trust such a man—but basically, in principle. If you disagree and conceal

**"Time" still mingles views with news, but it has avoided "windy bias" as it intrigues its million and a half readers with its flippancy and fact-finding**





## Through a Glass, Darkly

► The National League's redheaded "Dusty" Boggess injected sound reasoning into his profession during an exhibition game. A batter who was wearing glasses became somewhat annoyed at the way Boggess was calling strikes on him, and

when the count had reached two and nothing he removed his glasses and offered them to the umpire.

Boggess gratefully accepted the glasses and adjusted them to his eyes. On the next pitch, he bellowed: "Strike three—you're out!"

Later he admitted quite frankly: "I couldn't see the ball with the batter's glasses on, so I concluded that he couldn't see it with his glasses off."

—Argosy

it, you might still get into the club, but the chances are that you would remain on the outer circle. You could not hope to make much more than \$11,000 a year; you could not expect to write anything but the second-string important stories.

Applying the litmus paper to *Time*, and allowing the gradations in color and shade, what do we find when we examine the "interpretations" of its chief writers on the five big topics listed above?

On religion the report must be a favorable one. Philip Wylie has reason to be annoyed. Not only is *Time* promoting the concepts of Christian theology, but in the last few years it has even gone out of its way to be nice to the Middle Ages. Since this period is the favorite whipping boy of the sophisticated American mind and, very often, the target of abuse which in the hands of more reckless journalists would be aimed at the Catholic Church, you can see that *Time* must have suffered some sort of conversion.

But if so, it is the devil's own job to find out when and why it came about. One explanation that appeals to Catholics, particularly women Catholics, is the recent conversion of Mrs. Luce to Catholicism. It would be foolish to say that that event had nothing at all to do with it, but investigation does indicate that it had less rather than more influence.

Without giving them any relative weight, the writer offers the following explanations offered to him by men who work, or have worked, for *Time*, Inc.: 1) Since his early missionary upbringing Luce has always been a basically religious man. 2) In recent years he has come under the influence of the pro-Christian historian, Arnold Toynbee. 3) He has been influenced by an Austrian refugee named Willi Schlamm. 4) Consciously or unconsciously, Luce has looked to a Christian revival to furnish that dynamism without which he knows that

neither democracy nor capitalism can withstand the dynamic onslaughts of Communism. 5) It just happens that a number of key men on his staff are believing Christians.

No. 5 is worth enlarging. There is, for example, Tom Matthews, who is the present managing editor and also the son of the Episcopalian Bishop of New Jersey. There is also Roy Alexander, one of the two assistant managing editors and a practicing Catholic.

There is Emmet Hughes, an intelligent, conscientious Catholic who is head of the Rome bureau and (probably) wrote the splendid cover piece (May 5) on the Italian Communist, Palmiro Togliatti, the one that ended with the ringing quotation from St. Dominic: "Out-labor, out-fast, out-discipline these false teachers."

For over a year now the religion department of the magazine has been under Douglas Auchincloss, a believing Protestant who at least once has had to be cautioned about giving too much space to Catholic activities. Finally, among the more influential men on the magazine is Whittaker Chambers, one of the senior editors, an ex-Communist who is now a devout Quaker, a man with a first-rate mind who wrote the

► **Philosopher:** A person who always knows what to do until it happens to him.

—FIREMANS FUND RECORD

Toynbee cover-piece (March 17) and the magnificent piece on Marian Anderson (Dec. 20, 1946).

Both these articles emphasized the religious, Christian aspect of their subjects. In discussing the racial question in the Anderson profile, Chambers wrote: "Well might all Americans, at Christmas, 1946, ponder upon the fact that it is, like all the great problems of mankind, at bottom a religious prob-

lem, and that the religious solution must be made before any other solutions could be effective."

It is of course unnecessary to point out that the foreign affairs section of *Time* does not make excuses for the more unpleasant features of Russian foreign policy. Some say that the anti-Communist—even the anti-Russian—quality of Henry Luce's thought has come lately to resemble a crusade. Back in the 20's, when Laird Goldsborough was brightening up the foreign news with imagined conversations between European statesmen, it was one of *Time*'s principles that "Russia is funny." In the Time-Life Building these days Russia is no longer getting many laughs.

During and before the last war *Time* was strongly and sincerely anti-Fascist, anti-Nazi, prodemocratic, and moderately interventionist. Any weakness for Mussolini was probably limited to Goldsborough and the 20's.

So far then the policy of *Time* might appear to many Catholics as, on the whole, rather attractive. But before they send in their \$6.50 they should also realize that they are going to be subjected to a more or less subtle, more or less constant barrage of propaganda in favor of the Republican Party and all the heresies, however refined and modified, of *laissez-faire* capitalism.

At election time, as in '32, '36, '40, and '44, they are going to be told to vote for the Republican candidates. Not in so many words, but they will be told nonetheless. (In 1928 *Time* whispered to its readers that they might do well to vote for Al Smith. Since then the voice has been louder for Hoover, Landon, Willkie, and Dewey.)

In the business and finance section, under the direction of Joseph Purtell, one of the few editors who is more royal than the king, more conservative than Luce himself, they will see all the shopworn alibis trotted out for every capitalist sin, every big business excess. There, and in the national affairs department, they will find an occasional slap-on-the-wrist for the more obvious outrages. But, in general, they will be assured that business must have its little incentive and if the ungrateful workers will only work hard enough and produce more and more and more, everything will be fine in the best, and last, of all capitalist worlds.

For labor there will be strangely uneven treatment. Take, for example, "National Affairs" in the April 14 issue. There we have a powerful, straight editorial blast at John L. Lewis for what was in fact a shameful performance on his part in trying to pin full responsibility for the Centralia disaster on Secretary Krug. Right next to that we have a cool, lofty, objective statement of the facts in the telephone strike, without

one word of rebuke, implied or otherwise, for the cynical, union-busting arrogance of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

High prices and profiteering can be sure of every conceivable break before the bar of *Time's* opinion. But for labor there is no such charity. In fact, there is not even accuracy. Applauding passage of the viciously antilabor Hartley Bill, *Time* (April 28) said: "The American people had had enough, and the House knew it. Labor's spring strike fever had given the nation a new fit of chills."

Anyone who can remember as far back as last spring knows that the only strike of any consequence was the walk-out of independent unions in the telephone system. Otherwise, American labor was staying on the job and had stayed on the job almost 100 per cent (about 99.5) since the big postwar strikes of early '46.

St. Louis, king of France in the 13th century, used to say, "Always be on the side of the poor man rather than the rich man, until you know the truth." With their developed perception of religious values, the men who put out *Time*—the big men, that is—would probably agree that that is a noble aphorism. But they would continue, in spite of themselves, to put out a magazine that is on the side of the rich man rather than the poor man until, and very often after, they know the truth.

When you look at the 33-story Time-Life Building towering above the sunken garden of Rockefeller Center; when you consider all the nice-looking young men and women who work there, raised in all the nice middle and upper-middle class families and trained in all the nicest universities; when you consider the profit structure of Time, Inc. (\$95,955,168 gross in 1946; \$4,007,024 net; more advertising sold than has ever been sold by one publisher before); when you consider the personal income of Henry R. Luce, which for 1936 was \$963,400, eliciting from Wolcott Gibbs the eloquent comment, "Boy!", and for 1946 was heaven only knows what—when you consider all these things, it is not difficult to understand why *Time* should want very much to believe that it is possible for modern man to save his soul and the status quo at the same time.

In a moving editorial in the Easter issue of both *Time* and *Life* which was in effect a plea for the Christian faith, the writer defined that faith as asking us "to sell all that we have, to renounce this world, to lose life itself."

In considering the reaction of *Time* to this call one is reminded inevitably of the young man in the Gospel who, when "he had heard this word, . . . went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions."

## VICTORY OVER INJURY



**A**N ARMFUL of clothing obscured his vision so that he did not see a box in the aisle of the tailor shop and the youth tripped. He plunged forward and fell, right hand first, through a plate glass window.

The jagged glass all but severed his right wrist. He was rushed to a doctor who acted quickly to save the boy's hand. Then followed a long session in the hospital and a year of carrying his hand in a cast.

Finally the cast was removed and the boy could view his crippled right hand. It was smaller than normal and he could not straighten his last two fingers. But he was fortunate that he had not lost his hand altogether. The jagged glass had missed the main artery by the merest fraction of an inch.

He had no strength in the fingers and it took long practice for him to pick up a pencil. Before the injury he had taken up bowling and had hopes of becoming proficient in the tenpin sport. Now he was determined to pick up where he had left off. But doctors shook their heads when he talked of handling a sixteen-pound ball.

But the boy persevered, picking up heavier and heavier objects until he could lift a ball. His first attempts to bowl were disappointing enough to discourage a less determined youth.

Soon he was bowling regularly and slowly increasing his scores. Because of the injury he did not have the strong wrist of the spectacular "hook" bowlers. So, instead of depending on putting spin on the ball with a strong wrist movement, he had to depend on a straight ball and extreme accuracy.

Watching him bowl, other star bowlers were not impressed with his delivery. The ball didn't have the "stuff" with which they spilled

the pins. Because of his straight ball delivery he found it difficult being named on a regular team. When he finally was placed on a team he proved his worth by finishing among the high average men in the league. His second season he topped the entire league.

Match games between individuals were popular in his section and he had no trouble finding opponents. "I can beat any straight ball bowler" was the general opinion of other stars. Even after losing to him two or three times they insisted on trying again.

Today Marty Cassio, who persevered after that serious injury, is nationally known as a top-flight bowler. He boasts of having lost only three out of some fifty-odd matches he has engaged in.

Cassio reaches his peak each season for the annual American Bowling Congress Tournament. In this event a participant rolls just three games in each of three events, hardly a conclusive test. But it takes an outstanding bowler to hold a high average over a period of ten years. When Cassio had appeared in ten tournaments he led the ten-year averages, one of the most envied distinctions in the game.

Last season he held the important anchor position on the American Bowling & Billiard Corp. five which won the title in New York's big Major Bowling League.

One of the most important attributes of an outstanding bowler is concentration. Marty has this to an extreme degree. When in a match he is oblivious to his surroundings. His determination is intense as he goes at the business of knocking down the pins whether he's far behind or far ahead. Cassio is an object lesson to those who complain of slight ills.

PAT McDONOUGH



Above: As nuns and orphans look on, his daughter plays the piano to entertain Victor Mature in "Kiss of Death"  
Left: James Stewart and Jane Wyman in "Magic Town"

### The World, the Screen, and Hollywood

Those who have claimed that Hollywood has needed a rude jolt to jar it from a complacent, well-heeled lethargy will now have the opportunity to observe the results of awakening. The party is over, and the clean-up job is being made doubly painful by memories of those astronomical box-office returns of yesteryear.

The rulers of Eastern Europe have had little regard for the Hollywood product and have kept it safely beyond the Iron Curtain. Now that the British Government has seen fit to apply confiscatory tax measures, another large slice of the world audience has been taken from the pie. While on the surface this might seem to be the sole concern of the industry and its stockholders, it is actually a vital blow to the campaign we are waging so expensively and aggressively for a world-wide form of democracy and freedom. The withdrawal of the hitherto influential American movies from so large a portion of the world opens the door for the Soviet product, an opportunity not being overlooked by the Kremlin propagandists who always place ideological success before financial gain.

While the Hollywood movies have been far from perfect, often giving the world's impressionables a highly distorted view of the United States as a land of luxury, debauchery, and neuroticism, it can be said in the industry's favor that it has also made a substantial contribution to the cause of individual freedom, of tolerance, and of understanding. Such films as *Going My Way*; *The Song of Bernadette*; *The Green Years*; *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*; *The Bells of St. Mary's*; *State Fair*; *Sister Kenny*; the Disney cartoons; and *The Yearling* are only a few of the productions which have proved of tremendous value in winning and influencing friends beyond our borders.

In the chaotic world of today we can ill afford to lose or alienate one friend, let alone millions. One well-received Disney cartoon has proved to be worth a million propaganda pamphlets in the past. Let us hope that the State Department will make every effort to break the existing deadlock and get our films back on the world market.

On the other hand the local moviemakers must better themselves as never before to raise standards and eliminate the danger spots. They are making frantic economic adjustments to meet the situation by shelving projected million-

dollar specials, firing low-salaried employees, and re-issuing old hits. All of which leads one to wonder whether the policy makers in the industry are fully aware of the implications behind the whole situation. Dollar balances may be the immediate cause, but the inescapable effect is going to be loss of prestige and influence. When the economic situation is ultimately adjusted, Hollywood may discover that other influences prevail and world tastes have been weaned away. Hollywood's only solution is in the production of better films and a complete break with the shoddy sensationalism that has marred too many of its past efforts.

### Reviews in Brief

**THE UNCONQUERED**, Cecil B. DeMille's latest excursion into the historical past, is vividly beautiful, sprawling, and highly melodramatic. Set in the pre-Revolutionary era of 1763 when the French and British were vying for power in the Allegheny region, it is designed for those adults who recall their James Fenimore Cooper days with nostalgia. Though not entirely convincing in its dramatic passages, the excitement of its chases and battles plus the eye-appeal of the backgrounds caught by the Technicolor camera compensate in large measure. Gary Cooper makes the conventional story-book hero acceptable and attractive, but Paulette Goddard is miscast and hardly convincing as a bond slave who alters the course of history. For those who find costume charades with a dash of derring-do irresistible. (Paramount)

Betty Grable, the screen's most popular and financially successful soubrette, goes slightly dramatic in **MOTHER WORE TIGHTS**. Not enough to overtax her limited abilities in that line nor interfere with her song-and-dance personality, but sufficient to give her an opportunity to run

# Stage and





**Mona Freeman is an interested listener as Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, and Connie Marshall harmonize in "Mother Wore Tights"**

the make-up gamut from girl graduate to grandmother in one hour. Surprisingly, she does quite well as a vaudeville dancer who finds the footlights more fascinating than the fireside. Dan Dailey is splendid as her hoofing husband, while Mona Freeman, Connie Marshall, Sara Allgood, and Robert Arthur hover in the lavish background. Mildly amusing and generally entertaining in its category. (20th Century-Fox)

James Stewart and Jane Wyman, two of the screen's ablest actors, make *MAGIC TOWN* sparkle with their crisp, credible characterizations. The story isn't always satisfactory and it does strain credulity at times, but in general it is a warmly appealing study of small-town life. At the mid-mark it changes pace, becoming more improbable with each speeded reel. The hero is a Gallup Poll expert who discovers a town in which the inhabitants' opinions are in perfect accord with that of the nation at large. He keeps the news to himself, hoping to capitalize on the gold mine. Eventually it works out honorably, if not convincingly. Regis Toomey, Wallace Ford, Ned Sparks, and Kent Smith are on hand to provide atmosphere in this pleasantly hectic comedy done in the best Frank Capra fashion. (RKO-Radio)

Macabre and packed to the hilt with grim suspense, *KISS OF DEATH* is a study in criminology with a reformed thief under the microscope. Its principal figure is a composite hero-villain, who turns informer only to get revenge on the underworld pals who had betrayed him. He is forced to testify in what appears to be an airtight case, but the jury acquits a moronic murderer despite the evidence. The grisly chase begins then with the stool pigeon waiting for the inevitable bullet. Every last drop of suspense has been wrung from the story by director Henry Hathaway, who shot most of the picture in its New York locale. Highlight



**Paulette Goddard and Gary Cooper appear in "The Unconquered," historical melodrama**

of the production is the brilliant performance of young Richard Widmark as a psychopathic killer. Victor Mature does his best work to date as the informer, and Brian Donlevy is adequate as a determined District Attorney. Several stage and radio players, including Coleen Gray, Taylor Holmes, Howard Smith, Mildred Dunnock, Eva Condon, and Millard Mitchell, give assured and capable interpretations in supporting roles. Definitely not designed for the youngsters or the squeamish, this will appeal primarily to those who find tense thrillers fascinating. (20th Century-Fox)

*ADVENTURE ISLAND* is a complicated affair set on a tropic isle with a trio of beachcombers as its principals. There is much to-do about a cargo of champagne, such pleasant little contrivances as snake pits and assorted murder attempts to while the time away while the audience wonders who is doing what and why. The players are engulfed in the tidal wave of plot developments and corkscrew twists which leave them and the audience more than a bit bewildered. (Paramount)

*I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING* is a skillfully and artistically produced British film rich in characterization, humor, and originality. It is so far off the beaten path that its appeal is limited to those seeking the unusual rather than the average moviegoer. It concerns itself with a girl who sets out from London to meet her wealthy fiancé on a lonely island in the Hebridean group, only to be prevented from joining him at the last moment by the combination of stormy seas and a persuasive young man who convinces her that wealth isn't all. The backgrounds are wild and beautiful, the acting impressive, and the over-all poetic quality of the film decidedly novel. Recommended for audiences in search of something sensitively different. (Universal-International)

There must be a sound reason someplace in the files for a movie company to turn out a picture like *SLAVE GIRL*, but it isn't readily apparent in the finished product. A melodrama set in Tripoli when American seamen were being held as hostages back in the nineteenth century, there is so much plot, counterplot, and confusion that even the players seem to wonder what it's all about. Yvonne de Carlo, George Brent, and Andy Devine are billed as the stars, but they aren't much help in making this worthwhile. (Universal-International)

# SCREEN

By JERRY COTTER

October, 1947

Walt Disney hits the bull's-eye again with his Technicolor fantasy, **FUN AND FANCY FREE**. An animated fable starring Edgar Bergen and Dinah Shore with such tried-and-true favorites as Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, and Jimminy Cricket, it is actually two stories in one, each developed with the artful imagination long characteristic of the Disney output. The youngsters will rate it a humdinger, and most of the grown-up kids will find it irresistible, too. (RKO-Disney)

The jewel thieves take over in **SECOND CHANCE**, an average melodrama that has seen considerable service in the past. Routine in every department, its plot twists can be detected long before the camera catches up. A few exciting moments offer slight compensation for the mediocre quality of the acting, writing, and direction. (20th Century-Fox)

Barbara Stanwyck and Errol Flynn do what they can for the strained and implausible gyrations of **CRY WOLF**. In the case of Miss Stanwyck the contribution is substantial, but Flynn offers little beyond his usual tense self-consciousness and two expressions. Slight suspense and a surprise finish are on the credit side, but the acceptance of divorce as a plot solution relegates this to the "B" category in moral as well as entertainment value. (Warner Brothers)

The seamy side of the boxing world is ruthlessly exposed in **BODY AND SOUL**, the story of a not-too-bright boy who rises to pugilistic heights only to come tumbling down again. Rebelling against poverty, he had set out determined to make money the only way he knew how—with his fists. Thrown in with a larcenous promoter, he soon loses what scruples he has and turns his attention to living profligately. Fixed fights, underworld control, cheating the cheaters, all figure prominently in a production that is rough, rugged, and unfortunately, all too real. John Garfield delivers a powerful performance as the fighter, with the cast headed by Lilli Palmer helping considerably. Definitely not for the children. (United Artists)

**LOUISIANA** will attract nationwide attention and comment if only for the startling originality of the idea behind it. The story of the Bayou State's Governor, Jimmy Davis, is widely known. His rise to political eminence, interrupted, yet aided, by his activity as songwriter and radio hillbilly singer, makes interesting screen fare. Davis plays himself with amiable assurance, and Margaret Lindsay gives him professional aid in a novelty that softens the political implications with seven musical numbers—all written and sung by the Governor himself. The credit sheet does not state that he wrote the script, turned the camera crank, or designed his leading lady's dresses, but it wouldn't surprise us too much if he did. (Monogram)

**THE BURNING CROSS** rips the sheets off the KKK revivalists in a forthright manner. If it is something less than sensational in results, the blame must be placed on a script that states the case well enough in a semidocumentary manner but falls down when called upon for a constructive counteractant to intolerance. Acting, direction, and production are of a high order, adding to the value of this long-awaited spotlight on bigotry. (Screen Guild)

Fred MacMurray plays a pearl smuggler of prewar vintage in the moderately exciting **SINGAPORE**. The Oriental background allows for all sorts of Hollywood-style intrigue and the inclusion of the recent war as a stop-gap when the plot begins to wear thin. MacMurray is too fine an actor for this sort of banal yarn spinning. Ava Gardner, Spring Byington, Richard Hayden, and Roland Culver do what they can for a picture that needs more than they are able to supply. In addition to its lack of story substance, this enters the morally

objectionable class through implied acceptance of divorce as a plot solution. (Universal-International)

**BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK** follows the conventional path for Scotland Yard investigations but does it with better than average efficiency. Australian star Ron Randell, who has taken over the title role in this series, handles it effectively and, aided by a competent cast, puts this minor mystery into the realm of satisfactory detection fare for the family. (Columbia)

**BLACK GOLD** is the sort of human interest story that bobs up periodically to make moviegoing a genuine pleasure. A low-budget production with a cast of lesser knowns, it compares favorably with the best efforts of the larger studios. Principal figure is an Indian who adopts a Chinese boy he has rescued from smugglers. Together they supervise the training of a colt they hope will one day win the Kentucky Derby. It does, but the friendly, simple redman does not live to share in the triumph. The acting is uniformly fine, with Anthony Quinn contributing one of the year's outstanding interpretations. His wife, Katherine deMille, is only slightly less brilliant, and a Chinese boy named Ducky Louie is splendid. An all-around worthy endeavor, this rates high among the best of the recent Hollywood output. (Monogram-Aligned Artists)

#### Playguide

**FOR THE FAMILY:** *Ice time of 1948.*

(On Tour) *Alice in Wonderland; Song of Norway.*

**FOR ADULTS:** *Oklahoma; Harvey; The Medium and The Telephone.*

(On Tour) *State of the Union; The Glass Menagerie; The Red Mill; I Remember Mama.*

**PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:** *Annie Get Your Gun; Born Yesterday; Brigadoon; Finian's Rainbow; Call Me Mister; Happy Birthday; John Loves Mary; Sweethearts; All My Sons; Young Man's Fancy; Burlesque.*

(On Tour) *Carousel; Private Lives.*

**COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:** *The Voice of the Turtle.*

(On Tour) *Blackouts of 1948.*



Mickey Mouse and Willie the Giant in Walt Disney's "Fun and Fancy Free," featuring Edgar Bergen and Dinah Shore

# Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

## A Parable and a Fact

RECENTLY IN GERMANY in the American zone the wife of a colonel with the army of occupation saw a sad little group of three people—"paper-faced children clinging to their grandmother's tattered apron strings" was the way she phrased it. She went to get clothing and food for the children, and then she smiled at the German woman staring at her. The American woman saw the first distrust disappear from her eyes and then a look of gratitude dawn. Suddenly she threw her thin arms around the colonel's wife and holding each other closely they wept together.

The story is a parable as well as a fact, and it contains truth not only for the present but a warning truth for the future. For it is time for women to weep together, and in all lands. Sometimes it seems to me it is too late for anything but emotion. We all seem to be just about burning or ready to burn while UN's and senates and houses of parliament and everything that has a semblance of a reality of rule continue to fiddle.

There was the beginning of a picture of peace when Franklin Roosevelt died, scarcely the caricature of one since. It seems to me that perhaps the emotion which the world in general felt for Mr. Roosevelt was his value for the immediate future. For he had the love of the ordinary, the unthinking people of the whole world, and he had a further asset: the thoughtful affection of many thinking people. Now non-thinkers and true thinkers are people of emotion too, and it is just possible that had he lived the great emotion for him would have swayed these two groups so that they would by their mere push have overwhelmed the small men and the cruel men, those who think in terms of material assets and those who think in terms of spreading their gospel of force over a world just emerging from the horrors of force.

## "Rouse Up, Women Everywhere!"

I AM A GREAT COLLECTOR of items from papers and magazines, and here are a few of them, showing both sides of the present picture. Dr. Hutchins reports we have a stock pile of improved atomic bombs, enough to blow every large city to pieces—provided someone else does not get our cities first. In New York a clergyman named Shipler announces that the murder of a priest in Poland and the attempted murder of a Roman prelate were something to brush aside. Besides, he said, he himself had not seen it. Thousands of Jews are going to be herded back to Germany, and according to the story, about a mile from one of the old horror camps. Story of mass deportations without number. And from President Truman and the rest come talks on the necessity of military training for all our children because of the threat of another war.

But I have other clippings and I think they are more truly important. Typical of them is one from a small magazine, the *Carolina Oratorian*, which comes to me with stories of brave young men, and older men too, who in the deep South mission field and wearing the uniform of Christ the King are working in ways that sound like that of foreign missionaries in a pagan land. Mass twice a month, 825 Catholics in three parishes of over three hundred thousand people—and

this in South Carolina. But it is the picture of the smiling priests, the alert young men, that makes for hope. For where there is love, there is hope, and it begins to look as if the army of God, which has no other weapons than those of the spirit, alone dares wage a war in this, our time.

"I write to you," runs one letter to Mrs. Roosevelt, in what the writer calls an open letter to the women of America, "as one very ordinary woman as we stand with a feeling of utter bewilderment, too weak and helpless to stem the preparations for another war. Yet I, like many, have tiny children and cannot stand idly by and do nothing. There must be many women who have time and the ability but as yet no inclination to write. I write this letter to you all wherever you are because I feel personally impelled to act and it is one way in which I can. Rouse up, women everywhere. We cannot let our little ones down."

## Tears, Not Blood and Sweat

MRS. ROOSEVELT SAYS she is in entire agreement, but when it comes to what action to take she is still somewhat uncertain. The forthright Dorothy Thompson says more. She says in the *Ladies' Home Journal* that the scientists have warned of the horrors that may come from atom bombs and poison gas, and then they evidently consider their duty done—"but has one of the scientists burst into the Security Council to tell these leaders of mankind and dispensers of man's fate the truth about war in the modern world? Has for that matter anyone challenged them on their home ground? Have we, the mothers?" And the triumph of democracy or of Communism is something for which we cannot wait. It is life which is at stake, she says.

Of course the great difficulty is that women must act in unison to accomplish any great objective, and a world unison is not easy. But it is not impossible. Yet it will not be accomplished by groups of women who meet and talk and agree that something must be done or who write letters, no matter how appealing. It will be done by a great common emotion, everywhere expressed, and brought to the attention of men. We women must, like the two in Germany, weep together—weep for the world, for the children in it, weep for the foolishness of those who, with so few voices from men to stop it, are heading for terrible destruction, weep for the lands without hope because after evil men devastated those lands, good men have not been able with all their brains and ability and good intentions to do anything. Perhaps women can create an emotion that will wreck the evil before it wrecks us all.

I wish the women who read my page would write me their opinions about this, for action must be unanimous. Out of such letters, who knows, a solution might come. This may sound daring or foolish, but surely no more rash or foolish than what we are being more and more involved in with every passing day.

Like the American woman and the German woman, the women of the world must weep together, in each other's arms, and we must weep this time before our children are once more slaughtered and not in the ancient way of Rachel. After all we have a good example before us, for did not Our Lord weep over Jerusalem?





## The Passing of Delia Hanrahan

By MARTHA MCCARTHY

Illustrated by DOM LUPO

IN THE stillness that enveloped the hospital at midnight, the pen of Miss Gimprello could be heard scratching out its precise report on patient Delia Hanrahan. Temperature: 104. Pulse: 130. Respiration: 40. Medication: by hypo, 300,000 units penicillin. Rapidly, with clipped efficiency, the pen wrote on.

In room 501 Delia Hanrahan lay desperately ill. She was restless, at times delirious, and her thin, troubled hands agitatedly twined and untwined a rosary. As the nurse entered the room, Delia opened her eyes and smiled.

"You're a new one. What would your name be?" The voice, soft with a faint memory of brogue, was surprisingly strong in spite of the labored breathing.

"Miss Gimprello," answered the nurse, "but everyone calls me Gimpy."

"Gimpy, is it? Now that's a queer nickname to be giving a pretty girl like yourself." Delia studied the lovely dark face above her, and when she spoke again it was with difficulty.

"Tony's told me about you. Things aren't going right with the two of you. Ye should have been married this long time past. Poor lad, it's a great mountain he's made out of a wee hill. I've been praying for you both. Never a prayer that goes unanswered. . . . I've been praying . . ." The voice faltered to a whisper, and wearily closing her eyes, she turned her head slowly aside.

The face of the young nurse was pale.

You shouldn't have taken this case. Tony never before asked you to special for him. What made him call you this time? You hadn't heard from him for months, and you thought you had disciplined yourself to a life without him!

*It was that young, lost day at the ball when Patrick asked you to be his wife*

**The pride of youth, and the love  
not spoken because of a memory—these were at  
the bedside of Delia Hanrahan that night she  
said good-by**

Yes, you thought you were completely reconciled, until you heard his voice on the phone this morning. Just the sound of his voice, and all your illusions about not loving him any more were destroyed.

"Marie, this is the most important case I've ever had. She's very dear to me, and I want to do everything possible to save her. Will you help me?" His voice and manner, controlled, businesslike; yet there was an undertone of desperation that twisted your heart, and you couldn't refuse. Fear and jealousy came hand in hand the moment he spoke her name. The way he said it. Delia Hanrahan. The way a man speaks the name of his mother—or the woman he loves. As soon as you saw her, the jealousy was swept away. You can't be jealous of a middle-aged woman. But the fear remains. Fear and something else, something intangible. It's silly, of course . . . you hear a name, and immediately your mind and heart are possessed with a premonition, a burning excitement, a sense of approaching climax. This woman can answer the many questions you have been pondering over for months. She said you should have been married long ago. Well, it's still the man's place to do the asking! You were so sure, in spite of his moods, that he was going to ask you. Instead, he dropped you suddenly, without a word of explanation. Why? You thought he loved you as you love him. If he did, how could he hurt and humiliate you so? This Delia Hanrahan can tell you why. But suppose it's something you don't want to hear? She's a sick woman. She won't be able to talk for days. It isn't the pneumonia so much, it's the bad heart history. One more attack and her name will go on the D. L. Tony is deeply concerned about her. You could see that when he stopped in at nine. The expression of brooding tenderness as he looked at the unconscious Delia. Tony loves this woman with her strange, penetrating eyes and the smile like candles burning in church.

It was after one when Delia woke again. Gimpy, watching vigilantly, asked if there was anything she wanted. Low and gentle came the voice of Delia, still clouded with drugs and sleep.

"No, thank you, nurse. The things I'm wanting, ye couldn't be giving me. I've been dreaming of my man, Patrick. Oh

the grand dreams I've been dreaming of Patrick!" Suddenly, she seemed actually to see the nurse for the first time, and with a troubled frown reached up and clutched Gimpy's arm.

"Do you love my Tony?" she asked.

Gimpy was startled by the woman's words and recoiled sharply from the touch of that burning hand, from the pleading in those fevered eyes.

"He needs to be loved," said Delia softly, and then, releasing her hold on the girl, she smiled, that strange, lovely smile that transcended age and pain, and added, "I would be easy to love Tony, for sure he's a grand, fine man."

Before the nurse could say anything, the attack came, speedily, faster than sound; one minute Delia was quietly smiling, and the next her face was distorted with the agony of pain that was tearing through her.

**T**HE pain was on you again. You can tell it's going to be the bad kind. The kind that surrounds you like a high wall and closes in on you with a terrible pressure 'til you would almost be thinking you were dying. Faith, and you may be dying this time for sure, and you no more ready to go than a poor heathen. It isn't that you're afraid to die . . . not exactly. It's ashamed you are of the poor record. Ay, 'tis a soft, easy life you've lived, visiting and gossiping and winning more whist prizes than any other woman in the parish. You've been to Mass every morning that sickness hasn't kept you in bed, for over twenty years. But is that any credit to you? Forgetting your missal half the time and falling asleep over your beads! And more often than not, when you were awake, wasn't your mind on the grand cup of tea you'd be having in Mrs. Flynn's kitchen on your way to work? No great sins, but no great virtues either! It's the priest ye should be having . . . just in case. There, the needle is going into your arm. You can breathe easier now. Sure the good Lord might not be wanting you for another while and isn't Dr. Tony himself taking care of you? Is there another doctor in the United States would do more for you than himself that you've loved like he was your own ever since you first looked at his poor dirty face that long ago day in St.

Bridget's churchyard? Like a great, half-starved dog he was, looking up at you with his black eyes that were too old and beaten to be in the face of a child. But that's a day you don't want to be remembering, God help you. Little did you think then that the wild-eyed little boy was to become the center of your world, a part of your very heart. 'Twas the great trouble that came on you both that first drew you together, but then as you came to know the lad, it was for himself alone that you loved him. The day he graduated from medical school! What a grand, proud day that was for you. It was the first time you went to the great university, and you were a little afraid Tony might be ashamed of you in your made-over clothes, standing out like a thorn amid all the roses of the gentry. But sure you should have known better. Took you by the arm he did and introduced you to his professors and the few friends he had. "This is my Delia." Just like you were a queen, he said it. The very same words Patrick used when he took you to the Policemen's Ball and insisted every man on the force, from the Captain down, meet you personally. "This is my Delia." Ay, those were the two happiest days of your life; that young, lost day at the ball when Patrick asked you to be his wife, and the day when you felt the pride real mothers must feel when Tony graduated at the head of his class. But that was also the day you started worrying about him.

For the first time you noticed he didn't have any real close friends and no special girl of his own. You knew even then what was wrong. It all goes back to the great trouble. Down through the years since, he's kept more and more to himself. Studying and working, and studying and working and never a bit of fun. It's long you've been praying the good God to send him a fine, understanding wife, and it was a glad day when he told you of Marie. But somehow, things have gotten worse instead of better. Time and again you've pleaded and scolded trying to persuade him to tell the girl the whole tragic story. But you might as well talk to the wall, for that's the one subject Tony can't see straight. Finally, when he told you he wasn't going to see her any more, you stopped talking and doubled your prayers. One of these days the saints will weary of listening to you, and Tony will suddenly see the way clear and smooth before him. You'd like to live to see him happily married, but God knows best. Ay, God knows best, and if it's your time to go, you should be preparing yourself and trust Tony's happiness to Him. *Arra*, the pains don't seem to be lessening much. This is the time you should be praying, if ever you prayed. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. That's all you can

# KINDERGARTEN

*By Sister Agnes, C.S.J.*

(Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to little ones.)

Loving no private loves, their innocence  
Sings in this room as clearly as a tune  
Where Christ, the Son, plays in His Father's sight  
Building His temples of the Holy Ghost  
Among the colored blocks.

Eternal Truth lies open as the sun  
Upon the floor of their humility  
Unshadowed by our pride.  
And the white Light of Christ's simplicity  
Shines through their eyes  
His clear and sparkling windows.

We who are wise and prudent watch them skip  
And run in circles and arrive at Love.

Our way is slow; the white Light breaks  
Against our darkened eyes. We see the scattered prisms  
Of all our private loves  
Upon the walls of pride that we have built  
In other rooms.

Here we may listen while their innocence  
Sings all about us clearly as a tune.  
Here if we stoop to wonder we shall find  
Eternal Truth as open as the sun  
Upon the floor of their humility.

think of with your mind all muddled and twisted. 'Tis a strange thing surely, that after nearly fifty years of praying, all you can remember in the end is the first bit of a lisping prayer your old mother taught you.

Although she was turned away from the bed, Gimpy knew her patient was awake again, watching her with those tired, burning eyes, and going to her side she asked lightly, "Yes, Delia Hanrahan, what are you wanting?"

Something very close to laughter was in the sick woman's voice as she answered, "If it's a brogue ye are trying to put on, 'tis a poor one. It's from so much singing in the heart, ay and so

much weeping, that the lilt comes. It's in our hearts before it's on our lips." She continued watching the nurse closely, and Gimpy was beginning to feel uncomfortable when she said, "You didn't answer my question a while back."

Gimpy flushed and countered, "What question?"

"I asked if you love my Tony," repeated Delia patiently.

For a long moment the two women looked steadily at each other; Gimpy said nothing, but Delia seemed satisfied with what she saw in the young, open face, for she sighed as though greatly relieved and abruptly changed the subject. "I believe I'd like to have the priest

now. 'Tis a shame to be disturbing the poor man at this hour, but I'll rest easier if I'm anointed."

The nurse spoke earnestly. "Listen, Delia Hanrahan, you're better, much better. You're going to get well." Then she smiled reassuringly, "I'll call Father Murphy, though. He phoned early this evening to inquire about you. He said you were an old friend of his."

"Father Murphy, you say? What would his first name be?" asked Delia.

Gimpy hesitated. "I'm not sure whether it's John or James."

The shadow of a smile touched one corner of Delia's mouth. "I know a dozen Father Murphys. Six are John, and the other six James."

FATHER MURPHY was leaving when Dr. Salvatori arrived, and the two men discussed the case in 501 with Miss Gimpello while waiting for the elevator to take Father down. Gimpy, reporting the events of the night, endeavored to hide the nervous tumult she was in at seeing Tony. The information was for the doctor, but she looked at the priest all the while she spoke.

"At times she was delirious," she concluded, "and talked a great deal about someone named Patrick."

"Poor soul," said Father Murphy shaking his head, "I'm afraid old wounds are aching. Years ago she was going to marry a man named Patrick Flynn. Pat was on the police force. Knew him well myself. A fine fellow. A few days before the wedding, Pat was shot and killed by a burglar he caught breaking into a store on his beat. That must have been about twenty years ago."

"It will be twenty-four years next September," said Dr. Salvatori in a voice that sounded strange and tense.

"Will it, now?" said the priest. "Did you know them, then?"

Before the tall doctor could answer, the elevator came and Father Murphy bid the two young people a hasty good night. Dr. Salvatori did not move as the elevator disappeared, and Gimpy placed a trembling hand on his arm.

"What's wrong, Tony? Can't you tell me?" she asked.

Tony clasped the small hand in his strong surgeon's fingers, and dark eyes looked down into dark eyes, both questioning and uncertain.

With quiet firmness he removed the clinging hand and said, "You're tired, Marie. Go down to the kitchen and have some coffee. I'll sit with Delia for a while. I'd like to."

Gimpy shivered as though actually chilled as she listened to the doctor's slow footsteps echoing down the silent corridor. There was something tragically alone and withdrawn about this man she loved so much, and she felt defeated and powerless to help him.



Sitting beside the bed of Delia, Dr. Salvatori watched the pain-racked face on the pillow, his own face shadowed by the sufferings this woman he loved was enduring; his mind tormented with the memory of old griefs.

You were eleven the first time you looked at that face. She was beautiful, as few women you have since known are beautiful. You were dirty and mean, your heart and mind filled with hate and fear as you pushed your way through the quiet throng in St. Bridget's churchyard. No one noticed you at first, and you managed to get to the very steps of the church in time to see the heavy, plain casket carried by six policemen. What strange twist in your little boy's mind compelled you to go there? You watched with fascination the faces of his dazed mother and sisters, skinny and forlorn in their new black dresses; the sixteen-year-old twin brothers, their approaching manhood denying them the release of tears; and last in the family of mourners came a tall woman with Tom, the youngest Flynn, clinging to her arm. You heard someone say, "There's poor Delia Hanrahan, her that was to marry him this Monday. Now, may God help her, she's burying him instead."

Just as they passed you, someone else called out in a voice that pierced the stillness, "Hey, there's the Salvatori kid! Right near Delia!" Hundreds of eyes were staring at you, but you only saw Tom and Delia. You knew Tom. You were in the same class at school. He was your friend. Now he was glaring at you with all the bewildered rage animals and children feel when hurt by something beyond their understanding. His

swollen eyes burned their hatred into your own, and he would have sprung at you, but the slim gloved hand of Delia firmly covered his clenched fist. From Tom you looked up into the calm face of Delia, and all the fear and pain inside you knotted into a great lump in your throat. Remember the way she looked at you? No hatred there, nor anger. But something you could not understand, and you turned and fled, pushing your way savagely through the unresisting crowd. The hatred and fists you could face and answer in kind, but the pity and compassion in the eyes of Delia Hanrahan were alien to you and only made you more acutely aware of the hurt inside you.

**B**ACK you ran to the deserted warehouse. There you could safely hide from the searching police, from the members of the charity organizations, from all the people who were hunting you. But you couldn't hide from the torment of your own thoughts; from the memory of the home you knew before your mother died; from the memory of the Ten Commandments framed on the wall of the dark parlor in the old tenement house. The gnawing hunger in your stomach you could endure, but the thoughts in your mind were like little demons jumping up and down, driving you to such a pitch of fever that you could see in letters of flame on the wall of the crumbling warehouse . . . **THOU SHALT NOT KILL . . . THOU SHALT NOT STEAL . . .**

And always and forever the terrible love you had for your father. It was such a fierce, proud love. He was your hero, the greatest guy you knew! He couldn't

be a murderer, a thief! Not your Pa! But he was. You had seen him yourself, his mouth hanging open, his eyes glazed and queer, nodding his head in agreement when the police accused him of robbing Jake's Pawn Shop, of murdering Patrick Flynn. Lying there in the warehouse, tortured by the sure knowledge of your father's guilt, you were glad with an intensity that shook you, that your mother was dead, and you wished that you could die too.

You were sick for a long time at St. Dominic's Home. When you grew stronger, Sister Mary Rose told you you must eat, study, and play, and never forget your prayers. "Pray for your poor father, Tony. Pray for him." You did your best until the blackest day of all. They couldn't keep you from knowing. You saw the headlines on the papers at the newsstand . . . **ANTHONY SALVATORI TO DIE AT MIDNIGHT.**

You couldn't eat, you couldn't speak, and worst of all, you couldn't cry. Sister Mary Rose put up a cot for you in the little room off the library so you wouldn't have to be in the dormitory that night. From the narrow window you could see the lighted clock across the river. You stood there in the darkness watching the clock, and you said a prayer for your father, and your whole being rebelled against the need of the prayer, against the sickening shame that swept over you. Murderer! Thief!

A boy needs to be proud of his father, and that's what tore you to pieces, the deep love you had for your Pa mixed with the ugly degradation, tainting you and maiming you for all the days of your life. Slowly the hands of the clock moved on, and you stood dry-eyed, rigidly watching, mechanically praying. Just before midnight the door behind you opened, and a faint scent of lavender filled the room. Turning, you looked for the second time on the lovely face of Delia Hanrahan softly illumined by the light from the street. Neither of you spoke as she came hesitantly toward you. Then, for no reason, you whispered, "I'm watching the clock," and she stretched out her arms and cried your name in a sob, "Tony! Tony!" You were in her arms then, crying for the first time in weeks, and as you heard the clock strike the hour of midnight, your heart broke with the love, and the grief and shame.

Science might say hearts do not break, especially the heart of an eleven-year-old boy, but you are that boy that was, and you know that on that bleak night twenty-four years ago, with the tender mercy of Delia Hanrahan enfolding you, you wept, not as children do, but as men do when they witness the destruction of all they cherish. With the tolling of the bell, you left childhood and childish things behind you forever, and with



*Temperature, pulse, medication—rapidly, with clipped efficiency, the pen wrote on*

October, 1947

the love and help of Delia Hanrahan you tried to become the kind of man your Ma and your Pa hoped you would be.

What would you have done without Delia? The college money she lent you from her hard-earned savings you have repaid, but the understanding, the patience, the love . . . these are debts you can never repay. And you aren't the only one she helped with her laughter and her love. All her free Thursdays for twenty-four years have been spent at St. Dominic's, telling stories, playing her quaint games, arranging picnics. She had a way with children. Sister Mary Rose calls her her good right hand, and once asked why she hadn't entered the order. Delia answered in amazement, "The likes of me a nun? Oh no, Sister, I've no vocation. I'm too fond of the easy life of the world." At that Sister threw back her head and laughed till the tears came, much to Delia's annoyance.

But all the love of Delia, and all the healing of time passed in study and success as a doctor hasn't wiped out the burning shame inside you. Only once did you try to tell anyone about your father; that girl you had a crush on back in college. You can't recall her name, but you will never forget the look of horror on her face when you awkwardly told her of your father's crime. When you took her home that night, the silence between you was the beginning of the silence that from then on separated you from every living creature, except Delia.

UNTIL you met Marie, you made no effort to break the barrier around you. Because you love her, you've tried to tell her; time and time again you've tried, but always the horror on the face of that other girl has stopped you. You couldn't quite take it if the merry, precious face of Marie looked at you like that. Loving Marie, you don't want her merely to accept you in spite of your background. No, you want more than that, you want her to understand and forgive your father as Delia has forgiven him. Is that expecting too much? It's because you love your father that you want your wife to think of him, not just as a murderer, but as the good man he had been and might have been, had your mother lived. Yes, he was a murderer, but there is more to a man than his greatest sin, there is his greatest moment of sanctity. Can you make her see him, not just as he was sniveling and shaking as the police took him out of your life forever, but as he was the night your mother died, kneeling calmly beside her bed, telling her not to worry, promising to take good care of her son. You are a doctor. Surely you can tell her simply and without bitterness, the story of your father. Tell it as you would one of your

case histories; only of course it is more than that, it is the case history of someone you love very deeply.

The case of Anthony Salvatori.

Disease: Cowardice.

Causes: Fear. Unemployment. Loneliness. Too great a love for his son.

Result: Theft. Murder.

Tony sat in silence for a long time after Gimpy returned, and it was almost dawn when he finally went to the door and motioned the nurse to step outside with him.

"Yes, doctor?" said Gimpy, crisp and professional.

"Marie, there's something I've been wanting to talk to you about for a long time. I don't have any appointments before nine, so could I pick you up when you go off duty at seven and take you to breakfast?"

The heart of the little nurse was making such a commotion she was sure

► The reason why truth is stranger than fiction is 'cause we hear so little of it.

Mother Superior would hear it in her office. She managed to say in a small voice that did not quite betray her excitement, "Yes, doctor." But this time she was not quite so crisp; not quite so professional.

The following evening when Gimpy reported for duty, she found Delia in an oxygen tent, and Dr. Salvatori keeping watch beside her. She did not need to look at the chart to know this was the death watch; she could feel it in the atmosphere of the room; she could see it in the stricken, unguarded face of Tony.

Slipping her hand into his, she said, "Tony, don't look like that. You know better than I, Delia wouldn't want you eating your heart out for her."

Tony turned his full gaze to Marie, and in spite of the sorrow of the moment, there was a quietness, a peace in his dark eyes that had never been there before, and the look he gave her was a caress.

"I wish we could tell her we're going to be married," he said, and continued, "I wish she could know that I've finally told you about my father, and it's just as she said, I made a great mountain out of a wee hill."

"I believe she does know, Tony," said Marie in a voice so low he had to bend to hear. "She had such childlike confidence in her prayers. She knew they'd be answered. She told me she prayed for you . . . and for me."

Neither of them noticed that already she was referring to Delia in the past tense. Tony looked reverently at the

wasted face of Delia and said simply, "Her whole life was a prayer."

Father Murphy had just finished saying the prayers for the dying when Gimpy noticed the patient seemed to be trying to open her eyes. Tony leaned closer and spoke her name with gentle urgency. Gimpy thought the woman heard, but she couldn't be sure.

IT'S a long way off you've gone; the wall is high around you. Far away you can hear someone calling you. It must be Tony. He has a funny little slurring way of saying your name. Your head feels light and silly, like the time at Ellen Flynn's wedding when you drank the wine so fast. Young Father Tom took you out on the porch and you soon felt yourself again . . . but the disgrace of it! Delia Hanrahan taking too much to drink! Father Tom said it was because you drank it on an empty stomach and no disgrace. All the same you never touched spirits again; except of late years, a drop of port before going to bed, and that as medicine. Queer jumbled thoughts and dreams you are having, and you dying maybe. You had the priest yesterday, or was it today?

Somehow, it doesn't matter now if you do die. God is merciful. In a way it's good to be at the end of the road. The years have been lonely since the day you stood like a crazy woman looking down at the dead face of Patrick. But then you've had Tony. A dear, good lad, and him needing you and you him. And you can rest easy about him now. That young nurse of his . . . you like the look of her. Saucy and proud she is, but with a good heart, ay, a good heart, and it's brimming out of her eyes with love for Tony. She's a winner, that one, and you know just as sure as though you could see them at the altar, that all will go well with the two of them, may God bless them. There, the pain is taking itself off. Not a bit of pain do you feel. But oh, the great weariness that's on you. You should be saying a prayer. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. 'Tis a strange thing surely, that after nearly fifty years of praying, all you can remember in the end is . . . all you can remember . . . Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

"It's no use. Turn off the oxygen. The pulse is gone." After one last look at the still, empty face of Delia, Tony hurriedly left the room, and the little nurse, trying to help Mother Superior remove the oxygen tent, was herself blind with tears.

In the stillness that enveloped the hospital at midnight, the pen of Miss Gimprello could be heard scratching out its precise report on patient Delia Hanrahan. But the sound seemed blurred now and broken. Slowly, reluctantly, the pen wrote on.



By WALTER JOHN MARX

Illustrated by MAY BURKE

## Beating the Housing Shortage

THERE is no need to go into a detailed discussion of the nation's housing problem. Various national magazines have run series of articles exploring the problem in all its curious and baffling aspects. Some writers have emphasized the growth in population as a prime cause of the problem, allied to the cessation of building during the war years; others are inclined to blame the obsolete building codes of many of our cities, codes which preclude the use of new methods and materials.

The much-touted prefabricated home has so far done little to solve the housing problem; the building trades with their strict divisions of labor and high hourly wage rates not only make the cost of labor in building a house almost prohibitive, but, even more serious, they have failed completely to train young workers to take the places of the old men whose best years are over.

Add all the causes of high prices and costly labor together and one gets a home which over three-fourths of the returning veterans simply cannot afford to buy or rent. For some time now certain of the veterans' organizations have been pointing out this sad fact. But recently the organized building trades and the contractors themselves have become concerned over the high prices of the homes they hope to build and sell.

In certain parts of the country, the real estate boom is over. People are still living in cramped quarters, often of the

**How one man solved the problem of finding a place to live, pays no rent, and has no long-term payments**

most makeshift sort, but, possibly because they simply do not have the money, they are refusing to pyramid the prices of broken-down old houses any higher. Banks are refusing to approve GI loans for purchasing overpriced real estate. It is surprising to note how long it has taken for building contractors to realize that the average American simply cannot afford to buy a ten-thousand-dollar home, certainly not the average veteran. Yet to the man who through dreary months in foreign lands dreamed of a cozy home for himself and his family, it is an affront to offer him the jerry-built cheese box, crowded on a narrow lot, with undersized rooms in inadequate number, that sells for seven thousand up and is not worth four at 1939 values.

Veterans, desperate for homes, have cashed in their savings and have assumed mortgages they will never be able



to liquidate in order to buy houses they are certain to lose in the first postwar recession. The combined efforts of the government, the workers, and private industry have failed to provide homes for the nation's citizens. Is there any alternative, any way out? As I write these lines I cannot see any along the conventional modern lines we have been following in our attack upon the housing problem. Let's face it: the richest country in the world simply cannot afford to give the average American family the kind of a home we like to think every average American family is entitled to.

It is not my intention here to attempt to find a way out of the economic dilemma I have pictured above by resorting to the conventional sort of economic analysis. It is frightful to contemplate, but I am afraid that a large portion of the homeless will continue to live with their in-laws, there will be more broken homes, more delinquent children. On the other hand, there are surely a large number of Americans who still have some pioneer blood in their veins, who are not ready to abandon all initiative to an omniscient government, and who, in order to get a home, any kind of a home they can afford, are willing to do without many of the modern conveniences for a while.

America was originally settled by brave men and women who provided homes for themselves by their own labor, whether it was a log cabin on the frontier or a sod house on the prairie. While there was still a strong community spirit in America, the neighbors gathered at a wedding and joyfully threw up a home for the young couple. Homes were much more simple in those days, of course, but how many desperate veterans today would jump at the chance to leave their present quarters for a place of their own, no matter how primitive!

My great-grandfather, fleeing from the tyranny of the King of Prussia a century ago, went to the forests of Wisconsin and with ax and saw cleared the land; with stones from his fields he built a stone house for his family with his own labor, a home that served the next two generations. My own boyhood was spent in northern Alaska where I saw the same sort of direct action. If a man needed a house, he built one, if it were only of driftwood covered with sod. As a matter of fact, such a home was far better for the climate of that part of Alaska than the conventional frame house.

I returned from the army in the late spring of last year and was immediately faced with the problem of finding some sort of shelter for myself, my wife, and our three children. The oldest was not

yet three, the youngest was a mere baby. My experience was like that of every veteran with small children attempting to find shelter in any large urban area. The landlords of the nation's capital could find plenty of people willing to pay high rents who did not have children. Almost every apartment house in Washington bars children, especially small children. I read about families such as mine sleeping in the Union Station and in old jalopies or broken-down trailers.

**F**ORTUNATELY, I still had my one bachelor asset, a fourteen-ton sloop I purchased in Florida before the war. I had sailed the little vessel to Washington amid many adventures and, thanks to the care of a friend, my floating home had somehow stayed afloat during my four years in the army. I built little bunks in the forepeak for the children, installed a breakfast nook, and we moved on board. The children promptly fell into the foul Potomac, but I fished them out and they gradually learned to hang onto the rail.

Obviously, our life on the water could be only temporary. During the summer months it was a lark, but like so many others, we too had dreamed of a home of our own with some land around it. I had spent a winter on board the boat before my marriage and knew how cold and damp it was. However, living on board we had no rent to pay, and the money saved went into a building fund. We knew that our resources were hopelessly inadequate to buy an urban home

even if we wanted to live in the city. But we believe firmly that the big city is no place in which to raise a family.

I won't go into the details of our weary search for a place in the country. As in the city, the prices asked for even mere beach cottages on a single lot were far too high. We wanted a few acres where we could have a cow, a few chickens, and a pig or two, and thus cut down the cost of feeding our growing family. We finally found our acres, not the five we were looking for, but an old farm of 112 acres with a quarter-mile of waterfront on an estuary of Chesapeake Bay. There is a private harbor for my boat and I can drive to my work in Washington in an hour's time. We were extremely fortunate in finding such a place even though we have more land than we need. However, we inherited a tenant family with the old buildings on the property and are letting them stay to do some farming.

In order to make the required down payment on this farm we had to use every bit of our savings, leaving nothing for building. What I want to emphasize is that the veteran with similar savings, and many had enough put away to buy a new car, could have purchased a single acre of land much closer to the city for a few hundred dollars, leaving a comfortable margin of cash with which to start buying building materials. The cornerstone of our plan to beat the housing problem is simple: stop paying rent to the landlord, and by all means do not buy a home and then go on most of your life making payments "just like rent." Our plan is not fanciful. We know quite a few people with imagination and courage who have followed this plan. It has many variations, depending upon one's financial resources, tastes, skills, and willingness to pioneer. But the essential pattern remains constant: no rent and no long-term time payments.

First, one buys a piece of land, at least an acre, preferably two, and pays cash. One must have at least a few hundred dollars in savings in order to begin the plan. Then in early spring there are several alternatives. One young couple I know bought a tent and some camping equipment, sold their surplus furniture, and moved upon their land. Every month, with the money they would have spent for rent, telephone, gas and electricity, movies, entertaining, liquor, etc., they bought building supplies. Before and after work, they started the construction of the first unit of their home, just a small frame building set on cement blocks, designed to be a combined kitchen and living room. In carpentry one learns by doing, and the average man can master the skills needed in handling a hammer and saw



*In carpentry one learns by doing*

or in putting up rough masonry. By fall this young couple was able to move into their small home.

They ceased most of their building operations for the winter but saved the money which otherwise would have gone for the expenses mentioned above, so that in three months they were able to afford the installation cost of electricity. They bought insulation board another month and lined their cabin. I am sure the reader has the idea. This young couple can go on and on. In the following spring they can add another room to their home, probably a bedroom. They have their own well and in a few months hope to be able to install running water. In five years time they should have a small home, free and clear, that they could not hope to purchase for under six thousand dollars. Their labor was their own. There was no interest to pay, no hidden charges.

Other couples I have known, instead of starting with a tent, bought a prefabricated garage and turned it into a temporary home; later building a permanent place. It is possible to buy a 20 x 20 garage and have it erected on a piece of land for around nine hundred dollars. This improvised home can be financed on a short-term and quite reasonable basis.

In our own case, with a mortgage on the farm to worry about, I did not wish to assume even a short-term debt. Our furniture was in storage, piling up storage charges. So I drew up a simple plan for a 10 x 20 storage shed and figured that the saving I would make in the winter's storage alone would pay for the expense of building such a structure.

I went to the farm at the beginning of the Labor Day week end, bought my lumber at a local yard only a mile from my place, hauled the framing lumber down myself on my little cargo trailer, a most useful piece of equipment. I began work around eleven on Saturday, using pillars of brick taken from the bilge of my boat for a foundation. By the evening of Monday I had the sub-floor in, the roof on, the two end walls sheathed in, and two windows cut. I was delighted with the progress made and immediately began to get ideas of enlarging my shed into something more ambitious. I had no idea that frame construction went along so fast.

On returning to the city I discovered an item in the Sunday paper advertising a construction shanty for sale. I remembered Thoreau's purchase of an old shanty a hundred years ago in order to get materials for his house on Walden Pond and bought the shanty for forty dollars, taking it apart in sections and hauling it down to the farm on my trailer. I placed this little room off at right angles to my original shed and

## No Co-operation

► On a radio dramatization starring Don Ameche, a sound effects man missed his cue when Don said to the villain, "By heavens, I'll shoot you." So Ameche repeated his threat—but with no results. Finally, Don shouted in desperation:

"Shooting's too good for you! I'll stab you!" There was a scream, then a thud. Ameche sighed with relief.

Then came the sound of the shot.



threw out a similar room, designed to serve as sleeping quarters for the children, on the opposite side. By the end of the Armistice Day week end my little home was completed, even with a sink for my wife with an outside drain. My total investment, drawn entirely from savings from not paying rent, was only four hundred dollars. I had our furniture moved in when some of the walls were not yet up.

Our place looks primitive. I cannot afford a well for a while and must carry water two hundred yards from a neighbor's. But I have been able to scrape up the one hundred and seventy-one dollars the power company demands for extending an electric line to my cabin, and I hope to have electricity by spring. The man I bought the shanty from gave me some old rusty fencing out of which I have made a huge yard for the children under a great oak tree. Eventually I shall put in a septic tank and running water. In the meantime, a fifteen dollar chemical toilet serves very well. Pending the installation of electricity we cook on a six-dollar kerosene stove purchased from Sears Roebuck.

**O**BVIOUSLY, two hundred square feet is small for a family the size of mine. But we are already planning a large new room with a mansard roof giving us an attic for storage and for sleeping quarters for the children. The main room will house a printing plant I now have crowded in the children's bedroom, as well as a carpenter shop, bathroom, and general utility room. I already have part of the floor laid on a large porch which eventually will be screened in.

We are sacrificing our comfort to some extent for a year or two, but the inconveniences we put up with are more than balanced by the thrill of accomplishment as the construction proceeds, by the exhilarating atmosphere of the country, by the feeling that for the first time in our lives we have at least a glimpse of independence. We have pur-

chased a cow and I hope to cut into my milk, cream, and butter bill, which now runs over thirty dollars a month. We have planned a garden and an orchard, and I am arranging with a local sawyer to come in and cut some of my over-grown timber on shares for me, thus enabling me to get a large supply of lumber at no cost. I shall then build a tobacco barn, a chicken house, etc. I built my cabin entirely alone, working only week ends, but my tenant and his four strong sons will aid in the tobacco barn, since its construction is in their interest too.

The most time-consuming job in building is the finishing of the interior. The outer shell goes up surprisingly fast. But once this shell is up one can move in and finish the interior at one's leisure. This part of the homemaking offers a wide field for self-expression.

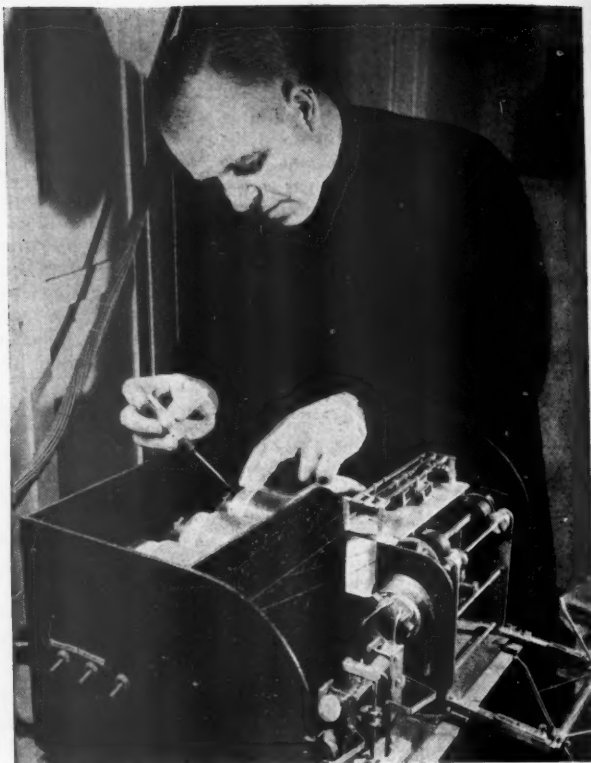
I for one do not want to bring up my family in a government housing project or in a house too expensive for me to own or rent. God willing, we shall never pay rent to a landlord again.

Oh, we dream of a magnificent stone castle overlooking our harbor some day, and I am studying masonry from books evenings so that I shall know something of how to start its construction. But in the meantime we shall have an adequate home which eventually will be attractive enough to rent out to summer people if we finally build our permanent home.

We have found enjoyment this summer in sailing across the Bay to visit friends who have farms on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. We would not have purchased a place that was not on the water, but many people do not feel about the water and boats the way we do. For such people it should not be too difficult to find an attractive acre within easy commuting distance of their jobs. Once they make the break from the city landlord and the city environment they will never return. Americans can get homes if they are willing to work for them.



Fr. Linehan of Weston College examines what is known to seismologists as the Bosch-Omori type seismograph.



This is the new electronic seismograph invented by Fr. Linehan. It is portable, can be set up to work anywhere.

*George Pickow, Three Lions*

## Taking the Earth's Pulse

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



This old type seismograph recorded earth tremors by scratching lines on the smoked paper around the drum.



A steady beam of light, moved only by earth tremors, is focused on sensitive paper to produce these lined charts.



## Seismographs are put to new and varied uses by Father Linehan of Weston College

**I**N Weston, up in the hills of Massachusetts, Rev. Daniel Linehan, S.J., is busy recording the antics of the insides of the earth. Director of the new Seismological Observatory at Weston College, Father Linehan is using the latest in scientific equipment to study earth tremors and to turn the knowledge thus gained into immediate and practical use. On the front cover he is pictured making an adjustment on a seismograph which is the most modern type yet developed. It is extremely accurate and extremely costly. There are few like it in the world. It consists of three units, one facing north and south, one facing east and west, and the third standing vertically. Disturbances in any direction are thus recorded and measured.

Father Linehan has developed his own electronic seismographs. With these, which are light and compact, he can move virtually anywhere and set up shop to "listen" to the earth.

Engineers are calling on Father Linehan to create and listen to earthquakes. When a crew wants to tunnel through a hill, build a bridge, or plan a highway, much time and money are saved if a forecast can be made of what is likely to be found when excavation starts. By setting off dynamite charges and listening to the echoing waves, the Weston College seismologist can determine where the bedrock is located, where subterranean streams are apt to be found, and where the going is likely to be easy. One engineer dubbed Father Linehan's battery of seismographs as "much more reliable than a divining rod, and infinitely noisier."

Father Linehan believes that the usefulness of seismology is just beginning to be appreciated. Though it takes about fifteen years to turn out a full-fledged seismologist, he is hopeful that many young people will take up this interesting science in earnest.



The blast is set off and the tremors are picked up and recorded on the seismographs set up in the field truck.



Seismometers are set up and dynamite charges are placed at strategic spots in the area to be examined.



When Fr. Linehan goes into the field to "make earthquakes," he has a specially equipped truck for the work.



Each of the dozen instruments set up in the field has an amplifier, recorder, etc., in the rear of the truck.

# My Hair Falls for the Experts

By DANIEL LORD, S.J.

Illustrated by HARVEY KIDDER

**Once a male gets in a groove, he and the part in his hair are hard to shake**

IT turns out that we men are the real creatures of habit. Women display a nice ability to take a habit or leave it alone. But once we men get into a groove, only an earthquake can jolt us loose or an angel from heaven must pick us up by the scruff of our necks and toss us out of our root. And then you can be sure we yell in pain and protest.

Just, for example, there is the matter of our hair.

I suppose that every normal woman changes her hairdo four to ten times a year. It is something that gives her a lift, like buying a new hat or getting herself a new beau.

Males, on the contrary, are good old stick-to-the-part conservatives where their hair is concerned.

A male child is about the age of ten before he first becomes conscious of those strange creatures known as girls; simultaneously he reaches for a comb and brush. Ten to one the way he first combs his hair on that initial occasion when he goes out, stands on the corner, and wistfully hopes that *she* will come along, is the way that he wears his hair up to the time that nature takes a hand and, bit by bit, pushes his hair out of his eyes and finally right off his head.

I am just an ordinary male, I confess, where my hair is concerned. In early youth, I steeled myself to the fact that it was mouse-colored, nondescript, and lifeless as wet hemp. Looking forward to a kind of hirsute predestination, I took it for granted that by thirty I would be bald. My father was, and the tradition of our family ran to wide, open spaces north of the eyebrows. As far as texture went, one of my adolescent recollections is that of finding a lock of straight, blondish hair in the pages of the family Bible and learning from an ironic mother that "This, my dear, is one of your baby curls."

After the fashion of males, I exposed my hair to essential washing and to a minimum of haircutting. But the part

in my hair remains historic and traditional from the days that I placed it there in preparation for my Confirmation.

There it would have remained had I not fallen into the hands of an expert.

Bad business, these barbers who turn out to be experts in the matter of hair.

Naturally enough, we expect that barbers will be experts about baseball, foreign affairs, the gossip of the neighborhood, and the private life of the President's Cabinet. This barber was a curiosity; he professed to be expert about hair. Quite clearly, he had no time for pleasant conversation when there was the matter of hair to be discussed.

So, hardly had I seated myself in his chair, spread the tent poncho over my knees, and opened my book for half an hour of peaceful reading, when he began his lecture in a thick German accent that I leave to the disappointed vaudevillians among my readers.

"Why is it," he demanded, "that men who are supposed to be smart pay so little attention to nature?"

It was a new conversational gambit that opened philosophical vistas too vast to be explored on so hot an afternoon. So I ventured no opinion. That disturbed him not in the least.

"Why is it that when nature meant hair to be parted in a particular way, men with brains lying under that hair

defy nature and part their hair all wrong?"

Though I have never thought of myself quite as a Casper Milquetoast, I confess I am afraid of barbers, and I could see as he waved his shears under my nose, that this barber was engaged in no abstract philosophical considerations. He meant me.

He whirled the chair around so that I had to face my not too attractive image in the mirror. I felt like a peculiarly repulsive specimen thrust under the nose of a freshman medic.

"Men with big, flat faces like yours," he continued, in what was hardly a tactful approach, despite the fact that the mirror bore him out, "insist on putting the part at the far side of their faces, way over near their ears." My part was a long way from my ear, but he wasn't above oratorical exaggerations.

"So what happens? Hair constantly falls into their eyes." He flung my limp lock down like a dropped awning. He peered at me as if daring me to deny the charge.

"I'll bet as long as you can remember your hair has been falling into your eyes."

I nodded a scared agreement, for after all, he was alarmingly right. A good half of my lifelong gestures had been spent pushing a cascade of hair out of my right eye.



"I knew it," he cried triumphantly, before I dared answer. "Now watch carefully."

He picked up the hand mirror like a magician reaching for his favorite trick and forced me to regard with repugnance the back of my own head, a terra incognita that on investigation turned out to be as big and flat as my face, only perhaps more intelligent.

"There," and he banged the center of my crown with a huge comb, "there is the center of your head. The hair naturally eddies out from there like a whirlpool."

A deft switch of the comb and I was amazed to see my usually limp hair actually eddying. "Now watch. I run the comb through it thus. I pull away. What happens?"

I was watching my own hair with fascination. If it had stood up like the comedian's in the mystery film, I should not have been surprised. If he had whisked a rabbit or two out of my collar, it would have been an inevitable part of the act. But actually what I saw was nothing new.

My hair just looked messed. "You see? A natural part appears . . . right there." His comb traced the imaginary line. "But is that where you put your part? Oh, no! Smart men like you, they pass up their real part; they kick nature around; and they split their head wide open in some ridiculous place."

"Look," I ventured in a very far away and frightened voice, "the only trouble with all this is that it's fifty years too late. You should have met me when I was a little boy. For half a century I have been parting my hair in that same spot. . . ."

His groan was heart-rending. "Wrong for fifty years," he sighed and stood shaking an indignant head.

"Well," said I, hoping to close the deal forever, "I'm afraid it's a little late now to change."

If I had suddenly thumped him on the chin, he couldn't have stepped back more dramatically.

"You are a good man?" he demanded. "You believe in progress? Then how can you say it is ever too late to start doing good? How is it ever late to reform?"

He had me there. Then when he saw me wilt, he jumped forward, new fire burning in his boilers.

"As a matter of fact," he insisted, reaching the new opening in my defense, "you have always parted it on the left side, which for you is all wrong. You should have parted it on the right." Before I could even gasp a protest, he had undone the cultivation of a lifetime, dug a part in the far right side of my head, and flung my hair over to its new location.

I stared at a stranger whose agonized



*The part in my hair is historic*

face regarded me from the mirror. "Please," I begged, "not after fifty years. I couldn't stand looking at myself. That's a different man. That's not me at all."

"You can't stand yourself as nature intended?" he demanded melodramatically.

"But my best friends would pass me on the street without a bow. My dearest associates in the office wouldn't recognize me."

He tried flattery.

"You mean they would say, 'Ah, a handsome stranger in our neighborhood.' They'd say, 'Ah, a very young man, a clean-cut, vigorous young man.'"

"Please," I begged, "I came in for a little trim around the ears, a light going over the neck with the clippers; please, it's my hair. I confess before you and the neighborhood that I have always done it wrong. Please leave it wrong."

"What chance is there for the world," he almost sobbed, stretching out his arms in a helpless gesture, "if an intelligent man cannot correct in himself the mistake of a lifetime, what can we hope for civilization?"

It was getting much too big for me to handle. My hair had suddenly become on a parallel with the atomic bomb or One World.

He stood back and regarded me with pity.



*"Put it where God and nature intended"*

"You persist in the error of a lifetime," he stepped forward and contemptuously tossed my hair back till it fell toward the part on the left. No one needed tell me that he regarded me as a coward and a criminal.

Yet I knew with all the strength of my tottering mind that I couldn't live with myself if the burden of my hair was flung to a new location. Of a sleepy morning I could not imagine myself struggling to the mirror to locate any but my well-worn part. He was persuasive, but I was a male, and I could not be convinced. Still he was not done.

"It is too bad," he murmured. "I must yield. The left side, the wrong side, it shall be. Nature will continue to protest by dropping that loose, straggling forelock into your eyes. But at least if I must part it on the left side, I shall for the first time direct that part to the spot which is the center of your head. See! The part now runs back to that swirl on your crown. Thus!"

I knew I was licked, beaten, too weak for protest. He dug the comb into my scalp, and like a surveyor laying out the road through untracked timber, he swirled my hair into its new part, and without giving me so much as a glimpse of it, cracked, trimmed, and operated till all traces of the old pathway had been eliminated.

"There!" he triumphed, again whirling me toward the mirror. "After all these years of mistake, at least it is now less wrong than it was." But he leaned over me, pleading and beseeching. "But think before you come in again. Think whenever you look yourself in the mirror. Work up your courage to do right. Take your resolution in hand. Then when you come in again, you will ask me to put the part where God and nature meant it to go, there on the right side!" He removed the apron and snapped it like a flag of victory. "To our next meeting!" he said.

A sudden cloudburst was pouring down outside the shop, the kind of rain you normally see only in California, in or out of the movies. But I fled into the storm grateful for my escape.

Maybe he's right. Maybe I am kicking nature in the teeth when I hold on to this part that perhaps adds years to my too many autumnal seasons.

But at least I can declare before whatever gods rule over the hair tonics and electric clippers, there will be no next meeting. I am taking my hair back to the normal, good-natured barbers who are experts on politics, business, the village gossip, and the President's private life.

An expert on hair almost beat me out of the tradition of a lifetime.





*Pa knocked a hole through the thin shell of the tree and I held the lantern for him to see*

"I TRADED old Fiddler that I got from Tradin' Jim to Ike Wampler for a real dog," Pa said, as he took a plate of cold cornbread and walked back toward the kitchen door.

Mom was washing the last dish in the pan.

"Guess you got cheated again," Mom said.

"I'll soon find out," Pa said. "I'm a-goin' out tonight and try old Sooner. Would you like to go along, Shan?"

"Yes, Pa," I said, as I dried the last plate and put it in the cupboard. "You traded my Rock for Fiddler, then Fiddler for Sooner. That makes Sooner my dog."

"And from now on, Mick," Mom said, "you let Shan do his own dog tradin'."

"He'll certainly get swindled if he trades with Tradin' Jim Howe," Pa said.

"He can't do any worse than you've done," Ma said.

"I'd like to trade with Tradin' Jim," I said, thinking about the many times he'd cheated Pa.

Pa took the plate of cornbread to feed the hounds. He disappeared into the darkness beyond the kitchen door. Mom and I heard the two hound dogs whine as we stood before the dim glow of charred embers in the open fireplace.

"Come on, Shan, if you're ready," Pa called.

"If any dog tradin's done tonight, you do it," Mom said.

Pa was waiting by the kitchen door with a coffee sack under his arm, a mattock and clean-globed lantern in one hand, and two hound dogs fastened to a chain that he held with his other hand.

"Let me carry the coffee sack and the mattock, Pa," I said, "and you can carry the lantern and lead the dogs."

"I'm not goin' to lead the dogs far," he said. "I'll turn 'em loose down at

the pawpaw patch on Willie Menton's place. I want to see if I got stung again."

The dogs charged against the chain. They whined and sniffed along the yellow clay path that led from our shack. It was hard for Pa, holding the chain with one hand and carrying the lantern with the other. I followed at Pa's heels.

"It's a night for possums, Shan," Pa whispered. "There's enough dew on the dead weeds to make a possum's track smell just right to the hounds."

"Sooner doesn't look good to me, Pa," I said.

SOONER

by Jesse



## Another Jesse Stuart story

about dogs and the Kentucky mountain people  
he knows so well

him, he'll find a red fox and run it till mornin'."

When Sooner barked in the pawpaw patch, Pa cupped his hand over his ear. "Listen," he said. "He's got a pretty bark, ain't he?"

"Yes, he's got a pretty bark," I said. "But if it's a possum he's after, wonder why Thunder's not barking. If there's a possum in that pawpaw patch, Thunder will find it."

Pa and I stood and listened while Sooner followed the hot trail. He barked about every breath.

"He's treed," Pa shouted when Sooner's tone changed. "He's got that possum right up a tree."

"Don't believe it's a possum, Pa," I said.

"We'll know for shore in a minute," Pa said.

Pa and I crossed the rail fence and started up the hill, Pa leading the way with the lantern.

"Here's Sooner, Pa, barkin' up this little sourwood."

Pa put the lantern on top of his head so he could shine the possum's eyes.

"Do you see them?" I asked.

"No, I don't."

"There's a little hollow at the bottom of the sourwood," I said. "Maybe the possum's in there."

Pa broke a small sassafras sprout and twisted it into the knothole.

"I feel him."

"Is it a possum?"

There was a flutter of wings.

"A flyin' squirrel!" Pa yelled as he threw the stick down.

Sooner ran under the flying squirrel and barked. He went over the hill and charged as far up a tree as he could. He gnawed at the bark around the tree.

"I feel like killin' a flyin' squirrel tree-dog," Pa grumbled. "Listen to him gnaw the trees. Listen to him bark treed."

"I hear another dog," I said. "I believe he's treed."

"It's Thunder, Shan!"

Pa and I followed him out the ridge top and over the steep hill toward the sound.

"Look at this, Shan," he said. He had the lantern on top of his head. The possum's eyes shone like two bright coals of fire in the dark. The possum was up a little sassafras tree.

"Shake the tree, Shan."

I shook the slender tree with all my strength. "I can feel how big that possum is by shaking this tree," I said. "It's a big possum."

The red leaves fell like rain, but the possum clung to the tree for his life. I shook till he fell, and Thunder rushed in. The possum played dead and Thunder didn't bite him.

Pa put the possum in the sack, tied it, and put it across his shoulder. He picked up the lantern and I got the mattock and we walked away from the tree.

"We'll go down across Windrow's bottom," Pa said. "There's an old orchard there and possums like ripe apples."

Before we reached the old orchard, Thunder found a possum's trail and barked every breath until he barked treed. Pa and I ran to the tree and pulled a big possum from the side. Pa put him into the coffee sack, and we started across the bottom toward the hill. Before we had crossed the bottom, Sooner ran a rabbit near enough for Pa to hit him with his lantern.

"Ike Wampler is a bigger cheat than Tradin' Jim Howe," Pa said. "Anybody knows a good tree dog won't run rabbits at night."

I stopped to listen. "That's Thunder, Pa. Sounds like he's far away."

"He's got his head in a hole. He's close to something. Listen how fast he barks!"

We hurried toward the barking and found Thunder with his nose at the hollow end of an uprooted dead apple tree. Pa knocked a hole through the thin shell of the tree with the mattock, and I held the lantern for him to see. He saw the wool of the possum's back and called Thunder. He sniffed once, then pulled out a big possum.

"Three good possums," Pa said and put him in the sack. He tied it and put it across his shoulder. He picked up the lantern, and I got the mattock and followed him up the Collins hill.

Before we got to the top of the hill, Thunder barked again and he had treed a possum up a big persimmon tree. Pa climbed the tree and caught the possum by the tail. He put it in his sack.

"Sack's a-gettin' heavy," he said as he put it across his shoulder again. At the top of Collins hill, Pa sat down on a stump to rest, and I dropped my mattock beside the possum sack. We heard Thunder bark in the distance.

Illustrated by C. J. MAZOUJIAN

"We'll see. Here's the pawpaw patch and I'm turnin' him loose right here." Pa took the collars from the hounds and they ran with their noses to the ground. Pa put the long dog chain with the two collars attached into his coat pocket.

"Pa, it's a thousand wonders to me that you've never traded old Thunder off for a no-account dog to somebody like Tradin' Jim," I said as we stood in the path beside the pawpaw patch.

"Thunder's a dog I've allus been able to depend on," Pa said. "Only one fault. After you get a sack of possums with

# BITTERSWEET

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

No silver lash of summer storms could strike  
The spark that flames to affirmation now  
Against the creeping frost, for you are like  
Some mortal hearts the tempest could not bow.  
Cold silence and the fatal frost brought forth  
Rebellious color like a banner on  
The crumbling ramparts. From the clouded north  
Invaders find you glorious in the dawn.

About you dead leaves rustle and depart  
Upon the wind; the tansy lace is torn  
And dark beside you, and the tough burrs start  
To break, and floss is tangled on the thorn.  
Victorious over frost, your clusters glow  
At heights that will defy the drifting snow.

"Just as I told you, Shan," Pa said disgustedly. "Thunder's started a fox."  
"Listen, Pa," I said, "I hear somebody talkin'."

There was a rustle of wind through the treetops on the ridge and Sooner's panting at Pa's feet.

"Yep, I set him on fire," we heard a voice say. Then we heard three men laugh. "Got his good dog and his picklebeans to boot. When it comes to hound dog swappin', you can't beat Tradin' Jim Howe."

The three men came toward us, the one in front carrying a lantern. "Well, I'll declare if it ain't old Mick and Shan," Tradin' Jim Howe said. "What are you doin' out here?"

The three men stood facing Pa and me. "Tryin' my new dog out," Pa said.

"Mick, I want you and Shan to meet Tim Porter and Harlan Porter from Blakesburg," Tradin' Jim said.

"Glad to know you, Tim. Glad to know you, Harlan."

"Well, how's that new dog?" Tradin' Jim asked.

"He's a good dog, Tradin' Jim Howe," I said. "But you're not goin' to cheat Pa this time. He's my dog."

"I didn't cheat," Tradin' Jim laughed as he winked at Harlan and Tim.

"You're not gettin' this dog," I said. "He's a good dog."

"Where did you get him, Mick?"

"From Ike Wampler."

"And look in that sack over there," I said. "See four of the biggest possums you ever saw in your life."

"Where's your old Thunder?" Tradin' Jim asked.

"Runnin' a fox as usual," Pa said.

Tradin' Jim opened the sack. "Four of the biggest possums I ever saw," he said. "Where did you ketch 'em?"

"We've come straight from the house," I said. "We've not been out two hours yet."

"I'll talk tradin' with you, Mick," Tradin' Jim said.

"This is Shan's dog," Pa said.

"Would twenty-five dollars buy that dog?"

"No," I said. "We've made twelve dollars in less than two hours tonight! Then you offer twenty-five dollars. That makes me laugh."

"Did you ketch all the possums with that dog?"

"You don't see any other dog with us, do you?" I said.

"Will you take thirty dollars?"  
"I'll make more with my dog in three nights than that," I said.

"Forty dollars."

"No."

"Forty-five dollars."

"No!"

"Fifty dollars?"

"I won't take fifty," I said.

"How much more do you want?"

"That gold watch you're wearin'," I said.

"Oh no, I can't do that," he said. He puffed on his cigar. He put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, pulled on his vest, rocked back and forth on his toes. His gold watch chain, weighted by a big fob, gleamed in the lantern light.

"You won't get my dog then," I said. "Come on, Pa, let's be goin' toward home."

"All right," Pa said getting up from the stump.

"Wait a minute," Tradin' Jim said. "You set your price—and I'm takin' it, but it's an awful price to pay for a dog." He pulled his billfold from his pocket.

"Here," he said as he counted five ten-dollar bills.

I held the money in my trembling hand while Pa watched Tradin' Jim unfasten his watch chain from his vest.

"I hate to part with this watch and chain," he said, as he handed them to me, "What's the name of this dog?"

"Sooner's his name," I said.

"Funny name."

Tradin' Jim took a collar and chain from his pocket and put the collar around his neck. They all said good-night, and Harlan and Tim Porter followed Tradin' Jim and the flying-squirrel tree dog around the ridge road.

"I never did any better tradin' in my life," Pa said with a laugh after they were out of sight and Thunder came stealing up behind him.



"A flyin' squirrel!"  
Pa yelled as he  
threw the stick down





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### **The Sword Brought by Christ**

*Please explain the following text: "Do not think that I came to send peace upon the earth; I have come to bring a sword, not peace. For I have come to set a man at variance with his father, and a daughter with her mother, and a daughter-in-law with her mother-in-law; and a man's enemies will be those of his own household."—F. K. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.*

This text is found in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, 10:34-36, and in a somewhat different form in St. Luke, 12:51-53.

To understand better the significance of these texts, the whole tenth chapter of St. Matthew should be read. It contains the commission to the Apostles, foretells the opposition they will encounter, and the conditions of discipleship.

In the verses quoted in the inquiry, Christ is speaking of the results of His teaching and the preaching of it by the Apostles and their successors; some will not believe and will hate those who do. The expressions, "Do not think that I came to send peace," and "I have come to set a man at variance . . .," do not state the purpose of the coming of Christ, but rather the inevitable consequences of His coming and teaching. According to the language of Scripture, purpose and consequence are often interchanged. Christ's intention was indeed to bring peace to the world (Luke, 2:14), but not peace at any price. The disturbance of peace which is foretold is not the result of Christ's doctrine, but is the result of the bad dispositions of men who will rise up against it and persecute those who accept it.

Regarding the divisions which His doctrine will cause even in such natural units as the family, Christ's words must not be understood as meaning that normally in good Christian families the worst enemies of one's salvation or religious vocation are members of one's own family. They merely indicate that one must be ready to battle for the sake of Christ against even the members of one's family.

### **Basilicas**

*What makes a church a basilica? Are there any basilicas in the United States?—C. S., N. Y. C.*

Basilica (from the Greek, meaning regal or beautiful) originally designated a church built in a form derived from

that of Roman public and private halls. The ground plan of such churches resembles a cross; the roof is supported by pillars with arched windows in the clerestory; the façade faces the East.

In the course of time, basilica became an honorary title given to historic and privileged churches. The greater or patriarchal basilicas at Rome are St. John Lateran, St. Peter's, St. Paul-outside-the-Walls, and St. Mary Major. Eleven churches in Rome and numerous others throughout the world would have the rank of minor basilicas. As far as we know only two American churches rank as basilicas. They are the Cathedral in Baltimore and Our Lady of Victory church in Lackawanna, N. Y.

### **The Pledge Taken at Confirmation**

*My daughter was confirmed recently and after the ceremony the class was asked to take a pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquor until the age of twenty-one. Naturally all of them repeated it, not knowing any better. I do not think that this was right as I believe that young men and women should be allowed to take a drink at home occasionally so that they will not go outside to get it. In this way they can be taught moderation. What shall I do in this difficulty?—A DISTURBED MOTHER.*

We do not agree with this mother when she says: "Naturally all repeated it, not knowing any better." There may be exceptions, but normally during the course of instruction for the reception of Confirmation, the pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors is discussed. That is, if the taking of the pledge is a custom in a particular diocese. This is by no means universal. Furthermore, we have frequently heard the bishop of the locality from which the question originates administer the pledge. Its nature and obligations are explained very clearly, and it is insisted upon that only those who wish to do so should make the promise. Those who do not wish to make the promise simply do not pronounce the formula, and no particular singularity or other embarrassment is attached to this. It is also explained that in that particular diocese the pledge of abstinence extends only to spirituous liquors, not to wine and beer.

In view of these facts we do not think this particular mother makes allowance for sufficient discretion on the part of her daughter. All things considered, the young lady most

likely did what she did because she thought it best for her own interests, and does not feel that she took upon herself any great burden. Why not let her be free in the matter instead of implying that she was morally forced to do something she did not want to do or should not have done?

It is also open to question whether the program the mother advocates will have the result she so confidently expects. Just how moderation in the use of alcoholic beverages, as an isolated training, is to be taught, if it can be taught at all, is not an easy thing to decide. Here we are up against a complex problem and, as far as we know, no one has been able to propose an infallible method. Surely a general training in virtue and morality will be a help, just as it will be in aiding the individual to develop a balanced personality with regard to the various problems and situations which must be met in mature life. Perhaps the use of alcoholic beverages in the home will have the effect stated by our inquirer. On the other hand, who can deny that the young people may become dissatisfied with the home discipline in the matter and, reasoning that if a drink is all right at home, what is wrong with taking a few outside the home?

Church authorities realize that taking a pledge, even when it is observed, is no guarantee that the problem of alcohol will be solved for all. They do feel, and rightly, that youthful drinking is a real danger in America, and that it is a good general disciplinary measure to ask young people to abstain from spirituous liquors.

We shall now say something about the nature of the pledge itself. It is a simple promise, not a vow. In itself it does not bind under pain of mortal sin. Its binding force derives from fidelity, and hence under pain of venial sin at most. Every free promise is supposedly made with the implicit condition, "if it can be kept without grave inconvenience." Consequently, if circumstances change so that had they been foreseen the promise would not have been made, such a promise or pledge simply ceases to bind even under pain of venial sin. (We are excluding here a promise where the interests of a third party and consequently a question of justice might be involved.) We may remark that the pledge is often taken too seriously, and broken in spite of everything. There is no need to make sin where there is no sin by creating an erroneous conscience.

The conclusion to be drawn from the above is that if this particular mother feels that the observance of the pledge taken by her daughter will interfere unduly with her own domestic arrangements, she can simply tell her child that the pledge need not be observed. The Church recognizes that the primary right and also responsibility in the matter of educating children rest with parents.

#### **Pagan Authors Who Refer to Christ**

*What pagan authors referred to Christ in the early ages of Christianity?—M. A., PORTLAND, ME.*

Two early Christian writers, St. Justin and Tertullian, testify that two official reports from Pontius Pilate existed in the Roman archives. These reports told of the condemnation and crucifixion of Christ. It is not likely that either St. Justin or Tertullian saw the documents, but they must have had good reason to believe in their existence.

There is extant the testimony of three great Roman authors who wrote at the beginning of the second century. Tacitus (55-117 A. D.) refers to Christ's death under Pontius Pilate. He also mentions the persecution of the Christians under Nero. Suetonius (died 160 A. D.) wrote that the Jews were causing trouble in Rome under the leadership of Chrestus. It is commonly admitted that the word "Chrestus" used as a proper name can refer only to Jesus Christ. Of course he was wrong in reporting on the religious trouble when he thought that Chrestus had in person exercised leadership in

Rome. Pliny the Younger wrote to Emperor Trajan from Bithynia about 112 A. D. that Christians sang hymns to Christ as God, and refused to worship in pagan temples.

Other pagan authors of the second century expressed more or less vague opinions about Our Lord. Such are Lucian, Phlegon, Numenius, Galenus, and Celsus.

#### **Saint Sidney**

*I have been looking for some time for information on St. Sidney. I would like to know if there is a saint by this name.—R. O., DUBUQUE, IA.*

We have been informed that Sidney or Sydney is a form of Sithney. St. Sithney was an Irish monk who went to Cornwall where he built a monastery. So great was his fame for sanctity that after his death the monastery was named in his honor. This popularized the name Sithney which in the course of time evolved into the form Sidney. The feast of this saint is observed on September 19.

#### **Prefrontal Lobotomy**

*Enclosed is a clipping referring to a prefrontal lobotomy performed to rid a man of criminal tendencies. My question is: "Has anyone the moral right to perform such an operation for the supposed purpose of curing anyone of insanity or so-called criminal tendencies?"*

*The Church opposes sterilization and euthanasia and in my humble opinion prefrontal lobotomy is a cruel and wanton punishment, irrespective of whether or not the person gives his consent to the operation, or gives it under coercion.—J. T., BOSTON, MASS.*

Prefrontal lobotomy is the surgical designation of the operation by which the front region or lobe of the brain is separated from the rest of the brain. This is effected by severing certain nerves.

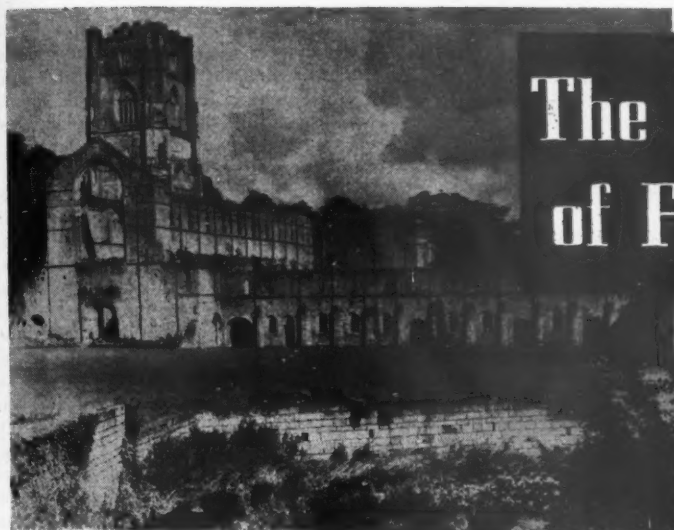
Mutilation of the body is not allowed except when it is necessary or useful for health, or inflicted as a penalty for grave crime. The principle generally recognized in moral theology is that a part may be sacrificed in order to save the whole. One part, therefore, of the organism may be amputated or its functions impeded for the purpose of saving the life or promoting the welfare of the individual. In the case of prefrontal lobotomy, nothing is wrong if good results can be obtained or at least hoped for. It is a question of fact.

What are the facts which have caused surgeons to develop the technique of prefrontal lobotomy? It seems beyond question that in certain cases of abnormal conduct, the trouble can be traced to a pathological condition in the prefrontal lobe of the brain. By isolating the lobe, satisfactory results are often obtained, just as favorable results are obtained by removing a tumor developing in the brain. The hope, based on competent medical opinion, of eliminating the effects of the pathological condition will justify the operation.

It is not to the point to bring in the questions of sterilization and euthanasia.

Euthanasia is nothing more nor less than a fancy name for the direct killing of an innocent person. Such a deed, whether done by an individual or by the State, is murder and can never be justified.

To discuss sterilization adequately would take us too far afield. Sterilization is a grave mutilation and to inflict it on an innocent party is unjustifiable. For the same reason it is wrong to submit to it voluntarily. On the other hand, if sterilization results from surgery necessary to remedy a diseased condition, there is nothing morally wrong with such an operation. In such a case we have an application of the principle that a part may be sacrificed for the welfare of the whole.



Photos from Yorkshire Post

# The Bleeding Stones of Fountains Abbey

By LOUISE M. SAATMAN

**These ruined cloisters may one day echo again the monastic chant of God's praise**



*Exterior view and cloisters of Fountains Abbey. Over eight hundred years old, it has fallen into ruins. Restoration is planned*

IT WAS just a dream—but in that dream Fountains Abbey was no longer a mere artistic pile of stone beside the River Skell in Yorkshire; rather it was a temple restored, alive and singing, glorifying God. In his dream—an oft-repeated one—Simon Elwes stood at the monastery gatehouse and talked with a monk. Together they were saying, as they had so many times before, "It was built for God; it must be returned to God."

It was the same dream over and over. All during his convalescence, Simon Elwes, British socialite and portraitist of the élite, was continually being hurled back, not of his own volition at all, into another age. It must have been another age because, as he discovered later, there was once just such a gatehouse as in his dream, though every material trace has long since vanished.

Why was Simon Elwes haunted by so strange and persistent a dream? Today, this man who was stricken suddenly with a paralysis of his right side, including his painting hand, and whose recovery has afforded him ample leisure to evaluate his career in terms of its usefulness—this man is very sure he knows

the reason for his dream. To him has been given a great responsibility—the restoration of the once-renowned Abbey of Our Lady of the Fountains and its reconsecration as a monastery.

His first acquaintance with the famed ruins of the 814-year-old Abbey (confiscated by order of Henry VIII) was in 1933. Elwes, young, socially prominent, and already established as a painter of considerable style, was visiting friends in Yorkshire, in the neighborhood of the Abbey. One day he went to look at the ruins. Probably he, too, was startled, as most visitors are, by the surprise view of the Abbey as he emerged from the wild and wooded path that opens suddenly upon a quiet meadowland beside the River Skell. There the lonely ruins stand, noble but heartbreaking remnants of a past age.

Simon Elwes, the artist, noted the symmetry of the architecture and was profoundly impressed. But Elwes, who was also a man of keen sensitivity, was made suddenly heartsick by the desolation of broken arches and crumbling stone. Neither ivy nor the lichen which through the centuries had spread a tender patina over the shattered stones could

soften the sharp hurt he felt in this thing that was once vibrant and vigorous, stone on stone in perfect order and alight with the intense spiritual fire that burned within. "Beauty ought to live," he said. Ruins as ruins made him feel physically ill. "It seemed to me then that the stones of Fountains were bleeding."

In the ensuing years Elwes thought little if at all of the experience. He fared well, made a brilliant marriage, became the father of three sons, and applied himself successfully to his chosen career of portraitist. In London's swank Mayfair and on Park Avenue in New York, his sophisticated clientele paid handsomely for stylish reproductions of themselves.

Along came World War II and Elwes laid aside his career, temporarily as he thought, to serve as a lieutenant colonel in the British Tenth Hussars. Like all fighting men he must have regarded the war as a possible threat to his career, if not to life itself. But the enemy struck later, after the war, and the enemy was within. A blood clot on his brain left him a ruined man. Simon Elwes, convinced that he was about to die, received the last sacraments of the Church. In-



## Brothers Under the Skin

► Recently, down by the tracks, just outside Seattle, I noticed a number of young boys hurling stones at a tin and tarpaper shack that clung to the edge of the incline. I paused to watch.

Presently an old man, obviously a knight of the road, emerged, brandishing a big stick, and started to chase them. Soon one little chap was caught.

"Thought you could beat the Irish, did you?" the old fellow snarled, holding the frightened boy by the collar.

One of the other boys, who had been watching from a distance, now came back.

"Are you Irish, Mister?" he asked.

"Sure, kid. Why?"

"We'll, I'm Irish too," he said, "and us Irish has got to stick together."

The old boy shook hands. "That we do, kid."

Then he looked down at the tiny fellow still within his grasp. He scowled, but even from where I stood I could see a twinkle in his eye.

"And you?" he demanded.

The little fellow hesitated, but only for an instant. Then he rolled his eyes and grinned.

"Yas, suh," he said, "Ah's Irish too, boss."

—Boys' Life



stead, he began slowly to recover. During his recovery he dreamed of the Abbey, not once but over and over. Ruined physically, he could feel more poignantly than ever the tragedy of Fountains' bleeding stones.

In time and with tremendous effort, he learned to paint as well with his left hand as his right. But somehow the incentive to resume his career was gone. He had no desire to return to what he described as "the world of the flesh and the devil." Suffering had brought spiritual rebirth. He was quite positive that God had visited him with physical affliction because of the frivolous uses to which he had put his talent as an artist. Then there was the dream. Out of the dream and the suffering and hours of quiet thought an idea had taken shape. "It was built for God; it must be returned to God." Here was a great work to be done—and he set about it with the zest of one completely restored spiritually, if not physically.

The first step was to purchase the Abbey. Here his social position and profession stood him in good stead. He approached the owner of Fountains Abbey, Lieutenant Commander Clare Vyner, retired from the Royal Navy. He, who had once refused an offer of 300,000 pounds, now consented to sell for half that sum. The idea appealed to him: it was fitting and proper that the glorious history of this fine old Abbey should be continued, that what had been erected eight centuries ago for God should be given back to Him.

It was in the winter of 1132 that Fountains Abbey was born. At first the only cloisters were the interlocking branches of seven giant yew trees. The

choir consisted of the uncertain voices of thirteen shivering men. There was almost no food and only the fire of the spirit could warm them against the winter's bitter chill. Perhaps sometimes they remembered with longing the comparative comfort of their lives at St. Mary's. But then they would recall why they had left St. Mary's. The Cistercian movement with its ideal of absolute austerity had been adopted by the neighboring monastery at Rievaulx. It had been started in France by St. Robert, introduced into England, and was at that time flourishing under the guidance of the saintly Bernard of Clairvaux. News of it reached them in their cloisters at York and it appealed to them as a means to greater sanctity.

FIRST there were seven who braved the displeasure of their abbot in their desire to become a part of the new movement. The band grew to thirteen and, despite ever-increasing opposition, they left St. Mary's on October 4, 1132. For several months they were given shelter by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, who eventually secured for them a level plot of ground surrounded by wild and craggy country. Through this landscape ran the River Skell that was to be the inspiration for the Abbey's name of Fountains. On Christmas Day, 1132, the lonely patch of valley was blessed and the leader of the group, Richard, was made prior.

Somehow they survived the winter, and when summer came the construction of the Abbey was begun. They were accepted by St. Bernard as an associate part of his monastery at Clairvaux in France, and he sent monks to

train them in the Cistercian rule. As the months went by, their numbers increased. But when winter returned, hardships began afresh. There was famine and sometimes the monks' only meal was a pot of leaves and herbs boiled in salt water.

There is a story told in the *Chronicles of Fountains Abbey* of the poor man who came to beg for food. "We have none to give you," said the monk at the gatehouse. But in his desperation the man persisted. Finally the monk sought the advice of the abbot who asked him how much bread there was in the house. "Two loaves," replied the monk. Two loaves among some thirty monks was little indeed. But Prior Richard said, "Give one loaf to the man. As for us, God will provide." The poor man accepted the loaf with great joy and went away nourished and content. Shortly afterward, two men arrived from Knaresborough Castle with a gift of food from the wealthy Eustace Fitz-John. The Lord had indeed provided.

This was not the end of their troubles by any means—indeed, at one time conditions were so intolerable that they appealed to Bernard to give them some haven in France. But once again God provided for them. While the emissaries of Richard were in the very act of taking their plea across the Channel, there came to Fountains the wealthy Master Hugh, Dean of York, who not only joined the community but brought with him his books, money, and furnishings of great value.

This was only the beginning, then, of a steady stream of good fortune. There were many benefactors who gave not only money but land. Some, like Master Hugh, joined the order and brought their wealth with them. One of these, Serlo, Canon of York, became the Abbey's first annalist. He had witnessed the very beginnings of Fountains' history. "When the monks left the monastery of York I myself was present," he wrote years after in his *Chronicles*. He was there when they moved from Thurstan's to the seven yews beside the Skell. He saw Richard chosen abbot and knelt when Thurstan blessed the land. He was a layman when these events took place, but his keen interest in Fountains eventually led him to become a part of it.

He lived to see the Abbey grow up stone by stone, rejoiced in its benefactions by princes and kings, and saw its lands flourish. By 1139 all the essential parts of the abbey were erected. There was a great cloister, 300 feet long, and the church. These were on the north side. The cloister with columns and arches extended over the Skell. The oaks and birches and firs on the banks of the stream prevented little if any light from penetrating the narrow lancet windows. The atmosphere was well in keep-

ing with Cistercian austerity. The chapter house with parlor and library and dormitory above was on the east, the refectory and kitchen on the south. To the west was the storehouse with dormitory above for lay people. These comprised the central group of buildings; outside were the infirmary, guesthouse, mills, bake house, and so forth. In time, a cloister garden, 120 feet square, grew mellow with evergreens and shrubs.

These buildings were not quite completed when misfortune struck. A dispute arose between Henry Murdock, the abbot, and one Archbishop Fitzherbert of York, who had been deposed by the Pope. Murdock was accused of having played a part in the Archbishop's downfall, and the partisans of the disgraced man attacked the Abbey. They ransacked the buildings and laid fire to them. Although they did not succeed in completely destroying Fountains, there was a tremendous amount of repair work to be done. But with the undying patience of men fired with a vision, the monks rebuilt Fountains Abbey. "In the end," the Chronicles tell us, "the new was better than the old."

And so, like the Child in whose honor the stones were laid, the Abbey grew and increased in wisdom and age and grace before men. It never seemed to stop growing. Under the successive rule of three abbots named John, great changes and additions were made. Under John of Kent the beautiful Chapel of the Nine Altars came into existence. It has been called "one of the noblest creations of Gothic art in England." His also was the guesthouse down near the Skell, constructed "for the reception of the poor of Christ as well as the princes of the world."

Like all monasteries in those days, Fountains drew to itself those in need of shelter. When famine struck, as it frequently did over the centuries, the poor turned toward the Abbey as to a haven of refuge. Help was never refused. When disease rampaged through the countryside, huts were thrown up all over the broad acres of land. Nurses were few, but imbued with the spirit of Christ they worked tirelessly among the afflicted. The traveler, weary from his ride, and hungry and cold, was welcomed at the gatehouse, that same gatehouse which Simon Elwes was centuries later to visit in a dream. Inside the guesthouse a fire would be burning brightly, throwing leaping shadows up the great gray walls. There would be food on the table for the hungry stranger and a place to lay his head.

To the church came also the princes of the world bearing gifts. Tales of the Abbey's wealth frequently spread to jealous ears. At one time King John brought great pressure to bear upon Fountains, exacting from it vast sums, all

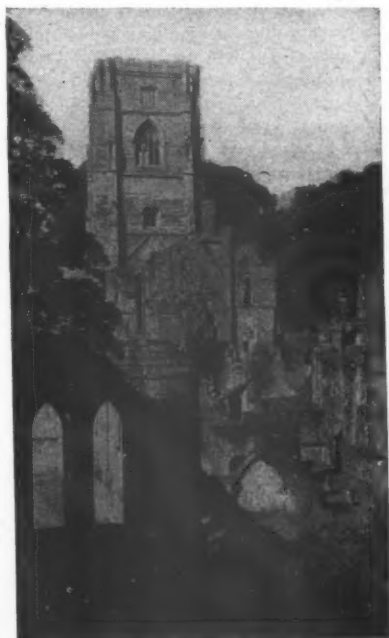
of which was a forerunner of the dire days to come when a tyrant would lay waste its beauty, plunder its altars, and leave but a welter of broken and bleeding stones.

In the early days at Fountains Cistercian discipline had been of the most rigid sort. Prayers, fastings, and rigorous self-denial had been as a constant battering ram against the gates of Heaven. Serlo wrote in rapture about it: "Our Fathers were become a spectacle to angels and to men, and they impressed on their posterity that method of holy religious life, which, with God's help, will be kept here forever."

Of course as the Abbey took on wealth and magnificence, the original Cistercian ideal of absolute austerity became increasingly difficult to discern. With outward sumptuousness came a very natural inward laxity. There was need every now and then for reform. At each reform the intense religious life burned anew. There seemed no reason to doubt that Serlo's wish would be fulfilled—that the Cistercian rule with all its emphasis on complete self-abandonment would indeed continue here forever.

But times were changing. Henry VIII had ascended the throne of England. From Defender of the Faith he had become its adversary; from gallant prince he had become a bloated, rapacious king. His grasping hand reached out. Its shadow fell upon abbey after abbey and at length it fell upon Fountains. Whether Fountains was in need of reform at that period or not, Henry's accusations paved the way for his demands.

Trouble which started in 1536 raged until the final surrender in 1539. And



Deserted relics of a beauty that was

then the light went out in the Abbey of Our Lady of the Fountains. The sanctuary lamp was shattered, the tabernacle stripped bare. The monks fled without even their habits. Into Henry's coffers poured gold and precious stones. Doors and windows suddenly vanished. Down came the bells, never again to send their heart-warming carillon across the lonely valley. The lead of the roofs was melted down in fires built within the Abbey walls. Gone was the pillow for the traveler and the loaf of bread for the hungry. Gone were the voices that chanted to the glory of the Lord before the high altar. "Bare ruined choirs," indeed, "where late the sweet birds sang."

In his dream Simon Elwes saw Fountains again in all its ancient loveliness. He saw and heard the monks as they chanted in the choir that an Abbot John had built long ago. Fountains Abbey was alive and singing, glorifying God. And here at the gatehouse was the monk who, with him, was saying over and over, "It was built for God; it must be returned to God."

The vision of Fountains Abbey restored will never leave Simon Elwes. It has ignited him with a dynamic forcefulness. Already he has rallied together stanch and enthusiastic men and women. With their help, financially and morally, Fountains will one day live and breathe again.

There are some who oppose the restoration on the grounds that the ruins are beautiful in themselves and should not be tampered with. But in both England and America a voice has been raised that echoes Elwes' conviction that beauty should live.

And to Elwes the restored Abbey would be more than a Benedictine Abbey. It would be a world memorial dedicated to the Catholic dead of World War II. It would be a place of pilgrimage for all men of Christian faith the world over. And above all else, Simon Elwes sees it as a powerful stronghold against the anti-Gods and rank materialists of our age. "The world," says Simon Elwes, "is dividing into the anti-Gods and the pro-Gods. . . . I like to think of Fountains Abbey as field headquarters for the anti-materialists. . . . It is in God's hands."

It would be a comforting thought indeed to know that somewhere in the world a bastion stood, defenseless though it may be against an atomic bomb, even as it was defenseless four centuries ago when terror walked the land. And if Fountains Abbey rises again with its tower reaching toward Heaven, there is every good reason to believe and hope that the strength of its spirit will help to set men's hearts afire and thus turn back the tide that threatens to engulf the world.

# Babes in Toyland

Today they were a couple of normal youngsters, happy in their make-believe world. But what of tomorrow?



*I caught myself just in time. "Well, let's keep the war going here"*

By Harold I. Givens

Illustrated by PAUL KINEAR

I'VE always been one to sort of go out of my way whenever there's a chance to talk to kids. I don't know, maybe it's because all my own kids are grown up for a long time now, and I miss their little voices and their simple, wise little ways. Anyhow, when I pushed open the door of the anteroom and found a couple of kids playing there, it wasn't anything unusual for me to go in and talk to them.

The boy was about six, I guess, and his sister about eight. They were seriously working out battle plans with the soldiers, guns, and tanks spread out all over the floor. (There were always a lot of toys in the room because almost every day there would be some kids in there for one reason or another.)

"Looks like you're going to outflank 'em, sonny," I began. The two kids looked up, and I knew they were sizing me up, just like my own kids would a stranger. I knew they'd approve of me, too. Kids always did.

The girl was the first to pass judgment. "H'lo," she chirped, still seriously regarding me.

"You work here?" asked the boy. Boys are always more curious.

"Yes, I work here. Have to go to work in a few minutes. What's your name?"

"I'm Jenny. This is Tommy."

"Well, I'm surely glad to know you, Jenny and Tommy. I'm Mr. Johnston."

Gravely, we shook hands. "And what's your other name?"

The boy had this information at hand. "Franklin. We're Tommy and Jenny Franklin."

"Franklin? Then, your . . ." I caught myself just in time. "Well, let's keep this war going here." They made space for me as I knelt on the floor. "Let's see now—don't you think those tanks ought to move up?"

"Nope!" The little boy was pretty sure. "Daddy says you never move the tanks up until you have the infantry behind 'em."

So I tried to help the girl out. "Where are all your airplanes?"

"Daddy says the planes ought to go over first. I've already used 'em. He says you can't do any bombing when the infantry's close up that way or you'll bomb your own men."

I could see they were engrossed in the game. I could see a lot of other things too. "I guess your daddy must be pretty good at this, eh?"

"Oh, sure. He plays with us all the time." Tommy didn't even look up, but he meant what he said anyhow. "Daddy is about the best general in the world, I guess."

"How about mother,—does she play with you, too?"

Jenny looked sort of scornful, a mirror, no doubt, of her mother's reactions to

the same question. "Mother is too busy to play games. She has to be away a lot."

I risked a long shot. "Which do you like best, daddy or mother?"

Both children forgot the game for the moment. You could see that question had been new to them.

"Mother's swell. She's beautiful." This from the young lady.

"Yeh," added Tommy, "but daddy's a lot more fun. He plays with us."

"Yes," Jenny had to agree with that, "and daddy laughs more. He laughs just about all the time."

"You like both of 'em, though, huh? A lot, I guess?"

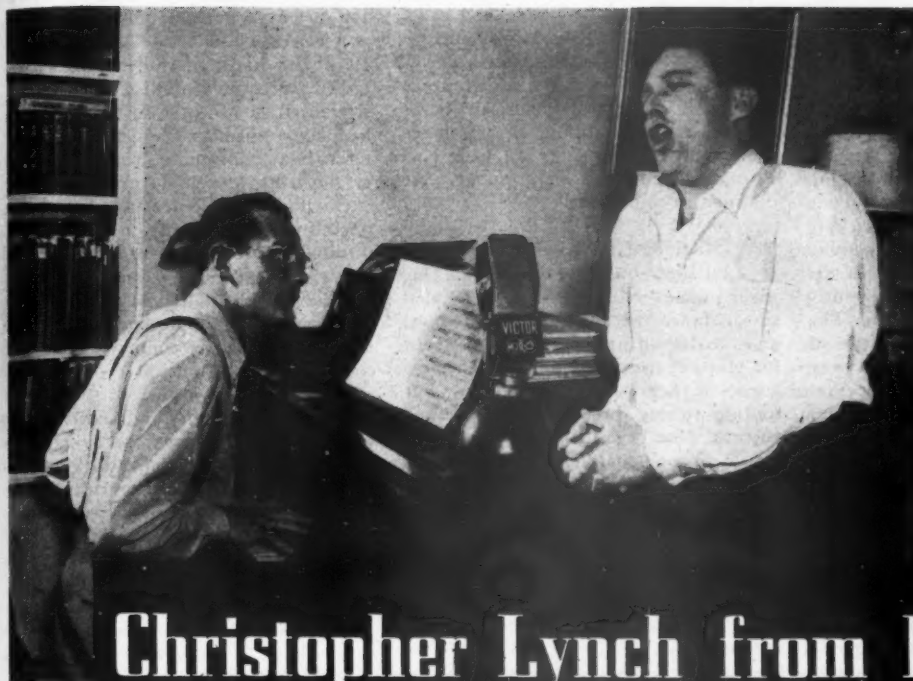
"Oh, sure," they chorused. "We love 'em both, but daddy is best. He's always playing with us and everything."

THE buzzer sounded. I had to be on hand in a few minutes, so I thought I'd see how things were going in there now. "Well, Tommy and Jenny," I said, getting off my knees, "I'm sure glad I met you. Tell daddy and mother I said 'hello.'" They were already back at their game. I went into the next room, just in time to hear the decision. Judge Harper was speaking.

" . . . Franklin. Divorce granted. Custody of the children granted to Mrs. Franklin."

The next case was mine. A nice clean murder case.





By JERRY COTTER

*Recordings introduced  
Lynch's voice to America*

## Christopher Lynch from Limerick

**F**IVE years have wrought magic changes in the fortunes of a husky lad from County Limerick with a golden lilt to his voice and a still-smoldering desire to star on the hurling field.

In 1942 Christopher Lynch divided his time between tending his father's horses on the sloping banks of the Shannon and exciting the Irish hurling fans with his prowess as goal keeper in the rough-and-tumble national sport. Now, with a highly successful year as a top attraction in the American radio and concert world behind him, the young singer is starting a second season here determined to fulfill the claims of enthusiasts who have dubbed him "the second John McCormack."

Comparisons are always unjust, and in September 1946 when the self-assured, personable young tenor stepped before a microphone in Carnegie Hall to launch his American career, Lynch was burdened with a terribly unfair handicap. The mantle of McCormack, the foremost lyric tenor of our time, had been placed on his twenty-five-year-old shoulders by those who had been carried away by the undeniable beauty and clarity of his voice.

For several weeks prior to his first appearance on this side of the Atlantic, Christopher Lynch had been the subject of a tremendous publicity campaign in which the professional drumbeaters ran the gamut from extravagant comparisons to hysterical claims. P. T. Barnum didn't do any better for Jenny Lind than the

rhapsodic releases stenciled in support of the young man who was McCormack's protégé and friend.

That satisfied the sponsors who had done the almost-unheard-of by signing an unknown Irish tenor, sight unseen, for an entire series of radio programs and a season of concert work. It also whetted the musical appetites of a vast public still cherishing fond memories of the immortal tenor from Athlone.

The stratospheric ecstasies of the advance publicity did accomplish one thing for Lynch. His audience on that debut night was an unusually large and exceptionally well-disposed group. Several million radio listeners had been conditioned by the high-pressure campaign, and Lynch, to a great degree, lived up to its extravagant declarations. If the listeners failed to discover a "second McCormack," they did welcome a "first" Lynch, the second great tenor to come from the land of bards and shamrocks in this twentieth century.

Maturity may well bring with it the perfection of phrasing, diction, breath control, and purity of tone that made McCormack the brilliant singer he was. Meanwhile, Christopher Lynch stands as

a newcomer of considerable promise and unlimited possibilities. The future may well conform to the design set down by the praise agents.

In the brief months of their friendship, McCormack played a major role in furthering Christopher's career. It was with Dr. Vincent O'Brien, famed director of the Dublin Cathedral Choir and McCormack's own teacher, that Lynch studied for a strenuous year after he had been discovered singing in a Limerick theater. His progress was so unusual that a private recital was arranged by Dr. O'Brien.

The Dublin critics came, heard, and were so impressed that one of them referred to the Lynch voice as "the purest, sweetest that has come out of Ireland in many years." The late Cardinal MacRory, the Archbishop of Armagh, was the guest of honor at the performance, which brought together the great names of Dublin's musical, literary, and political circles. The prelate's personal tribute and advice spurred the already ambitious young man to still greater effort. He has never forgotten the kindly words of the beloved Cardinal.

Shortly before his death in 1945, McCormack attended a second Lynch recital at the Shelbourne Hotel. The aging man, who had won the enthusiastic plaudits of the world, sat back in his chair, closed his eyes, and listened to the fine, clear young voice as it rang through the room. When the recital was over he clasped Christopher's hand and

**The voice of Ireland's  
tenor is again heard in the  
land, and a great voice it is**

exclaimed: "This is the best voice I've heard in twenty-five years, the one most likely to follow me; a grand personality, a beautiful voice with a tenor's saving grace—humor."

McCormack's description fits Lynch to the proverbial T. Sturdily built, with the natural grace of a born athlete, Lynch's amiable manner and friendly smile have won him a host of friends out front and behind the scenes during his brief year in this country. Lacking the affectations so often afflicting those who enjoy a temporary sojourn in the spotlight, he has earnestly and diligently applied himself to the task at hand. The social whirl has seen precious little of Lynch in his hours of relaxation away from the microphone. In the time that has elapsed since that debut night at Carnegie Hall, Lynch has added thousands to his list of admirers, done much to soften the skeptical critics, and made great strides in his march toward the goal.

In private life Lynch devotes his time to his wife, Dublin's Dymna Daly, and their baby, Brian. This past summer they returned to Ireland for a visit with families, friends and for a rest preparatory to another strenuous season before the NBC "Voice of Firestone" microphone.

It was a gala homecoming for the man who started, as so many great singers have, in a local church choir. Christopher's birthplace was Rathkeale in beautiful County Limerick, where his father trains bloodstock animals on an extensive horse-breeding farm. The Lynch lad grew up with his allegiance torn between a love of singing and the usual adolescent desire for the more vigorous life. Christopher had his eye on the hurling field.

For a time it seemed as if the sports career would win out. The Irish sports-writers were so impressed with Lynch's agility on the field that they had him all set for a spot on the All-Ireland Hurling Team. An almost-forgotten audition, given for the manager of a Limerick theater, proved the deciding factor however, somewhat in the manner of the more familiar "B" movies.

Christopher's sure, clear tenor had become a local legend in Rathkeale. The

wife of the local bank manager, realizing that it had much more than the average boy-soprano quality, had urged him to develop a repertoire of operatic arias and Irish melodies. After a period of self-training, Lynch decided to apply to the manager of Limerick's Savoy Theatre for an audition. He was given the opportunity to sing, but little else. Encouragement and employment were destined to come later.

**D**ISCOURAGED, Lynch turned to hurling, but not for long. One night, some weeks later, a scheduled singer failed to appear at the Savoy, and the despairing theater manager sent for the twenty-year-old prospective goalie. Lynch went on, nervous but smiling, to sing three numbers and four encores. Thus began what has developed into a phenomenally successful career.

In the audience that night were two friends of McCormack, Joseph and Alphonse O'Mara. Excited and impressed, they sought out the husky young man with the hauntingly reminiscent voice. Before long, Christopher Lynch was bound for Dublin, glory, unbelievably arduous days, and recognition as Ireland's most promising young singer.

With Dr. O'Brien at the helm and McCormack lending advice and counsel, Christopher went through an exhausting schedule: Italian lessons with Professor Doyle of Dublin University, piano from Miss Jennie Reddin, and the Irish folk songs from the Gaelic expert, Miss Mairin Ni Scholaidhe. It was a program to tax the energies of all but the most persistent.

After his second private recital in Dublin, he became the only pupil of the man whom Caruso had called "King of the Tenors." In day and night sessions at Moore Abbey, the McCormack estate, he absorbed the expert musical knowledge and hard-won wisdom garnered by the great singer in his lifetime. Concert offers from England and the continent were rejected for continued study.

Finally, a concert tour of Ireland was arranged as a test. A rousing success from the opening night to the closing performance in his beloved Limerick, it paved the way for his American debut. An American artist's bureau representa-

tive signed him to a contract, but Lynch wanted to study further before embarking on any American venture.

Accordingly, in 1946 he set out for Italy with hopes of studying under the famed Giuseppe Morelli. Dr. Thomas J. Kieran, Irish Minister to the Holy See, had taken an official and a friendly interest in the personable young man and arranged for Morelli to work with him.

On his return to Ireland, Lynch was offered what is certainly one of the most unusual contracts ever proffered a new singer. He had made several recordings for the British affiliate of RCA Victor Company, and in due course the discs were heard in this country. RCA officials and several musical directors representing the networks were greatly impressed by the quality and clarity of his voice. Howard Barlow, the noted musical director and conductor of the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, was not only impressed, he was spurred to action. Though the circumstances were highly unorthodox, the Firestone Company officials signed Lynch for an entire season.

Then came the ballyhoo, an unfortunate adjunct of modern-day artistic endeavor. Whereas Lynch should have been accepted and adjudged on his own merits, his future was tied irrevocably to the glory that was McCormack's. Lynch has exhibited potential greatness in his personal appearances and in recorded renditions as well as a warmth and proficiency not usually evident in the studied efforts of younger vocalists. Fine though his performances may be, they do not yet rate with the McCormack memories.

Lynch is still on the threshold of greatness. His voice is clear and sweet; he is equally at home in the realm of Irish ballad and operatic aria; he has the charm and personality so necessary to stardom on the concert and opera stage, and—most important of all—he has the determination to forge ahead despite disappointment or setback.

Signed for a second year on the NBC "Firestone" series, Lynch will undoubtedly continue to enlarge his circle of admirers and well-wishers. Judged on his merits and not as a vocal carbon copy, Lynch stands out as the finest young vocalist to flash across the musical horizon in several seasons.

In addition to his regular radio work this fall, Lynch has been booked for thirty-five concert appearances in Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Dallas, St. Paul, and Washington. All of which turns the ordinarily busy schedule of a regularly appearing radio star into an exhausting one. It does not, however, hold any fears for the young man whose career has been built on a combination of hard work and round-the-clock schedules.

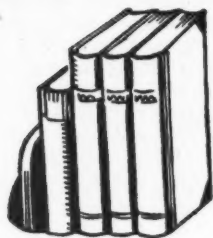


he wrote. "He was a Greek. He went around telling people what to do. They poisoned him."

### Take Warning

► The class had been reading about famous people in ancient Greece and Rome and were assigned the task of writing a short essay on Socrates.

Brief but accurate was one student's offering. "Socrates was a great man,"



# Books



## LIFFEY LANE

By Maura Laverty. 231 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50

*Liffey Lane* is the story of a Dublin slum, tender, compassionate, and amusing. It is also the story of Chrissie Doyle, a little girl coming into adolescence, who moves through its varied incidents untouched by sordidness, though not unaware of it. The story is told in Miss Laverty's earlier manner, except that the incidents are strung together by Chrissie's paper route; there is frequent use of flash back, and there is an attempt at plot, but none of this remedies the flaw in Miss Laverty's work, which is a lack of invention to match her observation.



Maura Laverty

The narrow cobbled lane with its stables and mews to the left, its eight doomed old houses to the right, may reflect all of life, but the attempt to contrast the semismart set who live in the mews with the poor broken lives of the slum does not come off. It is introduced too late, then dropped without any attempt to relate it to the end of the story. A woman who takes up an affair with a man she doesn't love and who doesn't love her and continues to talk about her ideals and to feel aggrieved because he doesn't respect them does not make sense.

Miss Laverty's talent lies in the creation of simple, lovable people. There is no falling off here. The opening scenes are firmly etched. One remembers many little incidents, Chrissie lugging little Kevin about, protecting him, trying to save him from the orphanage, little compassionate acts in the midst of brutality, laughter in defeat—these are enough to make the book good reading.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE

## THE SAVING SENSE

By Walter Dwight, S. J. Edited by W. Coleman Nevils, S. J. 240 pages.

The Declan X. McMullen Co. \$2.75

An establisher of the norms of criticism, Father Walter Dwight would agree that a thumbnail sketch of the author is in order in any review. A New Englander, Father Dwight was one of the last members of a gifted family. Entering the So-

ciety of Jesus in 1894, English, after Theology, was always to hold his especial interest. He taught for a time at the College of St. Francis Xavier in New York City, but was best known in the capacity in which he served for the eleven years prior to his death in 1923—Literary Editor of the Jesuit weekly *America*.

His indictment in the essay "Reviews and Reviewers" of critics who "ridicule, in a flippant line or two, arguments or conclusions which are the fruit of long years of thought or research" makes one reluctant indeed to disparage in any way, without strong cause, his best essays. After considerable thought, however, I would venture to compare *The Saving Sense* to a cup of hot tea which is flavorful, warming, but rather weak. For the pieces, pleasant as they are and lovingly and carefully wrought, are mild fare. Their subject matter is delightful—"Children's Poems"—"Denatured Mother Goose"—"Favorite Poems"—one after another the titles arouse the reader's interest and the contents hold it.

It is in treatment that they fail to achieve greatness. The light touch, employed with such happy results by Charles Lamb, for example, whom Father Dwight, incidentally, particularly admired, is carried to a point where strength is sacrificed. You will enjoy *The Saving Sense* but you may not remember it.

ELIZABETH M. SLOYAN

## SLIGHTLY OUT OF FOCUS

By Robert Capa.

243 pages.

Henry Holt & Co.

\$3.50

The only enemy alien to be accredited as correspondent and publisher to the U.S. Army, Hungarian-born Robert Capa tells his story of a succession of D-Days in the European war theater. The text is accompanied by many of the photographs that brought him fame when they appeared in *Life* and *Collier's*. Capa, or his ghost-writer, manages to give the now-familiar stories of invasions in Sicily, Anzio, and Normandy a new inflection. The style is breezy, almost flip, without once sacrificing the



Robert Capa

power and the glory; the fear of blood; the horror and bitterness. In its métier, this is a splendid writing job.

With the regularity of a metronome, Capa breaks out in a mental rash over what he calls the menace of "Spanish Fascism." Before coming to America in 1939 he had fought with the Loyalists and from time to time mouths the familiar platitudes, political misconceptions, and bromides since associated with that long and bitter battle. After the liberation of Paris, Capa visited a Spanish refugee camp in the south of France, drank *vino* with the men, some of whom had worked with the Maquis and the FFI, and saw them off on an expedition across the Spanish border, an escapade with a tragic ending for the exiles.

But if Capa's political opinions bear out the title of his book, his camera never does; and this combination of text and pictures is interesting, taut, and absorbing in its reminiscences of recent bitter hours.

JERRY COTTER

## THE ART OF HAPPY MARRIAGE

By James A. Magner. 273 pages. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75

To anyone conscious of the forces at work laboring for the dissolution of the traditional Christian conception of sex, marriage, and the whole family order, this readable little book should be



Jas. A. Magner

welcomed with enthusiasm. It is a practical and complete analysis of the principles and problems involved in the art of happy marriage, written in a style at once clear and scholarly, but never pedantic or beyond the capacity of the average lay person for whom it is intended. The style is enriched with a wealth of concrete illustrations, so apt and true to life as to cause wonderment at the completeness of the author's psychological study of human nature and temperament.

Some of the early chapter headings, such as "Courtship and Common Sense," "The Purposes of Marriage," "What to Look For in a Mate," throw light upon the practical method of treatment employed. The physical and psychological aspects of love, courtship, and marriage



## New Fall Titles

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*Edited by*

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are supplemented by a summary of the canonical and moral obligations of the marital state, followed in turn by a practical discussion of the financial, educational, social, religious, and domestic problems family life entails. The author has outdone himself in striving to omit nothing that may be of practical import to the reader. In the chapter, for instance, on "The Preparation for the Marriage," we find norms of propriety governing the wedding, down to such trivia as tea for the bridesmaids and the technique of the "get-away" on the part of the honeymooners.

We earnestly recommend a careful reading of this book to every young couple contemplating the married state. It will serve as an excellent psychological preparation for this important step. It is an invaluable signpost pointing clearly to the principles and varied factors that make for stability and happiness in marriage. As such, it should prevent many a hasty, ill-advised union. It supplies the analysis, the calculation, that young people drawn by instinctive natural attraction so often fail to make.

**RALPH BALZER, C.P.**

### SMOKE OVER BIRKENAU

*By Jadwiga Szmaglewska. Translated by Jadwiga Rynas. 386 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50*

By January 1945, a total of about five million people were burned in the Nazi crematories of Oswiecim (Auschwitz) and Birkenau. While an overwhelming majority of them were Jews, the victims included a great number of Aryans—Poles, Russians, Yugoslavs, Czechs, Ukrainians, Dutch, Belgians, Estonians, and others. What happened to these inmates is told in a full-length description in this book which faces all the ugliness of this ill-famed death factory.

The author is a young Polish girl who lived in Birkenau from 1942, the time of her arrest by the Gestapo, until the liberation in 1945. Within that period, Miss Szmaglewska saw a morbid parade of thousands of prisoners, old and young, frightened and proud, of all nationalities and all social classes. Life consisted merely of a succession of moves from one barracks to another, from one death furnace to another, of constant arrivals of unfortunates, some of whom were immediately taken to the ever-active crematories never to be seen again. The book presents an unvarnished account of the indignities and moral degradation suffered by the prisoners. There are also stories of a somewhat different sort—of the kindness in some German souls, of the help given one inmate by another, and other dar-



**J. Szmaglewska**

ing deeds which kept the spirit and faith in human nature alive.

*Smoke over Birkenau* is a social document which underlines two points—the extreme lengths to which the Nazis did go, and the indestructibility of the core of human dignity which helped the wretched human beings to survive. The author did survive, her experiences bringing her to the attention of the Nuremberg court where she testified to the veracity of the information contained in her book.

**WALTER DUSHNYCK**

### THE EUROPEAN COCKPIT

*By William Henry Chamberlin. 330 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$4.00*

Few articulate observers of the world scene are better qualified to comment and to analyze than is Mr. Chamberlin. For his has been a long and distinguished record as a foreign correspondent.

In the summer and early fall of 1946, he revisited Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and Belgium. This book is not merely a report on the shambles he saw, and the despair and the ruin and the political floundering. It is an objective evaluation of causes, movements, fallacies, cures. The fundamental admission that must be made for any realistic recipe for peace is that all the fine talk of one world simply does not rest on facts. There are two worlds, and Europe is the cockpit for the struggle between Russia and the Western Powers.

Mr. Chamberlin assigns four fundamental reasons for the antagonism between America and Russia: the Communist dogma of conflict with capitalism; the habitual bad faith of the Russian Government, which has broken treaty after treaty; the Communist fifth columns in other countries; and the Russian quarantine on all access to news and information. Only since the beginning of this year has our foreign policy taken a realistic view of these facts of Soviet life. Appeasement has failed dismally. The only recourse now is to put that Europe back on its feet which is still west of the iron curtain. To do this effectively, Mr. Chamberlin urges a federated Europe. Such a powerful federation would be a formidable buffer to the tides of Soviet totalitarianism that threaten to spill farther, even to Italy and the Mediterranean, even to France and the Atlantic.

This is a sober but not gloomy appraisal of Europe, a penetrating but not a carping survey of American foreign policy. It is the sound, thoughtful type of book one has learned to expect from Mr. Chamberlin.

**DAVID BULMAN, C.P.**



**W. Chamberlin**

## DEMOCRACY AND EMPIRE IN THE CARIBBEAN

By Paul Blanshard. 379 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$5.00

If the Caribbean Sea is "An American Lake," as many of us like to call it, it is fitting that we should know something about it. The Caribbean serves to defend the Panama Canal, but it lies on our front doorstep as a potential bombshell. The explosive forces packed into its every corner are rendered doubly dangerous by the menace of Moscow.



P. Blanshard

The challenge of the Caribbean is that of democracy against imperialism. It is the challenge of brown and black populations who seek self-government, racial equality, economic and educational opportunities. Four nations are faced by these demands. Britain, France, the Netherlands, and the United States are the owners of the four colonial empires in the Caribbean. In their answers to these present and pressing problems lies the future course of Caribbean history.

Can the white man continue to hold a place with the darker populations of these areas? Or is he to be cast out, along with his outmoded methods of imperial rule, white supremacy, exploitation, and racial suppression? This is the central Caribbean question which the author has studied in the present volume. Paul Blanshard was from 1942 to 1946 an official of the State Department assigned to the Caribbean. He has made a thorough investigation of conditions in every part of that area.

In his report on the situation Mr. Blanshard is sharply critical of Dutch and British attitudes. Both, he says, are slow to face the serious problem. British intransigence, for instance, blocked the Duke of Windsor in his efforts to improve the Bahamas. The United States stands condemned not so much for its government policy—which, in Puerto Rico at least, is a model of progressive reform—but for the racial attitude of white supremacy which is held by the American people. "White supremacy" casts a black shadow—and spawns hatred.

The Catholic Church in the Caribbean is frequently mentioned, with approval or disapproval reflecting official attitudes.

HUGH H. BLAKE

## BOCCACCIO

By Francis MacManus. 306 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

Here is a carefully planned, richly drawn portrait of the not overpious raconteur of the Renaissance. On the whole it is a good book, ably written.

But, as the second volume in a series entitled "Great Writers of the World," it presents a problem.

To deserve a niche like that, Boccaccio should have made some "great" contribution to the literature of the world. A man is not a great writer merely because he has an elegant or a facile pen; nor because he shows signs of genius in writing a book that is frivolous or inconsequential.

Yet, even Mr. MacManus doesn't give evidence of being especially impressed by any of Giovanni Boccaccio's writings. There is room for regret always that he did not employ better his native gift as a writer. Boccaccio, illegitimate, early soured on the world, futilely apprenticed by his father to the study of business and, later, law, wrote: "I doubt not that if my father had been indulgent to my wishes while my mind was pliable in my younger years, I should have turned out one of the world's famous poets. The fact, however, is that through bending my abilities first to business and next to lucrative study, I failed to become either a merchant or a canonist, and missed the chance of becoming an illustrative poet."

Boccaccio was right! He is rather an unfortunate figure in literature than a great figure. He might have been great, but this book does little to convince the reader that he actually is a literary giant.

Naturally, it is comforting to know that he was orthodox in faith and died an edifying death—a fact that will come probably as a surprise to the vast majority of people whose knowledge of Boccaccio is limited to vulgar advertisements of the *Decameron*.

EUGENE FITZPATRICK, C.P.

## REVOLUTION BEFORE BREAKFAST

By Ruth and Leonard Greenup. 266 pages. The University of North Carolina Press. \$4.00

The "revolution" of the title was the comparatively placid overthrow of President Castillo's Argentine government on June 4, 1943; the "breakfast," presumably something dreamed up by Mrs. G., who devotes a chapter to the eating habits of Buenos Aires residents. Written in smartly brittle fashion, this chronicle of the impressions of the journalistic couple during their 1941-45 stay in the turbulent South American capital is seldom as amusing as it strives to be, but frequently is interesting and informative.

The Greenups in alternate chapters record the tempo of that segment of metropolitan Argentine life most likely to be encountered by two observant foreign language news reporters—which



L. Greenup

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### THE COURSE OF IRISH VERSE

by Robert Farren, traces the development of verse written in English by Irishmen ever since they first contracted the habit. It is the first book written on this rather fascinating subject, and it contains a liberal supply of poems to illustrate every step of the way. (\$2.50)

### THE DRY WOOD

by Caryl Chessler is an Event—her first novel. It is impossible to read it without laughing and we know of at least one hard boiled reader who also cried. The plot is slight, it's the character drawing, humor and underlying spirituality that make it such a treat. (\$3.00)

### THE WOMAN WHO WAS

POOR by Leon Bloy is a novel of quite another sort. Those who have only read about the author will be delighted to find that this savage old Christian really was a magnificent novelist. (\$3.00)

**SANCTITY WILL OUT** is not a novel, though it is by another great French novelist, Georges Bernanos. Because the Church is the Church of God, he says, you can't keep a good saint down. He takes St. Joan as the most extreme example of a saint canonized against terrific odds. (\$1.50)

### THE MANIFOLD MASS AND

**THE INVISIBLE CHILD** is the title of two little books in one, both by Father Martindale. The first is a play about what goes on in heaven when a Mass is said on earth, the second a series of incidents in which the Boy Christ intervenes in the affairs of men. (\$1.50)

**DEAR BISHOP** by Catherine de Hueck is the result of a bishop asking her to find out for him what the poor in a great city really think about religion. She found out all right and she sure tells him. (\$1.75)

To end with one more novel: **FISHERS OF MEN** by Maxence van der Meersch is a story about the J.O.C. in France just before the last war. Besides being a good story, we recommend it especially to anyone in Catholic Action of the J.O.C. sort. It shows well what they were up against, where they succeeded and where they failed. (\$3.00)

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was, as a matter of fact, the only segment that they did encounter. Their detailed inquiry into the prevalent national passions for gambling and the films, and their exposé of double standards of morality in business and family life, is disproportionate and even dull. The world and the flesh are too much with us to render novel or attractive Mrs. Greenup's account of the problems they create for the Father Ferrérs who never grace these pages.

It is in analyzing the proximate background, progress, and prospects of the Perón regime that the book is of considerable worth. Mr. Greenup evinces an appreciation of the social inequalities that have led to the free election of the self-enamored, personable, and ruthless army colonel who has promised an impoverished electorate the moon. The voters are discovering, and the Church in Argentina with them that, as in Italy and Germany, the price of even the appearance of security is personal and institutional liberty. While no breath of animus stirs these pages, the absence of many necessary distinctions and understandings makes the Church come off a totalitarian ogre.

The book is recommended for its reporting to those who can resist the temptation to become authorities after the reading, and who will accept the responsibility of examining further into the circumstances of the Church in Argentina. Our Holy Father, with the latter in mind, thinks more of souls than he fears brickbats, as he receives the opportunist Señora "Evita," or thanks the Argentine nation for its wheat to starving Europe.

GERARD S. SLOYAN

**THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS**

Translated by Francis X. Glimm,  
 Joseph Marique, S. J. and Gerald  
 Walsh, S. J. 401 pages, Cima Publishing Co. \$4.00

With this volume, a group of American scholars working under the general editorial direction of Dr. Ludwig Schopp launch a new series of translations aimed at presenting three hundred patristic works in as accurate and attractive an English dress as good scholarship can produce. The editors hint at the idealism motivating their undertaking when they preface this volume with a beautiful statement on the timelessness of patristic literature. Ignatius, Athanasius, Augustine, Irenaeus, Chrysostom, and other giants of the patristic era throw a challenge at every age, whether that age prides itself on its inquisitive spirit, its moral integrity, its cultural breadth, or any other aspect of wholesome humanism.

The Apostolic Fathers should engender enthusiasm for the proposed seventy-two volume series. The translators give us these early Christian classics in flavor-

some prose which has virility and vigor without sacrificing warmth. No one who loves the concept of an authoritative Church ruling in a spirit of charity can help being thrilled anew when he reads again Clement's *Epistle to the Corinthians*. No one who has ever admired the lovable personality of Ignatius of Antioch will regret a renewed acquaintance with this saint whom Father Walsh aptly describes as "a man of both ardor and order, with a heart large enough to hold tender human affections along with zealous pastoral solicitude, and a mind broad enough to range from the mysteries of angelology to practical matters of ecclesiastical and moral discipline." The ancient account of St. Polycarp's martyrdom is doubly edifying when read immediately after his exhortatory *Epistle to the Philippians*; and an understanding of the somewhat cryptic *Didache* is made easier by the concise but illuminating footnotes appended by Father Glimm.

The Letter of Barnabas, The Shepherd of Hermas, Letter to Diognetus, and The Fragments of Papias are also included in this first volume.

The work is sturdily bound in maroon fabrikoid, with gold-lettered titles set on blue backgrounds. Even physically considered, the series should be a beautifying asset in any Catholic library.

DENIS O'FARREL

**FORCED LABOR IN SOVIET RUSSIA**

By David J. Dallin and  
 Boris I. Nicolaevsky. 331 pages.  
 Yale University Press. \$3.75

Communists like to remind us that the dignity of the worker has often been despised in the name of free enterprise, and that racial discrimination is an economic device primarily intended to perpetuate the availability of cheap labor. And we should be reminded of such things. But the agitators who damn capitalism and prate rapturously about the Soviet way of life usually refuse to face the ugly truth that modern Russia has presided over a resurgence of slavery which debases men almost beyond our Western comprehension, makes forced labor the basis of the Soviet economy, and accounts for the necessity of iron curtains, NKVD's, a government-controlled press, and a complex network of espionage.

Forced Labor in Soviet Russia aims at presenting not only eyewitness accounts of life in Russian labor camps today, but also an analysis of the origin and development of the Soviet slave system throughout the entire Communist experiment. Samples of the depressing facts presented in the book are these: 16 per cent of Russia's adult male popu-



David J. Dallin



lution is engaged in slave labor; there are more forced laborers in Russia than there are people in the entire State of New York or throughout all of Canada; slave labor in the Kolyma regions was driven at the killing rate required to mine 500 metric tons of gold per annum (the output of all the rest of the world on the eve of the World War II was only 32.6 million ounces or about 900 metric tons); and for every metric ton mined in the Kolyma, from 700 to 1000 men died—almost one human life for every kilogram of gold!

Mr. Dallin should be familiar to readers of *THE SIGN* as one of the best-informed students of Russian imperialism writing today. The book is largely his work; Mr. Nicolaevsky contributed one chapter, and five other writers with recent experience in Soviet penal camps supplied the first-hand accounts of the slave labor system as it works with all its unrelieved brutishness. *Forced Labor in Soviet Russia* is a reference book which will appeal primarily to close students of international affairs.

RAYMOND DURRELL

#### BLESSED MARGARET CLITHEROW

By Margaret T. Monro. 108 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00

In a day when jails were packed with nonconformists and all England was being systematically cowed into the rejection of Catholicism, Margaret Clitherow gave the world an unforgettable portrayal of "the valiant woman." Only three women actually endured martyrdom for their faith during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and Margaret was one of them. Mother of three children for whom she secured a Catholic education at a time when such an achievement amounted to treason, Margaret was finally accused of harboring priests and allowing them to offer Mass in her home; the accusations were true, but the implications of infidelity to her queen and to her husband were stoutly denied by Mistress Clitherow. She refused to plead her case before a jury lest her own children be forced to testify against her. So on March 25, 1586, at Toll Booth in England, Margaret, according to the sentence reserved for stubborn prisoners like her, was stripped naked, fastened to the floor with a sharp stone under her back, covered with a door, and crushed to death with heavy weights. Those who knew her readily concurred with her Protestant husband who called her "the best wife in all England, and the best Catholic also."

Recognizing Margaret as the central figure in the resistance movement around York, politicians and Protestant ministers used every device to make her apostatize. But the clarity with which she stated her convictions was matched only by the intrepidity with which she

prepared to carry them into action. When wily men tried to make her believe she was abandoning her children by adhering to her Catholicism, she answered them with the beautiful and vigorous simplicity of an unlettered woman who understood her martyrdom no less than her motherhood: "I confess death is fearful, and flesh is frail; yet I mind my God's assistance to spend my blood in this faith as willingly as ever I put my paps to my children's mouths."

Miss Monro tells the story of Margaret Clitherow without needless embellishment. There is drama enough in Margaret's own words and in the events of her troublous times.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

#### YOU'RE THE BOSS

By Edward J. Flynn. 235 pages. The Viking Press. \$3.00

Mr. Flynn's qualifications for explaining practical politics rests upon his twenty-five years as leader of the Democratic organization in Bronx County, New York, and his experience in national affairs. In this book his major thesis is that the average voter is, in the last analysis, the most potent political boss in the country.

The Bronx boss, heading the largest Democratic county north of the Mason-Dixon Line, lays most of his emphasis on the functioning of a typical county political machine. He leaves no doubt that he rules his own organization with an iron hand, though he concedes that any member may challenge his leadership. At the same time he assures us that the consequence of successful rebellion is political oblivion. Since the game is played that way, it becomes difficult to see how the average voter could say, "You're the Boss," even to himself, and mean it.

As an exposition of the tightly run political machine, this book offers a well-rounded picture. Unfortunately the same cannot be said for Mr. Flynn's description of his role in the national scene, nor of his mission to Russia for the late President Roosevelt. In these portions the reader becomes aware that Mr. Flynn is telling far less than he knows.

In the national scene Mr. Flynn ranks Mr. Roosevelt as the smartest American politician of his time, followed by the late Governor Alfred E. Smith and former Mayor F. H. LaGuardia in that order. While he hints at the color and vigor of such personalities, Mr. Flynn prefers to portray them in black and white. He uses little of the human interest and anecdotal material that would bring his characters out full-bodied and alive.

WILLIAM CONKLIN



E. J. Flynn

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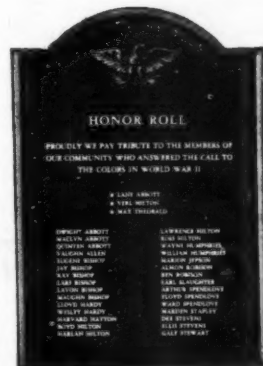
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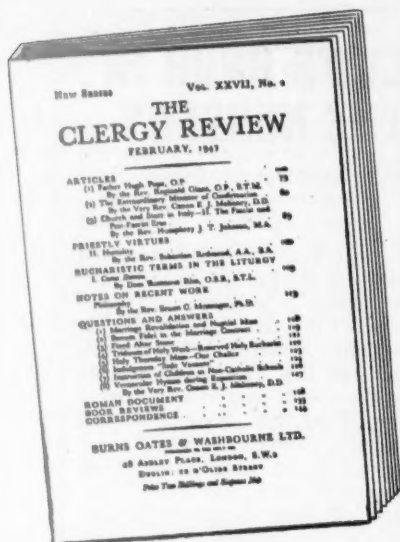
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### STRUGGLE ON THE VELD

By Roderick Peattie. 264 pages. Vanguard Press. \$3.50

The author of this very readable book holds the chair of geography at Ohio State University and is the editor of the American Mountain Series travel books. It is understandable, therefore, that his war years, spent in publicizing the United States for the O.W.I. in South Africa, should have led him to translate his keen travel sense and geographer's knowledge into tangible form.



R. Peattie

The people of South Africa, colored (Bantu), Afrikaner, Indian, and British, are all interestingly and sympathetically portrayed, though there is a slight show of feeling against the British. The loveliness of certain characteristics of the Bantu, his strange customs, his history, his depressed economic and social life, stand out with especial vividness. Although Peattie stresses several times that there is no analogy between the situation of the Bantu in Africa and the Negro in America, he nevertheless draws some comparison himself.

Occasionally the style is almost in diary form and descends to the personal, but usually it is that of the reporting journalist, who at the same time has the scholar's desire to probe beneath the surface not only for accurate detail, but for an understanding of the dynamism of the social structure, its organization, and its meaning for the various social classes as well as for the nation as a functioning whole. Nobody who wishes to know more about South Africa, either because of its current topical interest or because of its strategic geographical position, will regret the purchase of this book.

EVA J. ROSS

### SHORT NOTICES

**OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.** By George Lee, C.S.Sp. 384 pages. The Catholic Book Publishing Co. \$2.00. Any authentic account of the Mother of God and her dealings with her children is worthy of consideration, for it increases love and devotion to the loveliest of all God's creatures. This alone would be enough to make us welcome Father Lee's account of the apparitions of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Patroness of the Americas. But it has much more to recommend it. While not technical, it is a scholarly presentation which incorporates sound teaching on the role of Mary as the Mother of men. As such it is well designed to excite a love for Mary which will correspond to that love in her who manifested such motherly solicitude at Guadalupe.

The publisher has presented Father Lee's work in an attractive binding evidencing good workmanship.

**FOR THEE ALONE.** By H. J. Beutler, C.M., 227 pages. B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50. A man who can preface his religious conferences with a clear-cut outline has an immediate asset in the winning of attention—the appeal of orderliness. With the speed of a single glance a religious can see what Father Beutler has to offer on such subjects as the love of God, voluntary poverty, methods of prayer, fraternal correction, mutual forbearance, attitudes toward sickness, and other such vital topics. And the glance at his outlines invites further investigation of the conferences which promise to be and are appetizing and meaty fare. Father Beutler makes no effort to be brilliant or lyrical when writing about the religious life, but he does say some elementally wise things with the conviction of one who has found in them a recipe for happiness.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE SUNDAY COLLECTS.

By Sister Mary Gonzaga Haessly, O.U., 132 pages. The Grail. \$2.00. The collects of the Roman Missal are classic specimens of a literature which embodies a rich deposit of doctrine in an almost austere terseness of expression. In them we find the keynote of liturgical piety, and they sound the theme which is re-echoed throughout the Mass and which imparts the spirit proper to each season of the liturgical year. Sister Mary Gonzaga originally interested herself in the Collects when preparing a doctoral dissertation aimed at investigating the rhetoric evidenced in these prayers. Her scientific work was apparently supplemented by profound meditation, which bears fruit in the pregnant paragraphs written by her when she explains "The Gist of the Prayer." This is extraordinarily provocative spiritual reading.

**THE SCHOOL OF LOVE.** By Archbishop Alban Goodier, S.J., 141 pages. The Grail. \$1.50. In presenting an American edition of Archbishop Goodier's smaller works on Christian piety, the Grail offers American readers easy access to a fund of wisdom garnered by a mind enriched with a deep understanding of human nature and set down by a pen geared for facile expression. *The School of Love* takes up such topics as loneliness, human cravings, living in the present, piety and pietism, trouble, woman, the lay apostolate, and other down-to-earth subjects of interest to all of us who have our share of human hopes and human frailties. Other works of the Archbishop now available are *The Meaning of Life*, *The Prince of Peace*, and *Jesus Christ, the Son of God*.

### REVIEWERS

HUGH BLAKE, M.A., is a graduate of Boston College and has been teaching at the Middletown Collegiate Center.

WILLIAM R. CONKLIN has been with the *New York Times* since 1925 and has been a close student of local politics.

WALTER DUSHNYCK is on the editorial staff of *America* and has recently published a work entitled *Refugees Are People*.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE, Ph.D., author of *The Novel and Society*, teaches English at Brooklyn College.

REV. GERARD SLOYAN, Ph.D., has recently completed postgraduate work at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.



# Fiction in Focus



By JOHN S. KENNEDY

**The Years of the Locust** by Loula Grace Erdman

**Gus the Great** by Thomas W. Duncan  
**House Divided** by Ben Ames Williams  
**Proud Destiny** by Lion Feuchtwanger  
**The Great Tide** by Rubylea Hall  
**Way of Life** by A. Hamilton Gibbs

**The Years of the Locust** by Loula Grace Erdman

► The Dodd, Mead-Redbook Prize Novel Award of \$10,000 has been won by this wholesome, diverting story. Laid in Missouri farm country, which is attractively painted, it centers in Dade Kenzie. As the book opens, Dade dies at the age of eighty. A wise, understanding, generous man, he has been the mainstay of the lives of numerous people. As word of his death spreads, as the funeral preparations are made, as the services are held, as the mourners prepare to return to their regular pursuits, these people recall the years they have known him. Thus are many hearts bared, many lives charted, a family history pieced together, the relations in a small community traced, a man's impact on kindred and friends shown.

The device is a fresh variation on an old technique, here deftly and effectively employed. The characters are well studied and successfully brought to life. A bonanza of common sense on many matters, especially the elements of a happy marriage, is skillfully mined by the author, who avoids preachment and concretizes her wisdom in the doings of authentic and appealing human beings. There is one minor false note: a sour, prying, exasperating spinster is made the proponent of such ideas as the evil of divorce and the reality of hell.

(Dodd, Mead. \$2.75)

**Gus the Great** by Thomas W. Duncan

► Mr. Duncan is writing of a small circus, but in the Ringling Brothers manner: 703 pages, and more going on than any one person can possibly take in. The title character is Gus Burgoyne, illegitimate son of a magnanimous trollop, persecuted by a mean uncle, befriended by a newspaperman, going into journalism himself, then into managing an amusement park, falling in love with a charming schoolteacher, marrying for

money a woman he despises, getting his own circus, becoming involved in divers difficulties and dishonesties, losing his only child, running off with an animal tamer's wife, being left in the lurch by her, deprived of his circus, ending almost penniless, middle-aged, in disrepute, but sure that he will again hit what he considers the heights.

Gus is a sleazy specimen morally, and, although the author would have one admire him, he leaves one cold, probably because the "good" people in the narrative are so spitefully caricatured. The story is in large part incredible, especially in the long sections given to the animal tamer and in the utterly preposterous conclusion. The narrative does not follow one line consistently, but keeps darting off into dense thickets of subplot. The author cannot resist manufacturing an elaborate history for every least character; the full absurdity of this appears in an irrelevant review of the antecedents of a policeman who does no more than stop Gus for a traffic violation. There is some unspeakably bad writing; the English language takes a worse mauling than the animal tamer. The nadir is reached when, in a love scene, Gus's "very tonsils quivered with excitement." Stop!

(Lippincott. \$3.50)

**House Divided** by Ben Ames Williams

► Most of the books reviewed here this month are whoppers, but Mr. Williams's is a whale: 1514 large pages are packed with the story of four generations of the Currains. They are an aristocratic, proud, and wealthy Southern family, living a pleasant and leisurely life until the outbreak of the Civil War. Then death comes to some of them, ruin to most of them, heartbreak to all of them. They bitterly detest Lincoln, whom they look on as ruffian and solely responsible for the conflict. But then they find that they are related to him, that he is their father's grandson by an extramarital liaison. This discovery intensifies the hatred with which some of them regard the President, but others, realizing his great qualities and coming to see the issues more objectively, take pride in the relationship and look to Lincoln to bring peace after the fratricidal strife

## JUST PUBLISHED HUNTER OF SOULS

By Rev. Father Edmund, C.P.

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Obviously the book is too long, but it is not bloated. Its size is accounted for by the author's intention of giving an over-all picture of the war, with its social, political, and economic background and ramifications; its military progress closely followed (including an exhaustive and highly controversial picture of the Battle of Gettysburg); and its effect on Richmond and typical country places. Despite its awkwardness, occasional tedium, lack of distinction in the writing, it does hold one's interest and evoke a certain amount of respect as a re-creation of history and a narrative feat. For the most part Mr. Williams avoids the lapses into cheapness and facile melodrama which have marred some of his other novels, but these are found here and there (most notably in the case of the noble loose woman), and there is regrettable recourse to certain stereotypes of character and situation common to Civil War quickies.

(Houghton Mifflin, \$5.00)

### Proud Destiny by Lion Feuchtwanger

Mr. Feuchtwanger's 625-page recital covers a few months in Paris in the year after the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence. In the foreground are Benjamin Franklin, a sage and hero to the French, who is trying to get monetary and military assistance for the embattled colonies; Pierre Caron de Beaumarchais, author of *The Barber of Seville*, who has risked his last penny to provide arms and supplies to the colonies; and Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the latter capriciously but efficaciously prevailing on the former to help the new nation.

Although character and action get considerable and frequently telling attention from the author, his principal concern is with ideas, free-thinking and Freudian. The American Revolution, as he depicts it, is part of a slow, tremendous historical process of radical change which still goes on. Voltaire is represented as "the father of the American republic," and the Encyclopedists as its precursors and guiding spirits. The villain of the piece is the Catholic Church in particular and supernatural religion in general. "To knock down the whole obscene structure and scatter the worthless dust and rubbish" of these is the indispensable condition of progress. Reason, autonomous and unaided, will bring mankind out of ignorance, slavery, and unhappiness. When?

His thesis is hammered home by every device at the author's command. A certain dryness and ponderousness make one doubt that the book will be read from cover to cover by many, but Mr. Feuchtwanger's prestige and the Literary Guild's distribution guarantee that its arbitrary and prejudicial thesis will get wide attention and, perhaps, acceptance. (Viking, \$3.50)

## The Great Tide by Rubylea Hall

► This devotes 535 pages to chronicling nine years in the life of Caline Cohran. In June 1835 Caline was seventeen and celebrated her birthday at the family home in the backwoods of Florida. She was beautiful and bewitching. One man was desperately in love with her, a second was striving to resist loving her, a third ignored her love of him. She married the fourth, a man close to fifty who was wealthy, a power in the territory, and a leading citizen of the rowdy new city of St. Joseph. Caline did not love her husband, but wanted the money and position he could give her. In St. Joseph she enjoyed for awhile the lavish living and the endless excitement. But these were not wholly satisfying. She turned to a man of shady reputation and imagined herself in love with him. Then yellow fever all but depopulated the garish city, sending Caline home to the backwoods where she had to nurse her ailing and impoverished husband. There she realized the futility of her life to date, the emptiness of her regard for the blackguard, the merits of the man who tried to forget her only to find that love her he must. At the end, she is waiting for her husband's death that she may marry the faithful swain.

This is a familiar routine with a new setting. It is fairly well handled, especially in its depiction of the backwoods community and the febrile boom city. The various amours are flimsy, if highly colored, and, although Caline meets retribution and comes to her senses, her adulterous dalliance is too vividly and sympathetically represented. (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3.50)

## Way of Life by A. Hamilton Gibbs

► An American soldier is stationed at a camp near an English town. He is welcomed into the home of a man who, in the first World War, lost one arm and has since lived in retirement, cursing the wickedness of statesmen and other leaders which has brought the world into another war. The soldier marries the Englishman's daughter. Shortly thereafter he goes into battle and is seriously wounded in the arm. He returns. He and his father-in-law discuss the state of humanity, the prospects for its future; he and his wife discuss their own future. She has a baby, and he rants and runs berserk until its delivery.

This is all that happens in a prolonged, talky, and almost always hysterical piece, which spells its chapters with ironic excerpts from the news of the day. The folly of humanity suicide bent is undeniable. But the author does not help matters (and certainly does not achieve anything resembling a good novel) by railing violently and profanely and offering no scrap of constructive suggestion. (Little, Brown. \$2.75)

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Candidates interested in devoting their lives to teaching, nursing, or care of the destitute for the glory of the Sacred Heart in the home or foreign missions are invited to write to:  
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Bernhardt P.O. Reading, Pa.

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conduct the St. Bernard's and the St. George's Hospitals, Chicago, Illinois. Young Ladies interested in devoting their lives in Religion to the care of the sick, address, Rev. Mother Superior, 6337 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

## FRANCISCAN CONVENT

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Franciscan Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of the Order of St. Francis. Community represented in the Diocese of Peoria, Green Bay, and Archdiocese of New York. Candidates to the Sisterhood may apply to:

**MOTHER GENERAL, 767 - 30th ST.,**  
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Young lady, yes, YOU who read this notice, would you not like to follow such a Christ-like mission? For further information apply to Reverend Mother Superior, 1624 Poplar St., Philadelphia 30, Pa.

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## IS OUR LORD CALLING YOU TO BE A MISSIONARY NUN?

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Young women interested in practical nursing including domestic work, are invited to write to the Sisters of St. Elizabeth who devote their lives to God in Nursing Homes for invalid, crippled and blind women. No special educational requirements are demanded. Such women who have passed the age of 30 but still give promise of becoming good religious, too are encouraged to make inquiries and write to:

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## LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

## Color Scheme—"Inspirational!"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

... Of course I don't want to get lyrical, but this story is one of the most inspirational I have ever read. ...

DOROTHY GRANT

Dorchester, Mass.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

... The delicacy with which Mr. Cormier has pointed up a problem is in the finest taste. He arouses sympathy for Richy and yet makes you realize how wrong Richy was. The hostility is toward the system that makes such human hurts inevitable. It is a long, long time before we can educate ourselves and others to love others as children of God, no matter the color. But until that day comes, Richy's mother is so right. And it is that that makes this story memorable for me. ...

GORDON MURPHY

Buffalo, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

... I'm glad you printed it. It shows you haven't only got truth on your side, you've got guts. But brother, are you going to get fireworks as a result! ...

ARTHUR KOLINSKI

Washington, D. C.

## The Ministers And Tito

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In view of the recent report by some left-wing Protestant ministers—better known for their hatred of the Catholic Church than for their devotion to Christianity—whitewashing the religious policy of the Tito regime in Yugoslavia, I would like to call the attention of your readers to a recent book. It is *Tito's Imperial Communism*, by R. H. Markham, published by the University of North Carolina Press, and selling for \$4.00. The author is a former Congregationalist missionary and was for many years the Balkan correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. He is one of the best-informed American writers on Balkan affairs.

Please note the contrast between what he says and what the ministers reported. Says Mr. Markham:

"American Protestants may sit back and rejoice as Tito's Communists persecute the two old 'political churches.' ... But the Yugoslav Communists, in their aims and acts, are working against the Christian religion in all its forms. A true Protestant Christian will find that an alliance, even in his heart, with Tito against non-Protestant churches is as a 'pact with death and a conspiracy with hell.'"

Those are strong words, especially from a man who calls himself a "rather aggressive Protestant." But men who can fawn on a Communist dictator and tolerate so easily the stench of Communist outrages would hardly be restrained even by fear of a "pact with death and a conspiracy with hell."

JOSEPH R. SHERWIN

Washington, D. C.



## Concerning OPA

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your arguments as to why the OPA's abolition was "dismally wrong," are as wrong in themselves as you assert the abolition was. In the first place you cannot consistently be against Communism and be for an OPA. It was unconstitutional and not only that but became a crawling octopus filled with a horde of greedy men who sought that means for power. It was just another taxpayer's burden. Besides, it is not the fault of "free competition," as you would lead people to believe, which has sent prices skyward but human greed, to say nothing of our having to support the whole world with foodstuffs as well as money.

Your argument as to federal control smacks of New Dealism and does you no credit. As for federal control being as beneficial as you would have people believe, all one has to do to see the fallacy in that is to look around at what Franklin D. Roosevelt and his cohorts have done to the world. And when it comes to "profits," why don't you mention what labor is getting now? Twenty dollars a day to some and plasterers getting twenty-three. The true facts are that people cannot afford to build houses when out of a \$9000 house labor gets practically \$7000. I trust someone with a more potent pen than mine will really take your editorial apart.

LEON V. ALMIRALL

Denver, Colo.

## Meat Prices and OPA

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The meat prices since the end of the OPA are higher on the legitimate market, the quality better (not all grass-fed beef), and the supply is plentiful. Meat in Carrollton is still under one dollar a pound. The black market, according to an anonymous black-market dealer writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, was over one dollar a pound for meat. In the OPA days meat was scarce and a virtual meat famine occurred. The quality also was poor. You can't beat the law of supply and demand. I'm of the opinion that the OPA should lie buried.

D. R. MARTIN, M.D.

Carrollton, Illinois

## An Appeal

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I ask that you publish this letter on behalf of a group of women in Columbus, Ohio, who spend their free hours in mailing Catholic reading matter and religious articles to tuberculosis hospitals?

Many of the patients who request such material are in sanatoriums where there is no chaplain or religious activity of any kind, and they are in great need of spiritual assistance. A number of those requesting our help are veterans of the recent war.

Perhaps some of your readers would be kind enough to supply us with a few of the following articles: hand crucifixes, scapulars, rosaries (broken pieces are welcome), pamphlets, pictures, medals, magazines, etc.

(Miss) MARIAN T. MURRAY

1345 E. Livingston Ave.  
Columbus, Ohio

October, 1947

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## Marshall Plan—Observer

[Continued from Page 19]

brings an almost 100 per cent assurance of war, the Europeans believe that by striving for a 100 per cent independent Europe, they are diminishing the chances of war by at least 50 per cent.

It is time for the United States also to start on a new road and, after crushing the tentacles of past ill-fated agreements, return to the traditional American policy of support to freedom and justice everywhere.

The magnificent exchange of letters between the Holy Father and President Truman could be a starting point. To quote the *New York Times*' words describing the reaction of Catholic circles in Rome to this historic exchange of messages: "In their view the official joining of the Catholic Church as the greatest spiritual force and the United States as the strongest lay power in the Christian world is a logical sequel to the current United States policy of firmness, as embodied in the Truman Doctrine, against what is termed Russian imperialism."

If these forces are really to be united for the preservation of Christian civilization, the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan are not enough as expressions of the American program. They must be extended to a new policy that would express an American decision to defend the rights of people and nations everywhere.

First, however, the Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam agreements must be denounced as having been violated by Russia and be declared null and void. America must be purified from the blot these agreements and their consequences have left on her record before history. The ground must be cleared from all immoral and dishonest commitments before new action begins. A crusade for the liberation of all countries enslaved by Russia and for the reconstruction of the whole of Europe as a free and Christian continent should be proclaimed as the open goal of United States policy. Support should be given to all constructive European plans of unification and federation, with the exclusion, of course, of the makeshift Soviet programs that masquerade under a similar label. America must become again the symbol of hope to all people and nations seeking freedom and justice. Mutilated and discouraged Europe will be the first to appreciate and welcome this American leadership which alone can return to that ancient continent its old glory. It is only then that the United States will fulfill the task of the "strongest lay power" in the world, determined to work alongside the Catholic Church, "the greatest spiritual force," for a better future of humanity.

# the P (H) CHINA



Faith Marches On

Silver Jubilee  
MISSION SUPPLEMENT



# Neither Principalities Nor Powers ....Famine Nor The Sword....!

By WENDELIN MOORE, C.P.

## Passionists twenty-five years in Hunan. Installation of Bishop marks progress

THE Feast of the Ascension will ever be a memorable day in Western Hunan. For it was on this day that the *Vicariate* of Yüanling became the *Diocese* of Yüanling, and the Most Reverend Cuthbert Martin O'Gara, C.P., the first Bishop of the new Diocese.

Nine o'clock of Ascension morning found the Cathedral Church of St. Augustine in readiness for the historic ceremonies. The wartime camouflage paint had been removed and now in gleaming coat of buff and white, it stood out proudly in the morning sun. Inside, all was prepared for the Solemn Pontifical Mass—the altar tastefully adorned with the flowers of the season, the sanctuary and the Bishop's throne hung with rich draperies of green. Contrasting with the green of the sanctuary, yet harmonizing with it, was the scarlet silk festooning from the gallery at the rear. In between these brilliant colors the newly varnished pews were thronged with the expectant congregation—the highest ranking civil and military officials of Yüanling as well as representatives of every organization of the city, delegates sent by the other missions of the diocese and the local Catholics.

From each pillar of the church, banners of green silk with embossed characters in white told the story of the day and the motif of the occasion in elegant Chinese poetry. The banners were the gift of the Catholics of Yüanling, and the poetry the composition of local Catholic artists. The sentiments and the poetry emblazoned on the banners were elegant and choice enough to absorb the minds of the most fastidious of the pagan scholars of the congregation, and deeply spiritual enough to nourish the souls and quicken the faith of the lowliest of the Catholics.

Freely translated and in cumbersome prose, here are a few of the thoughts that served as prologue to the ceremonies. "The Angel (the same name given our Blessed Lord in the prayer of the Mass after the Consecration) has ascended into heaven and diffused His grace over the whole earth. That grace has now reached Yüanling and created the new diocese and its first Bishop. Grace will continue to flow into Yüanling as the Yuan River does. . . . A ladder has now been raised to Heaven up which the flock may ascend. . . . God has raised up this Bishop that through him the people may receive the grace that otherwise they could not obtain. . . ."

Joyfully the church bell rang out for the commencement of the ceremonies. To the accompaniment of the traditional "*Ecce Sacerdos*" rendered by our high-school girls' choir, the procession moved up the aisle, the cynosure of all eyes—the cross-bearer and acolytes followed by the Passionist priests of the entire diocese, and the Spanish, Italian, and

Chinese Fathers of the neighboring dioceses of Changteh and Changsha; the visiting Spanish Bishop with his chaplains, the Most Reverend Gerard Hererro, O.S.A.; then the Bishop-Elect of Yüanling, the Most Reverend Cuthbert M. O'Gara, C.P., with his chaplains, Fathers Germain and Harold; and finally the Delegate (for this occasion) of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, the Metropolitan of the Archiepiscopal See of Changsha, His Excellency, the Most Reverend Petronius Lacchio, O.F.M. Robed in the trailing Cappa Magna of Franciscan gray, blessing the kneeling congregation as he passed, Archbishop Lacchio, with his handsome, intellectual face and penetrating, kindly eyes, looked every inch the prelate, a worthy Delegate of the Holy Father. As the procession moved on "unto the altar of God" many must have been struck by the same thought. Here truly are the United Nations, the One World ideal realized—Spanish, Italian, Chinese, Canadian, Belgian, Irish, and American priests all united in the love of God and the brotherhood of Christ!

When the Bishop and clergy had taken their places in the sanctuary, a brief synopsis of the Papal Bull erecting the Diocese of Yüanling and appointing Bishop O'Gara was read and explained to the people by the Chinese priest, the Reverend Michael Yang, an Augustinian Father of the diocese of Changteh. Then according to canonical prescription, the Most Reverend Archbishop, as the representative of the Holy Father, promulgated the Bull by reading the complete Latin text, and thereby raised Yüanling to diocesan status and conveyed the Holy Father's appointment to Bishop O'Gara.

Besides the many canonical effects of this change from a *vicariate* to a *diocese*, the creation of the diocese of Yüanling has one grand and gratifying significance that all can understand and rejoice over. It means that the Faith has been firmly and permanently established here. This is the official acknowledgment on the part of the Holy Father

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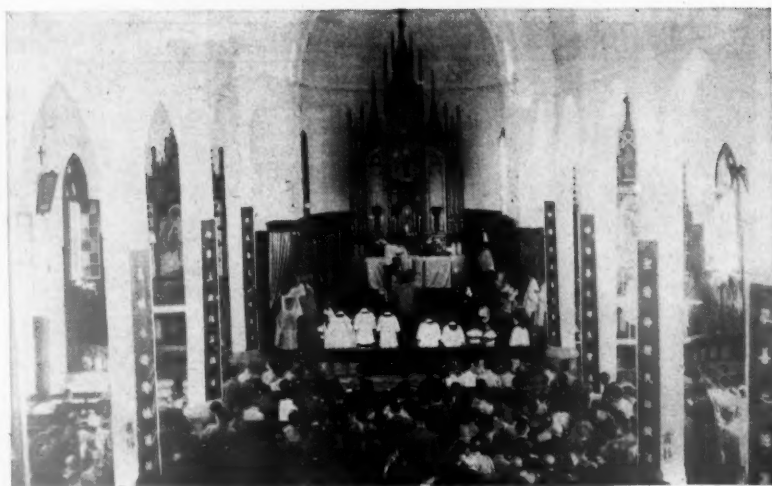
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Wartime map reveals isolated position of Passionist mission district. Jap occupation indicated by blacked-out area



**Installation of Bishop O'Gara in Yüanling**

that the Catholic Church is flourishing in the district of Yüanling and has come to stay. It means that "the blood, sweat, and tears" of the missionaries—the Passionists, the Sisters of Charity of Convent Station, N. J., the Sisters of St. Joseph of Baden, Pa.—have not been in vain. The seed cast into the ground has fructified. It means that during the past twenty-five years, neither diabolical fury nor pagan superstition, neither the periodical and raging famines with pestilence in their wake, nor the almost continual and desolate wars could prevent the love of Christ and the triumphant march of the Faith from coming to this stricken land and its pitiful people. Neither principalities nor powers, famine nor the sword. . . . !

The elevation of Yüanling to diocesan status at this time happily coincides with the Silver Jubilee of the Passionists in China. Just twenty-five years ago the first band of Passionists, five priests and one lay brother, arrived in Hunan. The district assigned to these pioneer missionaries formerly had been part of the vicariate of the Spanish Augustinian Fathers of Changteh and embraced an area of 15,000 square miles. It had a population of 5,000,000 and of this number 2,000 were Catholics, either already baptized or preparing for baptism.

Perhaps this little band of missionaries in their youthful enthusiasm and untempered zeal had come thinking the poor benighted pagan was eagerly awaiting the day of liberation, groping for the light and the truth, and would flock into the church once the doors were opened. Perhaps they had come to scatter a new Pentecostal fire on the earth, with dreams of journeying up and down the land, preaching Christ Crucified and gathering in multitudes. If so, they must have been disappointed. They found themselves in one of the most backward provinces of China, among a people at least two hundred years behind in the

march of civilization. They found a people for the most part unlettered and untutored whose main concern was for the daily bread of this life and who were walled around with centuries-old superstition, idolatry, and devil worship. There were no roads along which they might journey bringing the glad tidings of the Gospel save the highway of the river and bandit-infested footpaths trodden out of the wilderness by the weary steps of the natives.

These priests had come with funds and plans for the erection of churches, schools, and dispensaries—for everything that would aid in the spreading of the Gospel. And they walked right into the midst of a wide spread famine and raging pestilence. All their plans had to be abandoned for the emergency, and all their funds went for the care of the sick and the feeding of the hungry. Thus was set the pattern and the way of the Faith in these parts. Never in the whole twenty-five years has there been a sustained period of peace and prosperity during which the missionary could devote all his energy to the propagation of the Faith. Every advance in this diocese has been made over a hurdle. Progress and disaster have paced each other through the years.

This gallant company of pioneers (of whom but one now remains to China, the present Religious Superior, the Very Reverend Raphael Vance, C.P.) was later reinforced by two more groups and in 1924 were joined by the sizeable number of thirteen new missionaries. By 1926 there were twenty-five priests in the field, all with at least two years of language study that fitted them now for active missionary work. The first groups of Sisters of Charity and Sisters of St. Joseph had also arrived. Hopes were high for missionary activity and accomplishment in 1926. But that year brought one of the worst famines in the history of this famine-stricken land. Epidemics

of smallpox, typhoid, and cholera added to the toll of misery. Exposed to disease and called upon for help during almost twenty-four hours of the day, priests and Sisters worked to the point of exhaustion. They realized when the famine was finally over that their labors for a patiently suffering people had bound them closer than ever to the Chinese.

Hardly was there time for recuperation when in the following year Communist armies drove northward from Canton. Warned to leave Hunan in January 1927, the missionaries had remained at their posts until May. By that time their resources were cut off, and their presence a menace to the Christians. Communist hordes came sweeping through the entire mission field, scattering the missionaries before them, defiling and desecrating, looting and burning the missions.

When the Communists had been driven out of the district, back came the missionaries to begin all over again. Truly it was like another beginning; back-breaking, discouraging work, cleaning up the debris, repairing the churches and buildings for occupancy and use again. Soldiers on the rampage can gut a building as devastatingly and completely as a fire, and those buildings that had not been burned, had suffered equally from the vengeful fury of the Red hatred of the church.

After two years of reconstruction, disaster struck once more. This time it was a disheartening blow in the deaths of four priests within three days. Fathers Godfrey, Walter, and Clement, returning to their missions after making their annual retreat at Yüanling, were murdered at the hands of bandits—the first American priests to give up their lives in a violent shedding of blood for the cause of Christ and the Chinese Missions. Two days later, Father Constantine died of fever.

In 1931, the Prefecture remodeled and enlarged the Yüanling Convent of the Sisters of Charity, but the same pattern prevailed for the Sisters too. Upon the convent's completion and before occupancy, fire razed it to the ground, and further sorrow came to the Sisters in the death, from cholera, of Sister Devota.

In 1934 honors and prestige were bestowed upon the struggling prefecture. The district was raised to the status of a vicariate and Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., consecrated Bishop. Pacing this mark of progress and advance was its accompanying setback. The Reds once more drove into the district. All plans for celebrating the Bishop's consecration had to be abandoned. Once more were the missions emptied, many looted and destroyed, the missionaries dispersed. Two letters, written at that



time to Bishop O'Gara, one by Father Raphael and another by Father Anthony, graphically describe the peril of the missionaries and the wanton fury of the Communists. It is fitting to quote from them here, for they serve as a grim reminder of the fate of the Church and her missionaries should the Communists in these days emerge victorious from the present conflict.

Father Raphael wrote:

Dear Bishop:

In Supu we lost everything—even what we had hidden. The furniture was either destroyed or burned. Each of the out-stations suffered the same. Your Excellency can well imagine the confusion the day we left Supu. We had eighty studying doctrine. Each had to flee carrying his own belongings—no porters could be had. Father Dominic had been in bed sick for ten days. Again we could obtain no sedan-chair or carriers. We used a chair from our porch. Our friends, the carpenters and masons, acted as porters. We can never forget what the boss carpenter (a pagan) did to help us.

For five days we traveled through Red-infested territory. The three men catechists, Augustine Li, Paul Hu, and Thaddeus Chang, left their families and took care of us along the way. They could not have done more for us if they had been our own children. For five nights, they did not sleep but kept watch. During the day, one would travel about five li ahead of our party, in order to make sure we fell into no trap; and one day when a carrier broke down, Paul Hu carried the heavy baskets. The catechists lost everything they had except the clothes on their backs. God will certainly bless them for their heroic efforts to help the church and save the priests from harm. . . .

Father Anthony wrote of the havoc wrought in the mission at Chenki. After fleeing at the first approach of the Reds, Fathers Anthony and James had doubled back when the Reds left the city. He wrote:

We reached the river bank opposite Chenki. We were wet, muddy, and hungry. There we met some officers who were able to furnish fairly reliable information. The city, so they said, was safe. We got a boat, crossed, and made a dash for the mission. The place was desolation itself. What havoc wrought by the Communists during their short stay! The buildings were standing, for that we can be grateful, but all furnishings had been either carted away or wantonly wrecked. I took a hasty glance in the church. Pews were smashed



*Bishop O'Gara and companion missionaries, 1924*

and broken. Communist slogans scrawled on the walls, and can you believe it, pictures of Marx and Lenin posted against the once lovely high altar. Worse still, the corpus of the large crucifix, sole ornament of the altar, had been hacked away. The Christians who still remained gathered about us, urging us to lose no time in making good our escape, for the danger was so imminent and grave. It was touching to witness their deep concern. . . .

After the withdrawal of the Communists, scarcely had the missionaries settled down and once again restored the missions, when the Japanese War broke over them. As the Japanese took province after province, the terror-stricken inhabitants fled before the oncoming hosts, forming an army of refugees, one of the greatest mass migrations in history. Vast numbers of these war sufferers found their way into the province of Hunan and ultimately into our territory. The work among the refugees developed so rapidly that it was necessary to have an experienced missionary give his entire time to it. Into the hands of Father Paul Ubinger was put the task of organizing and supervising the relief activities and throughout the war years this zealous missionary threw all his amazing energy into the work, accomplishing magnificent results, both humanitarian and spiritual. Almost every mission had its refugee camp where the homeless found shelter. The Bishop established two hospitals, one in Yüanling and the other in Chihkiang. The Sisters of Charity volunteered their services for the first, and the Sisters of St. Joseph for the second. The sick were cared for, the poor and hungry were housed and fed, and thousands found Christ walking amongst them and embraced His truth.

After America's entry into the war, the missionary work was not confined

to the Chinese. Huge American bases were established in three of our mission towns—Supu, Chihkiang, and Chenki. The missionaries of these places, Fathers Raphael, Marcellus, and Quentin, in addition to their normal pastoral duties, acted as chaplains to the American Forces. The Sisters acted as gracious hostesses at the missions, serving refreshments to the troops. Hundreds of American Catholics were ministered unto, and hundreds of other Americans, making their first contact with the Church and with priests and Sisters, were relieved of their prejudices and misconceptions, returning home friends and admirers of the Catholic Church and her missionaries.

As if to thwart all this wartime apostolic work, came the scores of bombings. The hospital in Chihkiang was wiped out, the priests' and Sisters' homes there destroyed. In Yüanling, bombs demolished the second convent of the Sisters of Charity. Two of the Sisters, Electa and Catherine, worn out by the incessant air alarms and selfless care of the sick and wounded, contracted typhus and gave their lives. Then there was the paralyzing shock of the capture of our beloved Bishop in the taking of Hong Kong. As the war progressed and the Japanese advanced slowly and relentlessly, the terror of invasion overshadowed the vicariate. Only on the very threshold were the Japanese stopped.

Even now the joy of today is not unclouded. Roving bands of Communist troops, harried and beaten by the Nationalists in the North, are now on our borders. Three of the missions were temporarily abandoned. . . .

Looking back over the turbulent history of this diocese, the wonder is that the Church has not succumbed, the Faith perished. Yet in spite of, and even because of these perennial difficulties and handicaps, great has been the advance and growth since the first band

of zealous pioneers came to Hunan in 1922.

The diocese has thirteen thriving missions with one or more priests in residence. Death and sickness through the years have taken a heavy toll of the personnel. As soon as the ranks are replenished, many other missions now classed as out-stations can be staffed and new fields opened. The splendid record of the Church in Western Hunan, especially during the war, has leveled all barriers of antagonism and prejudice, so much so that the Church formerly only tolerated is now sought after. Recently the Magistrate of the booming town of Hwanghsien on the border near Kweichow wrote a personal letter to Bishop O'Gara inviting the Catholic Church to his city. In Yüanling alone at Easter there were hundreds of converts received.

Eight flourishing primary and gram-

of the refugee sick and wounded soldiers. Now this modern four-storied brick building, with a staff of five foreign-trained doctors, with registered nurses and a nursing school, overlooks the city of Yüanling, a haven for the sick of the whole diocese.

During the height of the war was realized a project that had been envisioned by our Bishop for many years. It was the establishment of a Passionist House of Studies in Peking for the training of the new missionaries. Since its opening, eight priests have taken their language study in this retreat, and at the present time nine new missionaries are there preparing for their work in the diocese. Eight new Sisters, five Sisters of St. Joseph, three Sisters of Charity, this year have also repaired to Peking for language study at the Sisters' School.

The most important institution of the

della of the altar and taking Bishop O'Gara by the hand, led him across the sanctuary and seated him upon the episcopal throne. It was a simple little ceremony, as simple as the parables of Christ in the Gospels. So striking was the similarity to one of those parables, that one fancied hearing the accompanying words: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara had been ordained a Passionist priest in 1915. The intellectual attainments and studious nature of the young Father Cuthbert seemed to destine him for scholarly pursuits rather than for the uncertain and tumultuous life of a missionary. For nine years after his ordination he lived the life of a scholar. He was one of the editors who launched *THE SIGN* Magazine, and later an earnest and inspiring professor preparing Passionist Students for the priesthood.



*Mission property in Hunan was severely damaged during war days*

mar schools of the highest scholastic standing and crowded to capacity educate the Catholic and pagan youth of the diocese. Yüanling in addition boasts of a girls' high school, both junior and senior grades, under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. When first opened, this was the only Catholic high school for girls in all Hunan. Its fame and scholarship have now attracted pagan as well as Catholic young ladies from all quarters of the province.

Four orphanages care for the abandoned and homeless children. One of these institutions is another Boys Town—a large industrial school, under the direction of Father Harold, where the boys, in addition to their schooling, are taught trades that assure them of a livelihood. The Sisters of Charity and the Sisters of St. Joseph have corresponding schools for girls—domestic science schools where the girls are taught the arts and crafts that go to make a home.

The Feast of the Assumption saw the dedication of the new hospital building in Yüanling. Small and unpretentious were the beginnings of this hospital, a few small shacks for the care

diocese is the seminary. The foreign missionary lays the foundation and builds up the Catholic Church in pagan lands. The native clergy then take over and carry on the work. It is the purpose of the seminary to train these native youths to become intelligent, zealous, and spiritual priests. The diocese of Yüanling has its own minor seminary under the rectorship of Father Reginald. For years the talents of this prudent and zealous priest have been devoted to this work. Even though at times the classroom was a rice bin or the open hillside, classes continued all through the war. Now the fruits are soon to be garnered. The first of these boys, having completed his studies in America, is now on his way back. After another year of study and prayer in the diocese, this young man will receive the major orders and the priesthood. The first native priest of the diocese!

After the promulgation of the Papal Bull, it now remained for Bishop O'Gara to take formal possession of his See. This was symbolized by a gracious little ceremony. The Delegate of the Holy Father came down from the pre-

In 1924, Father Cuthbert came to China, but only on assignment as English secretary to the Apostolic Delegate at that time, the Most Reverend Archbishop Costantini. He was not to be a missionary in rugged Hunan, but a member of the Delegate's household in beautiful Peking. But here Providence most surely intervened. Arriving in Shanghai, Father Cuthbert's superiors approved his wish to join the Passionist missionaries in Hunan.

Father Cuthbert had crossed the ocean with the latest band of twelve recruits for the missions and with these he continued on into Hunan and Yüanling. Upon his arrival, according to custom, he was given a Chinese name. Father Cuthbert became Ou K'e Lan. The last two characters of a Chinese name are the important ones, for they describe a man and set him apart from all others of the same family name. K'e Lan means "Bulwark Against the Seas." If the Chinese who gave Father Cuthbert this name had been gifted with foresight and could have seen what the future portended, he could not have chosen a more fitting and apt name to

describe this new missionary to China.

During the famine of 1926 and the epidemics of smallpox, cholera, and typhoid that followed, Father Cuthbert with two other missionaries labored in Yüanling. Not content with furnishing medicine and spiritual consolation to the afflicted, he tended the sick and dressed their sores with his own hands. One particularly pitiable case, a man with a badly ulcerated leg, he unostentatiously housed in an unoccupied mission building and, unknown to his companions, daily gave himself to the repulsive task of cleaning and dressing those sores. The ordeal to which he was subjecting himself became known only when, worn out and exhausted, he was unable to rise from his bed and was then forced to reveal his secret, lest the poor unfortunate, unattended, should starve to death.

Father Cuthbert was among those



**Ruins of Convent**

who, fleeing from the Reds in 1927, made the long, killing trip in the summer sun from Yüanling to Kweiyang. Two weeks after arrival at the Kweichow capital, it was learned that the invaders had been driven out and he, with four other priests, was chosen to make the grueling trip back again in forced marches, and hold the properties till the others could come more leisurely. During the following period of reconstruction, Father Cuthbert was appointed Prefect Apostolic with the title of Monsignor and in 1934 was raised to the dignity of the episcopacy.

Bishop O'Gara's episcopacy began with a Communist invasion. When missions were abandoned and the missionaries forced to flee the district, like the captain of a sinking ship he stayed on, hiding in the hills outside Yüanling. When peace was restored, his qualities of leadership and powers of organization were manifested in the planning for the future. Schools were opened throughout the vicariate, and a hospital for the sick of the whole district erected. It is these institutions, operating throughout the entire war and

the years of inflation, that have made the Catholic Church an influence in the life of the community.

The groups of pagan officials who had come to the ceremonies today, came not as individual admirers of the spiritual beauty and truth of Catholic teaching, but as official representatives of a grateful and friendly government. This rapport with the Government is necessary in China and in itself a splendid augury for the future. It was the farsightedness and able administration of Bishop O'Gara that managed somehow in the face of all difficulties to keep these humanitarian institutions open when a purblind prudence might have dictated they yield to straitened circumstances and close.

The war laid its share of incalculable responsibilities and problems upon an already burdened Bishop. Inflation was rampant and still in these days continues to spiral dizzily. (Today constantly dealing with bills of \$10,000 denomination that have a value of twenty-five cents American currency, one is vividly reminded of the inflation of the German mark after the First World War and wonders when and where the parallel will cease.) Communications with America often were disrupted for lengthy periods, thus cutting the supply line to the missions. Many of the older and more experienced missionaries were in America, cut off from the field. Bombs took a heavy toll of mission buildings.

A few days before the Japanese attack, Bishop O'Gara had arrived in Hong Kong for treatment of a serious and painful infection. The fall of Hong Kong made him a prisoner of the Japanese. During the first days of imprisonment death seemed certain for Bishop O'Gara and his companion priests tied up in groups of threes. The courage and inspiring example of this Bishop in the face of expected death, and later during the weary suffering days of concentration camp has already been told in the pages of *THE SIGN*.

After six months of imprisonment, Bishop O'Gara was released in the custody of the Italian Bishop of Hong Kong. Some months later he was allowed to leave. Instead of embarking for America to recuperate from the ravages of internment, he contacted the underground to negotiate his return to the missions. That journey from Hong Kong to interior Hunan was almost too much even for his tremendous vitality and endurance. The journey was broken at Hengyang for a much-needed operation, and when later he arrived in Yüanling, exhausted and emaciated, a second operation was necessary. All costs to himself were scouted that he might be with his people in their hour of need.

It was during these desperate years that the Church of Yüanling made its greatest strides. Churches, schools, hospitals remained open. New buildings went up in place of those bombed out, jerry-built, to be sure, but serviceable. Thousands found the Church, first as a friend in their sorrow and necessity, then as a mother in the joy of the Faith. Bishop O'Gara would be the first to give the honor and the glory of all this to his fellow missionaries, the priests and Sisters. True, to them also be their measure of praise. But theirs were not the responsibility and the worry, the fears and the hopes, the planning and the guidance, the sleepless nights and the prayerful vigils. It is fitting that the Church of Yüanling should come of age in his time, that Bishop O'Gara who had been the "Bulwark Against the Seas" in the days of storm should be the first bishop of the new diocese.

All canonical forms having been duly observed—the Papal Bull promulgated and the new Bishop in formal possession of his See—Archbishop Lacchio, assisted by his ministers, sang a Solemn Mass of the day. The ceremonies were brought to a close with the fervent hymn of thanks. *Te Deum Laudamus*.

The *Te Deum* was also the prayer of thanks of the missionaries to all those who under God had brought this day to pass. To our fellow missionaries, priests and Sisters, who gave their lives in this cause, apostles in act, martyrs in desire. Their names fall pleasingly from the lips like another litany of saints: Clement, Godfrey, Walter; Edmund, Teresa, Clarissa; Constantine, Electa, Devota; Mary Joseph, Edward, Justin; Agatho, Dominic, Flavian; Catherine and Denis.

Inseparably linked with the names of these religious in our gratitude, is the name of Doctor Ilse Lauber, the heroic Catholic lay woman whose grave also lies hallowed in Yüanling. To the three Congregations—the Passionists, the Sisters of Charity of Convent Station, N. J., the Sisters of St. Joseph of Baden, Pa.—and especially to the Superiors of these Congregations for their generous support, wholehearted interest, and understanding. To *THE SIGN* Magazine, for voicing our cause so eloquently to America. And to the readers of *THE SIGN*, the Catholic clergy and laity of America, for their prayers, sacrifices, and material aid. All these in their own way made this day possible and share in the honor and joy of the occasion.

With confidence and assurance, the new Diocese of Yüanling faces the future. The fields are white for the harvest. Some clouds lower on the horizon. But the past is prelude. As in the past, so the future: Neither principalities nor powers, famine nor the sword shall prevail!



# To Christ

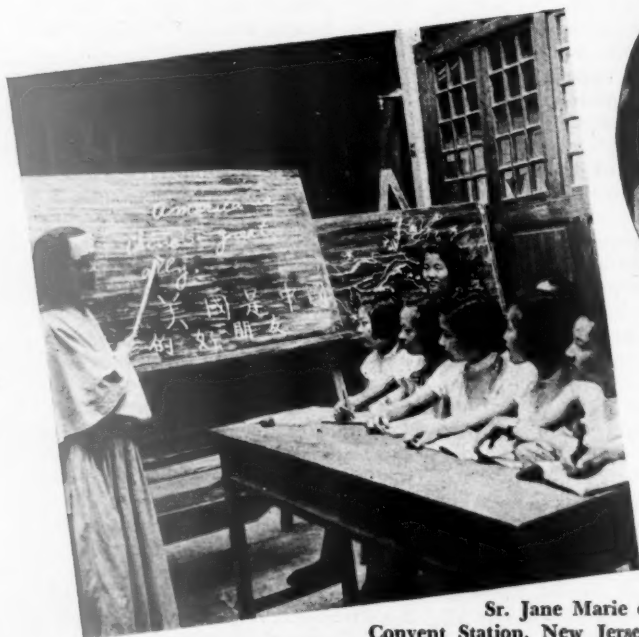


Baptism—and a pagan soul is admitted to the fold. Fr. Paul Ubinger, C.P., is the missionary



Holy Communion—the Bread of Life—is given to one of Christ's little ones. Fr. Denis Fogarty, C.P., has since died in China

## Through Knowledge...



Sr. Jane Marie of Convent Station, New Jersey, promotes good will in China's youngsters. Circle: Fr. Basil Bauer, C.P., intrigues his youthful audience



We who have from infancy heard the Sacred Name of Jesus, listened to the story of His life, can little realize what it means to live in ignorance of Christ and His Church. Passionist missionaries in China are today telling a pagan people the tale of the wonderful love of the Son of God. By the example of their lives, by their teaching in chapel and school, our priests and Sisters open the eyes of the Chinese to the truths of our holy Faith.

In the manner of Our Lord Himself, the missionary gains access to the hearts of unbelievers by acts of mercy. Famine, war, disease, and poverty drive their victims to our Mission gates. In every way possible the missionaries try to relieve the afflicted. Hospitals, Orphanages, Old Folks' Homes, Refugee Camps become gateways to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Quietly, persistently, our priests and Sisters pursue the souls for whom Christ died. No price is too great to pay. Death may come violently, or slowly overtake them through the ravages of tropical fevers. Health may be shattered. Loneliness and privation may be their daily lot. All this they count as gain, so long as Christ be served and souls won for Him.



Child victims who have been rescued from famine's awful death. Under care of our missionaries they will be given the opportunity to know and love Christ



Under leadership of Bishop O'Gara Passionist missionaries have set an example of Christ-like love to hundreds of thousands of pagans. Below: A Sister of St. Joseph in the old folks' home at Chihkiang Mission



## *...And Through Mercy*



Sister of Charity in our modern Catholic hospital at Yüanling



"Oh! My tooth!" Sister has a remedy a hundred times a day



*Fr. Cyprian Leonard, C. P.*

**T**here are many modes of travel in Hunan. The style does not matter. One's destination must be reached

**F**ROM the inundated landscape of the Yungshun valley my eyes turned grudgingly to the long trail winding out over high mountains. In a few days I would take to the road, to be present for the installation of our Vicar Apostolic as first Bishop of Yüanling. If the rain kept up at its present rate I would be a much bedraggled missionary by the time I reached Wangtsun, the first stop on the journey to Yüanling. The road weaving and winding from the valley floor to the summit of the mountain is not inviting even in the best of weather. To climb that trail in a driving rain is an experience not to be desired.

Little wonder, then, that my eye wandered to the river, to rove over the nondescript craft tied to the wharf. Too few! And none seemed to be making preparations for departure. Alas! A boat ride down the Yungshun canyon would be infinitely preferable to a jouncing, slithering mule ride over the towering mountains.

It was an idle dream. Three trips to the river revealed that no merchant boats would be heading down-river within the week. To charter a boat would have cost me \$200,000 in Chinese currency. The mountain route was far less steep. Rain or shine. I would have

# Mule, Junk, and Jeep

By CYPRIAN LEONARD, C.P.



*A Passionist on the top deck of a balky mule*

to take the high road out to Wangtsun.

Although the Vicariate of Yüanling had made great strides since the advent of the Passionists, twenty-five years ago, the silver saga could relate little progress in modes of travel. I would take the same serpentine trail as the first Passionist had taken, aboard the top deck of a mule. The thirty-five-mile trip to Wangtsun would call for an early start.

On the morning of departure I said Mass early and completed the preparations necessary for the journey. When I stepped out into the mission yard, I found my mule the unwilling center of much attention. My horseman was making a trembling and far distant attempt to bridle the beast. The mule had easily gained the upper hand—perhaps better to say the upper hoof. These mules! How stiff-legged they appear when one is atop them trying to make them get along at any speed above a walk. Yet those same legs seem doubly or triply jointed when they are keeping someone away from them.

Strategy was in order. Salt is to a mule what ice cream is to a child. I extended a handful to the suspicious creature and the battle was over. In a moment he was nuzzling my palm, and in another moment I had a secure grip on his pendulous lower lip, his "Achilles heel." A subtle twist of the same renders the most recalcitrant mule helpless. In a few minutes bridle and saddle were secured and we were ready for the trail.

God had answered my prayer and the rain had ceased falling. I hopped aboard my steed and with an amazing burst of speed he galloped down the street with me giving voice: "A mule is coming, make way for the mule!" This little accompaniment is necessary to clear the narrow street of children, the blind, and the halt. We thundered over the bridge and along the river. I knew the pace wouldn't last. The upward trek would begin, and the mule would quickly shift into second speed and very soon revert to that slow jouncing walk, with which it climbs mountains



An hour and a half of panting, puffing ascent brought us to the steepest part of the mountain. The mule came abruptly to a halt and looked around at me with sad, apologetic eye. Too much energy had been wasted in resisting the saddling, too much strength spent in the initial burst of speed. Off I jumped. With many a pant and puff I finally reached the top of the pass—we call it the gap, and it really puts a gap in your desire to travel; it dents your courage, and when you have finally climbed it, there is a gap in your breathing and an ache in your heart.



**Above: Fr. Wendelin on muleback. Right: Junks are sturdily built to withstand rough waters and hidden rocks**

The journey was only begun. The first half of the trip is thus, over mountains and hills. At the half-way spot there comes another test of the rider's courage and the mule's endurance, *Niu Luh Ho*. Translated literally this means Cow Path River, and here you come down from the heights by a winding, tedious path, cross the river, and go up by an even longer and more difficult trail.

A delightful surprise awaited me on this occasion. Looking down from the heights I beheld the new bus road, running parallel to the centuries-old cow path. I could stay in the saddle, instead of gingerly leading the mule down the treacherous slope. And so, in compara-

tive comfort and with doubled speed, I concluded the second half of that day's journey. Four-thirty in the afternoon found me dashing into the Wangtsun mission yard. Father James was not expecting me so early and was nowhere to be seen. I tied my mule to a post and went in through the kitchen. A hearty call of greeting brought him down from the upper floor, curious to learn how I had made such good time. In a moment

to take us on the final leg of the journey.

The boatman whom Father James had hired was insistent that a start be made before dawn since there were no rapids for the first five or six miles. He would reach the rapids by daylight. It was an old, old story: that trite insistence, that promise of an early start. What missionary has not had the self-same and repeated experience of broken



I was comfortably settled in a rocking chair with a pitcher of cool water beside me.

After a short visit with the Pastor, I accompanied him to evening prayers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I thanked God for the strength He had given me and for His protection on my journey. Supper followed and visits from some of my old friends in Wangtsun. Then we were off to bed, for we would be up before daybreak on the morrow to board the junk—which was

slumber, of finding his way by lantern light to the river bank where his harried calls tried to rouse out his boatman from amongst a hundred others?

Finally, after many a lusty shout, we did find our boat, rout out the missing oarsman, and actually put out from the river bank—but not till dawn was an hour old. We consoled ourselves that it was no worse. A rudder might have broken, or the boat might have sprung a leak during the night. At least we were on our way, hoping that by nightfall



*The bucking chair—another mode of travel in Hunan*

we should see the shoreline of Yüanling.

Many a rapid of dangerous, frothing water lay before us. It was not uncommon for boats to capsize and for lives to be lost on that swift stream. We prayed again that God might bring our boat through without mishap. So we glided down the North River.

A junk is aptly named. Very often it appears to be nothing more than a floating heap of junk. It is crudely but sturdily built to withstand the rough waters and hidden rocks of the mountain rivers. Fashioned to transport merchandise, with little provision for passenger comfort, it is quite a trick to get into a junk. By twisting and squirming one may find a half-comfortable prone position, the only posture possible on most junks.

The first rapids were not dangerous, and we enjoyed the gentle rocking of the junk as we sped through the roaring waters. We watched the landmarks of sprawling towns and villages slip by. As we approached the more precipitous reaches of the river, the boatman asked if any of the passengers would prefer to go ashore and walk the path. Fr. James and the others chose the safer course. I remained aboard the junk, preferring the cooler and swifter mode of travel.

I stretched out in the center of the boat. We could feel the power of the rapids drawing us on. The helmsman watched each rock and wave with an eagle eye. The oarsmen shouted their advice: "More to the left! Too much! Over to the right!" As rocks loomed ahead they would grab their poles to fend off threatening disaster. The helmsman strained at the rudder to keep the boat on even keel and in mid-current. Spray and foam dashed over us. I was soaked through and through, but I was cool. In a few minutes we were safely through, waiting for

the walkers to catch up. They finally arrived, sweating and puffing from their laborious hike.

Villages and towns slipped by with amazing speed, and rapid after rapid was safely passed. At about four o'clock in the afternoon we spied Wusu, and knew that Yüanling was only ten miles distant. By this time our backs were aching and we were hungry—but not for long. Two more hours and we beached our craft. Mule and junk had brought me ninety miles in two days; excellent time indeed for travel in that part of China. Despite the ancient mode of travel we were the first to arrive, having come in ahead of the bus road "Jeepers."

Thus from the four Missions of the north we came. Fr. Antoine rode his mule to Paotsing where Fr. Harold and he took to the junk. Fr. Rupert of Luki drifted twenty odd miles down the Yuan River to Yüanling. Fr. Germain sailed down the Mayang River to Chenki, where he was picked up in a jeep. Fr.

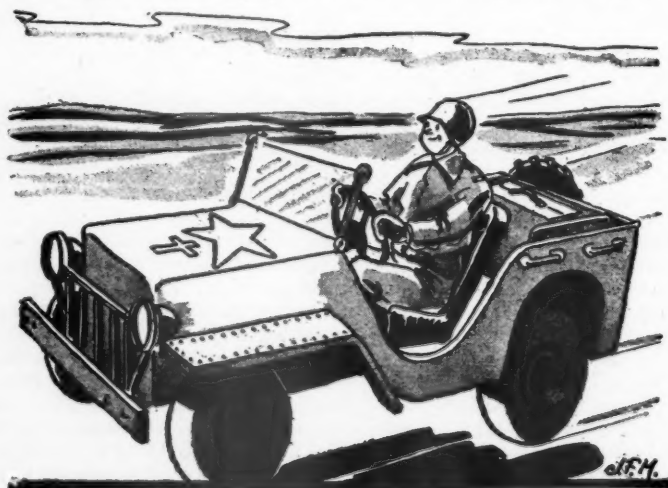
Wendelin wound his way afoot across the mountains from Liulincha to Wuki in a jeep.

Sometimes when your back is aching from the jouncing ride of forty or fifty miles on muleback, and your joints are stiff from the cooped-up quarters of a junk, you think: fortunate are they who have the jeeps. But you soon learn that these steeds of steel can be balky, too. They jounce and jolt over worn-out bus roads. You find your back can ache as much and your bones can feel as sore. And while they speed you to your destination, you find you have consumed a goodly amount of Hunan's dust.

It was the jeep that brought the Archbishop from Changsha and our missionaries from Chihkiang, Chenki, Supu, and Wuki for the memorable occasion. Twenty-five years of our stay in China had passed and we had grown into a diocese. Travel, however, had not grown with us. We must needs be "in journeyings often," but the day of the streamlined train and bus had not arrived.

One wondered what the next twenty-five years might bring. No matter what, we will still fall back on mule and junk. The jeeps will be worn-out relics of a past glory. However the missionary may travel, he will get there just the same. While his heart sometimes craves the embellishments of modern travel, it craves more for the souls of the Chinese.

Your prayers, dear friends, can smooth the rough spots in the road, and can light the way along the darksome trails of pagan China. Keep us, the missionaries, in your prayers, and aid us with your charity. In this way can you best show your appreciation for the Faith God has so generously given you. Put the light of your Faith, not under a bushel, but upon the candlestick of your good works, to light the road for those still sitting in the darkness of paganism and in the shadow of death.



*The jeeps jounce and jolt over worn-out bus roads*



*Procession leaving church after installation*

**F**IRST we were met by the young seminarians, then a few *li* further on we were hailed by the children of the school. Soon we heard the popping of the inevitable firecrackers and the strident tones of a Chinese band, and I knew my long journey from Peiping was over. I had arrived at last in Yüanling, in northwestern Hunan, China.

The welcome was for the guest of honor, whom I accompanied, the Archbishop of Changsha, Monsignor Lacchio. The occasion of his visit was the installation of the Most Reverend Cuthbert M. O'Gara, C.P., as the first bishop of the newly formed Diocese of Yüanling.

Gayly decorated sampans were waiting to bring us across the Yuan River to the city proper. There a procession was formed to lead the Archbishop and his party through the town, to the Mission Church, where Monsignor O'Gara was waiting to receive him.

All the missionaries of the Vicariate were assembled for the occasion. My reunion with my fellow Passionists, after months and years of separation, was supremely joyful. Many a tale was told of early student life, and events of the past years, long forgotten, were recalled with surprising accuracy. What one forgot another remembered. It was some time before I finally retired, and exhausted though I was, sleep would not come. The details of my long and anxious trip from Peiping rose to thwart it: the flight to Hankow by air,

the trip to Changsha by train, and the two days' dreary truck ride to Yüanling.

There was an anxious moment when the plane landed in a field some ten miles out of Hankow, and I, not knowing the language, could find no one to direct me to the city. I was truly stranded until, at last, I found one man who understood enough English to map out the way. Then followed the long and tedious ride in the train which stopped at every small town and village, with gaping, unemotional faces peering in the window at the strange foreigner in their midst. Whether I was worthy of love or hatred, I could not tell. I found out later that some, at least, sympathized with the poor, blind foreigner, who could not possibly see with blue eyes!

The drab countryside dragged by, with its monotonous succession of rice fields and water buffalo, and the unintelligible jabber of people speaking this strange and alien tongue. The ride in the truck with baggage and bedding piled high in the center and passengers huddled on boxes at the side; the many rivers to be crossed by barge, as the bridges were all destroyed during the war; the tedious wait of an hour and a half at one river and a wait of four hours at another; each wearisome stage was another test of endurance. For some odd reason we were all locked in this enclosed truck, with only small windows on the side for ventilation and with no chance of escape in case the

# Viewing the Hunan Harvest

By REGIS BOYLE, C.P.

**O**n-the-spot reporting  
by a Passionist who only recently entered the mission field of Hunan, China

driver missed the narrow planks, hurriedly placed to support the truck from shore to barge and barge to shore.

Memory then gave way to imagination as I realized that I was at last in Yüanling, the seat of our mission activities for the past twenty-five years—Yüanling, formerly called Shenchow, where our first band of missionaries arrived in 1922. I could not help recalling our enthusiasm at home, and how eagerly we drank in the news of this venture: the bizarre customs of the people, the description of the countryside, the difficulties of the language, the impression of the missionaries as monthly recorded in *THE SIGN*; the gruesome reports of floods, famine, bandits, raids, which periodically scourged the missions; and the courage, zeal, charity, and sacrifice required of the missionaries in return.

My thoughts then naturally turned to the little cemetery, not far away, where are gathered the fatalities of this quarter-of-a-century-battle for souls—those premature deaths from the many virulent diseases so prevalent in China: smallpox, dysentery, typhoid, typhus, and cholera. I thought of the three graves of those valiant heroes, two of them my classmates, who in 1928 were murdered for Christ in Hunan. As I continued to recall one incident after another, I must have fallen asleep, for I awoke refreshed and invigorated by the dawn of a beautiful sunny day.

The installation ceremonies were not



until the following day, so I set out to visit the mission properties in the town. The Mission Compound itself contains the church and rectory, the latter renovated, improved, and beautified over the years, and now really comfortable and impressive, an oasis of American life in a real oriental setting.

The city contains one street, referred to in fact as "The Street," running the length of the town—a narrow, cobblestone lane, with shops and stores on either side. As one leaves the Mission and crosses this street diagonally, he enters the hospital compound, a long, well-equipped, if old and inconvenient, set of buildings. There is a clean and well-stocked dispensary, a remarkably fine improvised operating room, a drug

Down "The Street" and adjoining the Mission Compound is the ladies' catechumenate, where women live for some months in preparation for baptism and where children also are instructed during the day. Farther down is the girls' primary school, a dilapidated, tottering barn of a place, formerly used by refugees during the war. If it were not supported by improvised props, it certainly would collapse in ruins. The former primary school and also the Sisters' convent were bombed and completely demolished. However, bombed out in the morning, the Sisters conducted school in the afternoon in the dilapidated building just described.

The girls' middle school, our high school, is the former seminary, an odd

This completed my sightseeing in Yüanling, except to note a very sad and important omission—a boys' middle school. A property has been purchased for this purpose, but has lain idle so long for lack of sufficient funds that the local authorities are threatening to confiscate it. We educate our boys in the primary school, and we baptize and care for our orphans in a very ample, well-organized, and impressive Mission at Paotsing, called "Boys' Town of China." But when these lads are at that impressionable and critical age, we are compelled to send them to complete their education in pagan or Protestant middle schools. This is a deplorable situation and a cause of great concern to the Bishop and the missionaries.



*Sisters of St. Joseph of Baden, Pa., and Sisters of Charity of Convent Station, N. J., are valiant co-workers of the Passionist Fathers in Hunan, China*

room and laboratory—all a tribute to the energy and skill of the Sisters and priests.

In reviewing the hospital proper, one cannot but be impressed by the cleanliness and good order prevalent, in spite of the inadequate appointments. The men's wards are on the top floor and in the attic, the women's ward on the lower floor. The private rooms are separated only by wooden partitions, but are pleasant and cheerful. A little room, God's Corner, is set apart for foundlings, those unwanted tots, thrown on the charity of the Mission. While there is paganism everywhere else, here is one room where Christ reigns supreme in the hearts of His "little ones." The names, Cecelia, Agnes, Agatha, Theresa, have all been chosen by some charitable soul in America, who has adopted a child in baptism. In this compound, adjoining the wooden building, one is astounded to see a modern, three-story brick structure nearing completion, comprising a nurses' home and an addition to the hospital. When finished, this building will undoubtedly be the best structure I have seen west of Hankow, and would be acceptable in any city in America.

conglomeration of rooms, apparently built in haphazard fashion, no two meeting on the same level. The attic, hot and low, yet sufficiently ventilated and remarkably tidy, is the dormitory for resident students. The seminarians are located in temporary quarters situated about a mile from the Mission Compound in a small, weather-beaten house, with few conveniences, yet well situated on an elevation giving a fine view of the surrounding hills.

Homeless because of bomb and fire, the Sisters of Charity now occupy a native house on a side street or alley not far from the Mission and near the boys' primary school. Inured to hardship, disappointment, and reverses of all kinds, the Sisters soon converted the small Chinese home into a temporary convent. I could not help contrasting this humble home on a side street of Yüanling with the spacious lawns, sheltered walks, and impressive buildings of Convent Station in New Jersey, which the Sisters left on coming to China. But I needed not to ask which they preferred. I knew. Contentment, joy, and happiness, and a delightful sense of humor were evident in all they did. They lived for God and found God in Yüanling.

An entire article could be devoted to the installation ceremony, which took place on the following day, Ascension Thursday, May fifteenth. Space does not permit a description of this important and impressive event, but I do want to register my surprise at the large attendance of town officials, every one of whom was present. In China this means a great deal. It is a testimony to the esteem in which the Mission is held, a fact of no little consequence in China. This manifestation of good will on the part of the pagan population, and particularly of the civil authorities, I consider one of the greatest testimonials to the skill, success, and tact of Bishop O'Gara in directing the Yüanling Mission for the past seventeen years, as Prefect and Vicar Apostolic.

On the following Monday I started a tour of the outlying Missions, through some of the most magnificent country imaginable. The mountains of Hunan are gorgeous, in some instances breathtaking. The only comparison that came to my mind was the thrill I experienced the moment I beheld the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Even the climb up Mt. Wilson in California, or Pikes Peak in Colorado, cannot compare with the pan-



*Hunan missionaries find terrain beautiful but hazardous*

orama of beauty and rugged magnificence of our territory in Hunan.

It is beautiful but hazardous. In fact, it is not so much by distance as by rugged and at times impossible terrain that our Missions are so isolated and remote. In the southern section this is not so. By jeep or bus, the Missions of Wuki, Chenki, Supu, even far-distant Chihkiang, are accessible in a few hours. But up north one must travel by chair or mule from Yungtsui to Paotsing to Yungshun, and down river by boat to Wangtsun and Liulincha. Sometimes, if the river is not too high nor too low, this can be done in a few hours. But if the water is too low, it takes days, and if too high it is very dangerous. At all times about thirty-some rapids have to be passed and these are always hazardous. I happened to travel on an ideal day, yet the boat was thrown on a rock and would have capsized except for the skill and agility of the boatmen.

It is this fact that impressed me in my travels. These missionaries are constantly exposed to hardships and even dangers of one kind or another and take them in their stride as part of the day's experience. Leaving Supu for Yüanling, we missed a bandit raid by just twenty minutes. In another town up river I found the missionary packed, ready to flee from the bandits at a moment's notice. Father Cyprian was driven out of Yungshun by Communists just before coming down river for the installation ceremonies, and upon his return was advised to leave for the same reason.

Before retiring at the Yungtsui Mission, I was regaled with the story of the bandits breaking into that Mission—how they dug a hole in the wall and put a ladder to the balcony of the house—just outside the door of my room—intending to kidnap the priest. A nice little bedtime story!

Another missionary was taking me

through his catechumenate, where one child had pneumonia, a woman was dying from tuberculosis, and another child had spinal meningitis. Recently out from the States, where such patients are rigorously segregated, I expressed concern at the missionary's being surrounded by infection of all kinds. He smiled and answered, "What can we do? There are no institutions, and we can't put them on the street."

GOING from one Mission to another drew my attention to the self-sacrifice demanded of an American young man, living alone in such alien and primitive surroundings. Highly educated, reared in an atmosphere of modern civilization, accustomed to American comforts and conveniences, he is suddenly transported to a world in which the pioneer settlers of America alone would feel at home. Separated for years from father, mother, friends, home, and country, the sacrifice must be intense. He has his work, his interests, his Mission, it is true. But every man craves some relaxation, some change in daily routine, some kind of recreation. On the Mission he is separated from companions by hours of difficult travel. So far as I could see, the only recreation possible was the reading of books—if indeed, a book could be found in that remote region. He is, indeed, alone in every sense but one: he has God, and from all appearances, He seems to satisfy.

These facts were never brought home to me before. Perhaps they were not considered worthy of notice. The missionaries pass over such details in their reports, for to mention them might seem to be bragging. However, not being a missionary, and only recently arrived in China, and living in the comparative comfort of the large and beautiful city of Peiping, I can make these

observations without suspicion of an implied pat on the back.

In fact, it made me recall the time I spent as Chaplain in the Navy during the war: how much effort was spent in giving sympathy, comfort, and encouragement to the men separated from home and country for only a year or two, and sometimes less; how the Armed Services would spend millions of dollars for welfare and recreational facilities to keep up the morale of the men; how the citizens of the home-town would turn out to welcome home the hero, and the nation would commend him for a work well done. This was all as it should be. But the deeds and sacrifices and loneliness of the hero of Christ, year in and year out, go unnoticed and unsung.

The Passionist Mission field is reputed to be one of the most difficult in China. It has certainly tested the courage, zeal, and spirit of sacrifice of the priests and Sisters sent to cultivate it during the past twenty-five years. In spite of adversities of all kinds; war, floods, famine, disease, bandits, the semitropical intensity of climate and the difficulties of terrain, many Missions have been opened, churches and rectories built, schools and catechumenates erected. Three orphanages have also been established in the Vicariate, one for boys at Paotsing, and one for girls conducted by the Sisters of Charity at Wuki, and another for girls founded by the Sisters of St. Joseph at Chihkiang. Of these many buildings some remain intact, others have been injured or demolished by bandit raids in the past and bombing raids in the recent war. Some missions, such as Chenki, must be entirely rebuilt; others, such as Wangtsun, must be enlarged and repaired. A boy's middle school is imperative. Many catechumenates must be restored and financed before they can function. The seed has been sown, the ground cultivated. The growth has been hindered by storm and pestilence, but the harvest is bound to be great, for "unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

I came to Hunan, not on a sight-seeing tour, but to become acquainted with the Missions and mission organization and technique. Many of the preconceived ideas of the Missions are soon altered by contact with the reality. For some reason we picture the Chinese as a forlorn people, wandering in the night of ignorance, seeking the light of truth, and turning to us with outstretched arms to save them. Nothing is further from the truth. In fact, one may be shocked to find that in spite of all the expenditure of men and money, conversions are comparatively few. For one who understands China this is not surprising.

As a result, the Church in China is a vibrant, growing and has attained great love to each other. The daily life of each Chinese Christian is a happy one. The daily life of each Chinese Christian is a happy one. The daily life of each Chinese Christian is a happy one.



*Peiping's beautiful Catholic Cathedral*

This same spirit is permeating the education of a people who are coming to a new life in a new world. If we do not seriously consider this, we are kidding ourselves and China will be lost to the world. However, it is well to understand that a Christian school is not a parochial school, a religious school as we know it in America. Obviously, the influence of religion is greatly restricted. The teachers are frequently pagan, especially in the interior. The principal must, by law, have a Chinese citizen foreigner, many teach only certain subjects. The curricula may not be displayed in the schools, may not be displayed in the text. Yet it is important that we make the most of what we have. The Chinese Government cannot possibly support an educational program for its masses. It is one thing we have that they want and truly appreciate. It is an opportunity to dissipate suspicion and indifference. It is one chance to influence the rising generation. It is an introduction to the parents through contact with the children. The daily association with the priest of God will bring an understanding and friendship which in spite of these restrictions, will be the occasion of leading many into the Kingdom of God. The field of education is the great opportunity of the Church today.

These thoughts were uppermost in my mind on my return to Peiping, and especially as I looked down from the plane and saw this magnificent city spread out in view before me—its tiled roofs and gorgeous palaces, its spacious parks and artistic pagodas, its many temples and institutions of learning. Peiping is well considered the center of Chinese culture, science, and art.

There below me appeared crosses visible on many churches, convents, monasteries, and other Catholic institutions. Dominating all is the Pei Tang, the magnificent Cathedral where presides a Cardinal, a Prince of the Catholic

Church. I recalled that Peiping had an anniversary before Columbus discovered America; that the renowned missionary, Fr. Peter S.J., was sought to the Imperial Court because of his exceptional learning and scientific knowledge. There are now twenty-seven thousand Catholics in Peiping, many Catholic schools, middle schools, colleges, and a university with over two thousand students in attendance. Truly an inspiration for any priest toiling in his little Mission in the interior.

I did not take much imagination to picture the early missionaries of Peking, struggling against the same or greater odds to plant the seed of Faith in this city. Its growth was slow, and then, when at last flourishing, the city was repeatedly devastated by the plague of persecution. With a shock, I realised that those peaceful streets blocking off the city many times ran with the blood of Christians, especially in the terrible Boxer uprising of 1900, but only to nourish the seed of Faith and to give it greater fertility.

Flying high over the city, my imagination strayed and seemed to embrace the vast expanse of China. I could see Catholic Missions scattered throughout the land in every province, city, even many towns and villages, with the priest standing as a sentinel of the Lord, as witness to the Faith, awaiting the Voice of God calling China to salvation. For what is true of the individual is true of the nation. Faith is the gift of God, as St. Paul said, "I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase."

There is much evidence to indicate that that day is not far off, that the dawn of China's salvation is at hand. Fortunate are those of us who have been called to labor in this chosen vineyard of the Lord, and to have a share in reaping the fruits of the Passionist Fathers' "Human Harvest."

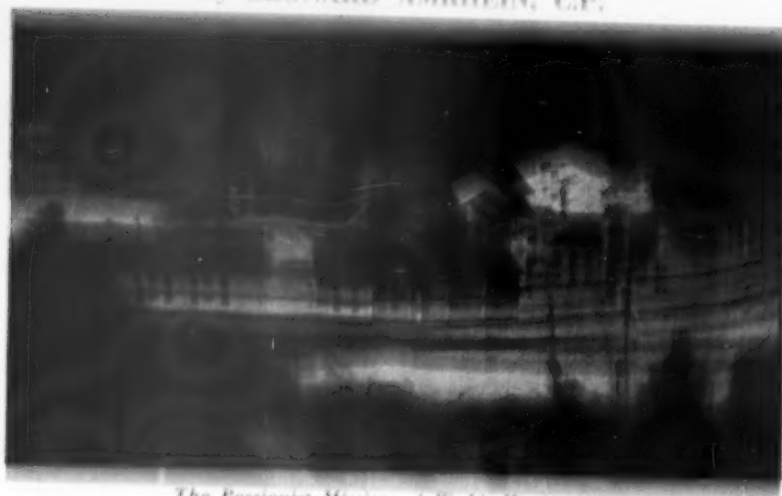




Fr. Leonard Amrhein, C.P.  
Fr. Leonard Amrhein, C.P.

# Red Letter Day in Wuki

By LEONARD AMRHEIN, C.P.



The Passionist Mission of Wuki, Hunan, China  
The Passionist Mission of Wuki, Hunan, China

**Parades of all kinds intrigue Americans. People of China are no less susceptible to such fun and fanfare**

THERE is nothing the Chinese like more than a celebration with plenty of firecrackers, drums, and noise in general, and, of course, a bowl of rice to remember the occasion. So when the word got around that an archbishop, a bishop, and ten priests were coming to Wuki, everybody rose to the occasion. Expectation ran high. The pagans were more interested than the Christians, because they knew less about the personages. They were told that two of the Pope's representatives were about to visit their little hamlet. They had very hazy ideas concerning the Holy Father, but their knowledge was sufficient for them to realize that such a visit would be an especially outstanding event to be recorded in the annals of Wuki. If a detachment of Swiss Guards, resplendent in their colorful regalia, were to swoop down upon the town, it would not have surprised the Wukites on Red Letter Day.

Wuki townfolk would be most unhappy if we did not have some kind of a celebration. Even an escort was in order. If the Swiss Guards could not come, we would have the next best thing—a Chinese guard of honor. There would be plenty "loss of face" for someone if we did not.

And we had our guard of honor; as snappy looking as the Swiss Guard. They were the children of the Wuki parochial school, decked out in their best. Many even had on new cloth shoes. Many even had a dead give-away. They were surprised if the occasion.

After all, it was not often that two bishops and ten priests came to Wuki.

As usual, the kids stole the whole show. Marching is part of their school curriculum. But when the teachers began to instruct them in singing while they marched, they suspected that something special was in the air. When they were told they were to feature in the coming celebration, they used all their lung power trying to outdo one another in the singing, as if the success of the whole celebration depended on each one's being heard above the others.

Then there was the band. We had to have a band. A drum and bugle corps was just the thing, and we had just one drum and one bugle. One of each, but the kids got more noise out of them than God had ever intended. The drummer was pretty good. However, the bugler reminded me of the Friday fish vendor at home. But noise was what we wanted, not skill.

The day before the celebration a new instrument was introduced. The Sisters sent over some kazoos. This was something new for the Chinese. But it did not take them long to master it. Now the drummer had to beat harder to be heard. The bugler was irresistible.

The teachers must have had a premonition that the next day would be hot. They marched the children around the campus all afternoon under a withering sun. If they survived that practice they certainly would be able to bear the heat on the march. None succumbed. Everything was ready for the morrow.

Red Letter Day arrived. Shortly after

dawn the kids began to arrive. They came much earlier than the usual starting hour. And the parade was scheduled for hours later. At ten o'clock all were lined up and started for Kuan Chwang, three miles away. The country's flag led the procession. Then came the flag of the National Party, followed by the Wuki school banner and a banner welcoming the bishops to Wuki. The drum and bugle corps, the kazoos, and finally the children fell in behind the flag. A roll of the drum brought out the walkers, tumbling over baskets and stools, dogs and pigs. Then a bias from the fish vendor sent the pigs and dogs scurrying under houses and into rice paddies. The people must have thought the end of the world had come and St. Michael was out collecting the dead. It must have been a relief to them to see that it was just the episcopal escort. If the Pope's representatives were having such a reception, what would happen if the Pope came in person?

After three miles of twisting paths through rice fields and across creeks, the parade came to the busy road below Kuan Chwang. The blistering heat and now the dust from the passing trucks did not bother the children in the least. They kept step, eyes forward. The teachers marched beside them. Mr. Wang shouting an occasional order in a voice that would have been a prized possession of any drill sergeant. First there was a song. Then a cane on the kazoos. Then the drummer beat time as they marched along in silence. The bugler was silent for some reason or another. Maybe for some reason of another. Maybe

The Chinese claim a high culture, civilization, and philosophy, and a way of life superior to and much older than our own—a conviction, by the way, that is only intensified by observing the conduct of many of our servicemen and the low moral tone of many Hollywood film productions. The Chinese' worship tradition and hate change. Life is influenced greatly by a multitude of superstitions, and by what they call "face." To change their belief and way of life is considered by them an insult to their ancestors, whom they worship; and to adopt the principles of the depraved foreigner is a breaking of faith with their people, causing loss of "face" in the community in which they live.

In many cases converts suffer real persecution. A young man, for instance, would like to become a Catholic. But a father must have sons to worship him after death, to carry on the superstitious rites of his ancestors, and the man is forbidden to enter the Church. To violate the command of a parent is to lose "face." Later on, when head of the house himself, the individual most frequently corresponds with the grace of Faith, but the process is slow.

At most, their attitude is one of indifference, and they merely tolerate us, provided we have something to give in return. Like his Divine Master the missionary is dealing with a stubborn, determined people, and like his Divine Master he tries to draw them with the "cords of Adam and the bands of love." He feeds the poor, especially in time of famine; heals the sick, cares for the outcast and orphan, educates the child; sowing the while the seeds of Faith that will later on blossom and fructify. He visualizes the future and is patient with the little progress made in the present. He toils and labors and is content to weed out prejudices, prepare the soil, and be rewarded if he succeeds in sowing the seed that will later on grow and be reared by others.

As a result, the Church in China is at least respected and has attained "great face" in many quarters. That does not mean that the Chinese are ready to accept Christianity en masse; but to a great extent the wall of suspicion and prejudice has been torn down and the way opened for greater progress. China itself is changing. Its smug complacency is being undermined by the social and economical upheaval consequent on the war. The study of foreign ideologies and philosophies, and the cultivation of a modern outlook and way of life, are becoming evident, especially in the youth of the nation. A craving for knowledge is rampant. In her coastal cities the middle schools, colleges, and universities are crowded.



Peiping's beautiful Catholic Cathedral

This same spirit is penetrating the interior. A school is becoming a necessity in a Mission. If we do not supply this craving for learning, others will, and China will be lost to the Faith.

However, it is well to understand that a mission school is not a parochial school, a religious school as we know it in America. Unfortunately, the influence of religion is greatly restricted. The teachers are frequently pagan, especially in the interior. The principal must, by law, be a Chinese citizen. Foreigners may teach only certain subjects. The crucifix may not be displayed in the school.

Yet it is important that we make the most of what we have. The Chinese Government cannot possibly support an educational program for its masses. It is one thing we have that they want and truly appreciate. It is an opportunity to dissipate suspicion and indifference. It is our chance to influence the rising generation. It is an introduction to the parents through contact with the children. The daily association with the priest of God will beget an understanding and friendship, which in spite of these restrictions, will be the occasion of leading many into the Kingdom of God. The field of education is the great opportunity of the Church today.

These thoughts were uppermost in my mind on my return to Peiping, and especially as I looked down from the plane and saw this magnificent city spread out in view before me—its tiled roofs and gorgeous palaces, its spacious parks and artistic pagodas, its many temples and institutions of learning. Peiping is well considered the center of Chinese culture, science, and art.

There below me appeared crosses visible on many churches, convents, monasteries, and other Catholic institutions. Dominating all is the Pei T'ang, the impressive Cathedral, where presides a Cardinal, a Prince of the Catholic

Church. I recalled that Peiping had an archbishop before Columbus discovered America; that the renowned missionary, Fr. Ricci S.J., was invited to the Imperial Court because of his exceptional learning and scientific knowledge. There are now twenty-seven thousand Catholics in Peiping, many Catholic schools, middle schools, colleges, and a university with over two thousand students in attendance. Truly an inspiration for any priest toiling in his little Mission in the interior.

It did not take much imagination to picture the early missionaries of Peiping, struggling against the same or greater odds to plant the seed of Faith in this city. Its growth was slow; and then, when at last flourishing, the crop was repeatedly devastated by the plague of persecution. With a shock I realized that those peaceful streets blocking off the city many times ran with the blood of Christians, especially in the terrible Boxer uprising of 1900, but only to nourish the seed of Faith and to give it greater fertility.

Flying high over the city, my imagination strayed and seemed to embrace the vast expanse of China. I could see Catholic Missions scattered throughout the land in every province, city, even many towns and villages, with the priest standing as a sentinel of the Lord, as a witness to the Faith, awaiting the Voice of God calling China to salvation. For what is true of the individual is true of the nation. Faith is the gift of God, as St. Paul said: "I have planted. Apollo watered, but God gave the increase."

There is much evidence to indicate that that day is not far off, that the dawn of China's salvation is at hand. Fortunate are those of us who have been called to labor in this chosen vineyard of the Lord, and to have a share in reaping the fruits of the Passionist Fathers "Hunan Harvest."



Fr. Leonard Amrhein, C.P.

**Parades of all kinds intrigue Americans. People of China are no less susceptible to such fun and fanfare**

THERE is nothing the Chinese like more than a celebration with plenty of firecrackers, drums, and noise in general, and, of course, a bowl of rice to remember the occasion. So when the word got around that an archbishop, a bishop, and ten priests were coming to Wuki, everybody rose to the occasion. Expectation ran high. The pagans were more interested than the Christians, because they knew less about the personages. They were told that two of the Pope's representatives were about to visit their little hamlet. They had very hazy ideas concerning the Holy Father, but their knowledge was sufficient for them to realize that such a visit would be an especially outstanding event to be recorded in the annals of Wuki. If a detachment of Swiss Guards, resplendent in their colorful regalia, were to swoop down upon the town, it would not have surprised the Wukites on Red-Letter Day.

Wuki townfolk would be most unhappy if we did not have some kind of a celebration. Even an escort was in order. If the Swiss Guards could not come, we would have the next best thing—a Chinese guard of honor. There would be plenty "loss of face" for someone if we did not.

And we had our guard of honor; as snappy looking as the Swiss Guard. They were the children of the Wuki parochial school decked out in their feast-day best. Many even had on new suits. The shiny cloth was a dead giveaway. I would not be surprised if the suits were bought just for this occasion.

# Red Letter Day in Wuki

By LEONARD AMRHEIN, C.P.



*The Passionist Mission of Wuki, Hunan, China*

After all, it was not often that two bishops and ten priests came to Wuki.

As usual, the kids stole the whole show. Marching is part of their school curriculum. But when the teachers began to instruct them in singing while they marched, they suspected that something special was in the offing. When they were told they were to feature in the coming celebration, they used all their lung power trying to outdo one another in the singing, as if the success of the whole celebration depended on each one's being heard above the others.

Then there was the band. We had to have a band. A drum and bugle corps was just the thing, and we had just one drum and one bugle. One of each, but the kids got more noise out of them than God had ever intended. The drummer was pretty good. However, the bugler reminded me of the Friday fish vendor at home. But noise was what we wanted, not skill.

The day before the celebration a new instrument was introduced. The Sisters sent over some kazoos. This was something new for the Chinese. But it did not take them long to master it. Now the drummer had to beat harder to be heard. The bugler was irrepressible.

The teachers must have had a premonition that the next day would be hot. They marched the children around the campus all afternoon under a withering sun. If they survived that practice they certainly would be able to bear the heat on the march. None succumbed. Everything was ready for the morrow.

Red-Letter Day arrived. Shortly after

dawn the kids began to arrive. They came much earlier than the usual school hour. And the parade was scheduled for hours later. At ten o'clock all were lined up and started for Kuan Chuang, three miles away. The country's flag led the procession. Then came the flag of the National Party, followed by the Wuki school banner and a banner welcoming the bishops to Wuki. The drum and bugle corps, the kazoos, and finally the choristers fell in behind the flags.

A roll of the drum brought out the Wukites, tumbling over baskets and stools, dogs and pigs. Then a blast from the fish vendor sent the pigs and dogs scurrying under houses and into rice paddies. The people must have thought the end of the world had come and St. Michael was out collecting the dead. It must have been a relief to them to see that it was just the episcopal escort. If the Pope's representatives were having such a reception, what would happen if the Pope came in person?

After three miles of twisting paths through rice fields and across creeks, the parade came to the bus road below Kuan Chuang. The blistering heat and now the dust from the passing trucks did not bother the children in the least. They kept step, eyes forward. The teachers marched beside them, Mr. Wang shouting an occasional order in a voice that would have been a prized possession of any drill sergeant. First there was a song. Then a tune on the kazoos. Then the drummer beat time as they marched along in silence. The bugler was silent for some reason or another. Maybe



someone brought a lemon along. Or perhaps he was just out of breath. Whatever the reason, it was just as well that he should take a long rest. We were back in civilization now, and he would surely disgrace us.

At the bus station the parade stopped but kept rank along the roadside. Crowds gathered to read the banners and make comments. Perhaps some of them never heard of Wuki's parochial school. Kuan Chuang was thoroughly excited.

We did not have to wait long. The Bishops' truck roared into town screened in a cloud of dust. It pulled up at the bus station and the passengers began to alight. There must have been as much dust inside as outside. All were covered from head to foot. If now the Pope could only see his representatives. Greetings were exchanged and introductions made all around. Everything was fine. It was time for a *faux pas*. This was where I was to shine.

The children were standing like soldiers along the roadside. It was time to introduce the bishops. I had been informed of Bishop Wang's beard. But no one told me that Archbishop Lacchio likewise was bearded. The first to alight wearing a long black beard I naturally thought was Bishop Wang, and I began the formal introduction. Then, to my horror, a second bishop with a black beard appeared on the scene. I was stammering noticeably when a friendly elbow and a stage whisper that seemed to blast from a loud-speaker told me I had the wrong bishop. Father Leo finished introducing Archbishop Lacchio and I dropped back to introduce the real Bishop Wang.

Just about this time two Chinese priests stepped down from the truck to stretch their legs. Immediately the bishops dropped back to second place. I doubt whether the people in this district ever saw a Chinese priest. This was something new. Chinese could be priests as well as Christians. Perhaps they would be bishops some day—the Pope's representatives. Who knows, maybe some day a Chinese would be Pope. Expressions of awe and reverence were on the faces of the children as

*Some class musician*



*Rice fields are not good highways for processions*

these priests spoke to them in their own language without the usual foreign twist.

It was time we started for the mission. The party wanted to go to Yüanling that day. And it was a twisting and tortuous fifty miles over the mountains. If a rain storm settled in those mountains the road would be a ribbon of mud—not a pleasant thought for driver or passenger.

We had two chairs prepared for the bishops for the three-mile jaunt to the mission. As soon as the carriers lifted the chairs, the Christians set off strings of firecrackers. No other sound could be heard in the din that followed. Only the bugler could have drowned out that noise. But luckily, he was still gasping for his second breath.

Mr. Wang gave an order that sounded more like a threat and the escort swung around and headed out through Kuan Chuang. Outside the town the Archbishop called to Mr. Wang to let the children walk "at ease."

Evidently this was not in the dress rehearsal. Perhaps the kids thought the show was over. At any rate they made a dash for home. The path through the rice fields was wide enough for one person only to walk conveniently. But no one wanted to walk conveniently now. It was a case of the last being first and the first was wherever he found himself.

The children kept ahead of the carriers until they came to the nine crossings of the creeks. Here progress was slow. Some of the bridges were a log or two thrown across the water. At other places there were no bridges—just rocks in the creek. The little tots could not step these stones and had to hop from stone to stone—or wait till some St. Christopher ferried them across.

Back in the mission the children reorganized and lined up in respectful silence as the bishops passed down the line to the chapel. Christians and pagans gathered in groups, wide-eyed and whis-

pering. They never saw an archbishop before and were trying to figure out how he differed from other bishops. It was a big mystery to them. They came in to greet the bishops. Some of them were Christians here in Wuki when Bishop Wang was here many years before. He still remembered them and they felt happy over the fact. This gave them "big face."

We had lunch on the mission that day, and many of the Wukites stayed for a little chopstick practice.

In the meantime the Sisters were busily preparing a meal to fit the occasion. Only the Sisters could convert the contents of a few cans into a dinner such as they served that day. It was worthy of the hierarchy and the hierarchy did justice to it. It was just the thing to buoy one up for a tiresome trip.

Soon black storm clouds began to lift their gloomy heads threateningly over the mountains. We would have to hurry if we wished to reach the shelter of the truck before those clouds broke.

The children were already lined up for the send-off. Their new suits were soon going to lose their shine. But the Archbishop forestalled another procession. They would surely get caught in the cloudburst. All knelt for the Archbishop's blessing and the procession, without the escort, was again under way. Amidst the explosion of more firecrackers, the carriers lifted the chairs and headed for Kuan Chuang. This time it was a race with the ever-lowering clouds. The carriers went at a fast trot. But the rest of us could hardly keep up at a fast walk.

It was well timed and we won the race. But it was only by minutes. Before the truck pulled out, the rain came down in steady streamlets. It meant a slow, painful trip over the mountains. But at least there would not be any dust.

Wuki's Red-Letter Day was an occasion to be remembered.

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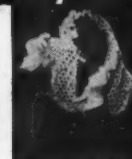
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